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CATARACT OF THE WHITE WATER.

London: Richard Bentley, 1846

# A CANOE VOYAGE

UP

# THE MINNAY SOTOR;

WITH

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LEAD AND COPPER REGIONS IN WISCONSIN;
OF THE GOLD REGION IN THE CHEROKEE COUNTRY;
AND REMARKS ON POPULAR GARDENS;
&c. &c. &c.

By G. W. FEATHERSTONHAUGH, F.R.S., F.G.S.
AUTHOR OF "EXCURSIONS THROUGH THE SLAVE STATES."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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# CONTENTS

## TO THE FIRST VOLUME.


### CHAPTER I.

The Author proposes to make a Tour of Exploration to the Ottoe Prairie, at the Sources of the Missouri River, or St. Peter's River, a N. W. Tributary of the Mississippi . . . . . 1

### CHAPTER II.

Remarks upon the Canal at Georgetown, and Washington.—Beautiful Scenery of the Potomac.—Action of the River upon the Rocks near the Great Falls.—A veritable Quaker.—Small Plants in Mountain Sandstone.—Calcareous Breccia formed by the eastern Ridge of the Alleghanies coming up through the Limestone.—Harper's Ferry.—Characteristic story of a German Settler . . . . . 6

### CHAPTER III.

Williams's Port.—Clear Spring.—Rock Springs.—Arrive at Cumberland.—Fossiliferous Fossils in place.—Frostburgh.—Great Bituminous Coal-field.—Remarkable Section of Coal Seams on the Potomac . . . . . 14

### CHAPTER IV.

Interesting Encampment on the Banks of the Potomac.—A singular Public Dinner.—The Gorge of Will's Mountain.—Bedford Springs.—Valuable Mineral Waters.—Cross the Backbone Mountain.—The Coal-seams become horizontal to the west of the Alleghanies.—Arrive at Pittsburg . . . . . 20

## CHAPTER V.

Visit Braddock's Field.—Events which led to the Expedition of that General . . . . . 28

## CHAPTER VI.

His ill-judged March to the Ohio.—Reaches the Monongahela . 47

## CHAPTER VII.

The Influence which that Defeat had in producing the Revolt of the British Colonies in 1776 . . . . . 56

## CHAPTER VIII.

Visit to the German Society of Economy.—Its Origin . . . 62

## CHAPTER IX.

Count St. Leon, a singular Adventurer.—Sows Dissension in the Society, with the Intention of plundering it . . . . . 70

## CHAPTER X.

Prosperous State of the Society.—Interview with its Head, George Rapp . . . . . 79

## CHAPTER XI.

Reach Economy, the Summit Level of the Country.—Cross the Lake Ridges, and reach Cleveland on Lake Erie.—Reach Detroit . . 90

## CHAPTER XII.

Agricultural Assistance Society.—Measures of the French Commissioners residing at Detroit . . . . . 101

## CHAPTER XIII.

PAGE

Domestic Connexion of the French with the Aborigines.—Their early Explorations of the West.—Pontiac, a celebrated Ottawwy Chief.—Massacre of the English Garrisons.—Death of Major Dalyell . . 103

## CHAPTER XIV.

Embark for Lake Huron.—Intelligence in Figs.—Great Locusts Deposit.—Christian Indians.—Embark on Lake Huron . . . 118

## CHAPTER XV.

Captain and Mrs. Dingle and Co.—Beach Miscellanies.—Fine Salmon Trout.—Voracity of Fish . . . . . 124

## CHAPTER XVI.

Embark for Lake Michigan.—Violent Storm.—Beach Narrative.—Flux and Reflux of the Waters of Green Bay.—Fort Howard.—Purchase a Bark Canoe and engage a Company of Voyageurs . . 143

## CHAPTER XVII.

Ascend Fox River.—Voracity of the Voyageurs.—Dreadful Winds-hagen.—Explanation of the Arrangements for a Canoe Voyage.—Lake Winnebago . . . . . 160

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Death Distance of an Indian Chief.—Butte des Morts.—Scarcity against Mosquitoes.—Immense Fields of Wild Rice . . . . 179

## CHAPTER XIX.

Reach Fort Winnebago.—Meet with the first Terrene.—Slight Elevation of the Land separating the Eastern and Western Rivers.—Embark on the Wisconsin.—Horizontal Sandstone.—A Sand Tower excavated by the Rain.—Scenery of the Valley of the Wisconsin.—Reach the Mississippi . . . . . 199

## CHAPTER XX.

PAGE

Reflections on the Policy to be observed for the Development of British North American Commerce, and for the Protection of our Colonies . . . . . 204

## CHAPTER XXI.

Kindly received by the Officers of the American Garrison of Prairie du Chien.—An Assiniboin Indian.—Tablet of the Indians for indicating the Cries of Night Birds. . . . . 213

## CHAPTER XXII.

An intelligent Indian and his Family.—Roush Wakshaw's Band.—Sacrifice for Dead Bodies.—Carver's supposed Fortifications . . . 225

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Roush Lake Pepin.—Hear the Cataract of St. Anthony.—Reach Fort Snelling.—Engage Miller as a Guide, and get into very bad Lodgings . . . . . 247

## CHAPTER XXIV.

An Evangelical Pretender to Sanctity.—The Falls of St. Anthony . 263

## CHAPTER XXV.

On the ancient State of the Mississippi and other American Rivers, and the manner in which their present Channels have been established . 270

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Embark on the Mississippi.—Reflections on the Race impending over the Indians.—The proper Name of the River, "Wakinsh."—The Chenopy, or Blue Invention . . . . . 279

## CHAPTER XXVII.

PAGE

Pass Chagabawata.—Trees taking the Autumnal Tint.—Traverse des Sioux.—Immense Abundance of Boulders.—Reach the Mahgeh.—Le Sueur's Copper-Mine, a Fable. . . . . 302

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Around the Makatah again.—The *Voyageurs* unwilling to proceed.—Milor's good conduct.—Minday Mangwah, or "Seven Lakes."—Pahkah Skah, a beautiful Half-breed, abandoned by her Father.—Cameron's Grave.—Milor's Escape from Starvation.—Granite in Place . . . . 305

## CHAPTER XXIX.

How to cook a Racoon.—Make a Cache of our heavy Articles.—A Granite Country.—Prowlers about our Camp.—The *Grand Portage* . 321

## CHAPTER XXX.

Camp nearly burnt.—Reach Lac qui Paole.—Turbulent Conduct of the Savages.—Danger of being plundered.—The Author's Speech to the Chief . . . . . 326

## CHAPTER XXXI.

The Chiefs present their Pipes in token of Friendship.—Huggins, a Yankee Missionary.—Three Ojibways sculped.—A Scalp-Dance.—Flowing Meads of the Squaws . . . . . 346

## CHAPTER XXXII.

The Author permitted to see the Braves smile themselves for the "Dance of the Braves" in honour of his Arrival.—Dance of the Squaws.—Matrimonial Negotiations . . . . . 360

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

Leave Lac qui Paole.—Exposed to the Danger of being frozen to Death.—Miraculous Conduct of Milor.—Reach a few Trees, and make a Fire. . . . . 372

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

PAGE

Reach the Summit Level dividing the Waters which flow into the Gulf of Mexico from those flowing into Hudson's Bay.—Migration of Musk-rats.—Two Buffaloes killed by One Draft of an Arrow.—Leave Lake Traverse.—Buffalo Skeletons.—Reach the Sources of the Minnay Sotor on the Côteau du Prairie.—Miller advises our Return . . 302

## CHAPTER XXXV.

Reach Big Stone Lake on our Return.—Symptoms of Winter.—Immense Masses of Granite, from whence the Lake takes its name.—Prairies on Fire.—Supposed Origin of the Word "Minnesota."—Reach the Wahkeyiah.—Eponymous Pride of the male Indians . . 306

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

Reach Lac qui Parle.—An Indian Marriage.—Dependence of the Indians upon the Traders.—Re-embark on the Minnay Sotor.—Immense Quantities of Wild Fowl.—Reach Mr. Moore's and find Pahtah Sheh there . . . . . 406

# INTRODUCTION.

The criticism of the Public is sometimes deprecated by travelled Authors, upon the plea that their original notes were not made with a view to publication. Without claiming any indulgence upon this ground, the writer of the following pages can truly state, that they are almost literally transcribed from the Journals he kept during the period of his observations; and he hopes that he may claim some confidence upon this point, since it is obvious, that, if he had been particularly anxious to appear as an Author, he would scarcely have permitted so many years to elapse before presenting his narratives to the public; for ten years had already passed away when his "Excursions through the Slave States" were published, and this "Canoe Voyage" was commenced the same year that those Excursions terminated.

In determining to publish his Travels, the Author has been less influenced by personal motives than by those of a higher character. The greater part of his life having been passed in distant foreign lands, and his deep attachment to his native country having in-

crossed with absence, he always cherished the natural English feeling, that he was bound—according to the degree of his ability—to make his experience useful to his country. It was only, therefore, when an appropriate moment seemed to be arrived for the accomplishment of that duty, that he ventured upon the experiment of drawing the attention of his countrymen to the serious considerations suggested by his knowledge of America, which, independant of them, he should most probably never have attempted.

During the ten years which have elapsed since the Author visited the countries he has described, the reading public has had its attention occupied by various tourists in the United States in works principally descriptive of the manners, customs, and progress in the useful arts of the American population settled upon their Atlantic frontier; those features of civilization, which, with the exception of some strong shades of difference arising from climate and form of Government, forcibly remind the English traveller of those commercial communities in his own country, which owe their high prosperity to the enterprize and persevering character of its distinguished merchants and manufacturers.

The pleasing pictures furnished by these writers of the stirring activity of the people of the Atlantic coast, of the intelligence and hospitality of the better classes, of the excellent administration of justice in the superior courts, and of the generally successful manner in which

the better classes of Americans have applied the religion and laws which they derived from their British ancestry to the high purposes of civilization, are most satisfactory, and come largely to flatter the opinion which is so well established in Republican America, that it is the happiest country in Christendom.

Divided as the Americans are by their struggles for political power, yet, the occasions are frequent which evince their attachment to their country: for in no part of the civilized world, is there found a people indulging in such unqualified exultation, when writing or speaking of themselves, or which is more unanimous, when the object is territorial aggrandizement.

We rarely, however, find them inquiring whether that growing power, which is the source of their national pride, is likely to contribute to the happiness of mankind: that, indeed, seems to be a question which most rarely concerns those who contemplate their future strength as pregnant with some danger to it. Enough has already transpired to create the justest apprehension of this character. We have seen contentious mobs in North America in turns the object of that republican policy, which is sure to be guaranteed by an inordinate cupidity. Recently had it been opposed by the conciliatory conduct of our own country, which Providence appears to have constituted at this time the special guardian of the peace of Christian mankind; there, refreshed as it were by its prey, the government of the United States, with no plan more intelli-

gible than that which determines the strong man when he assails his weaker neighbour, dismembers and invades a sister Republic—first making annexation the cause of war, and then making war the immediate motive for further annexation. Thus has a country, which came into existence with a promise of moral greatness, already stained its history by acts that revive the indignant remembrance of the worst of European political transactions!

How often have not the orators of the model Republic, in their 4th of July orations, denounced the spoliation of Poland as the most execrable public act that ever was perpetrated? and how often have they not predicted, that, although Poland has been suppressed, no physical power can extinguish the deep hatred of the Poles, or avert the fearful consequences that one day will overtake their oppressors? Hereafter, perhaps, it will be seen that the unprincipled invasion of Mexico will produce no permanent consequences, save the planting of an inextinguishable hatred in the future generations of its people.

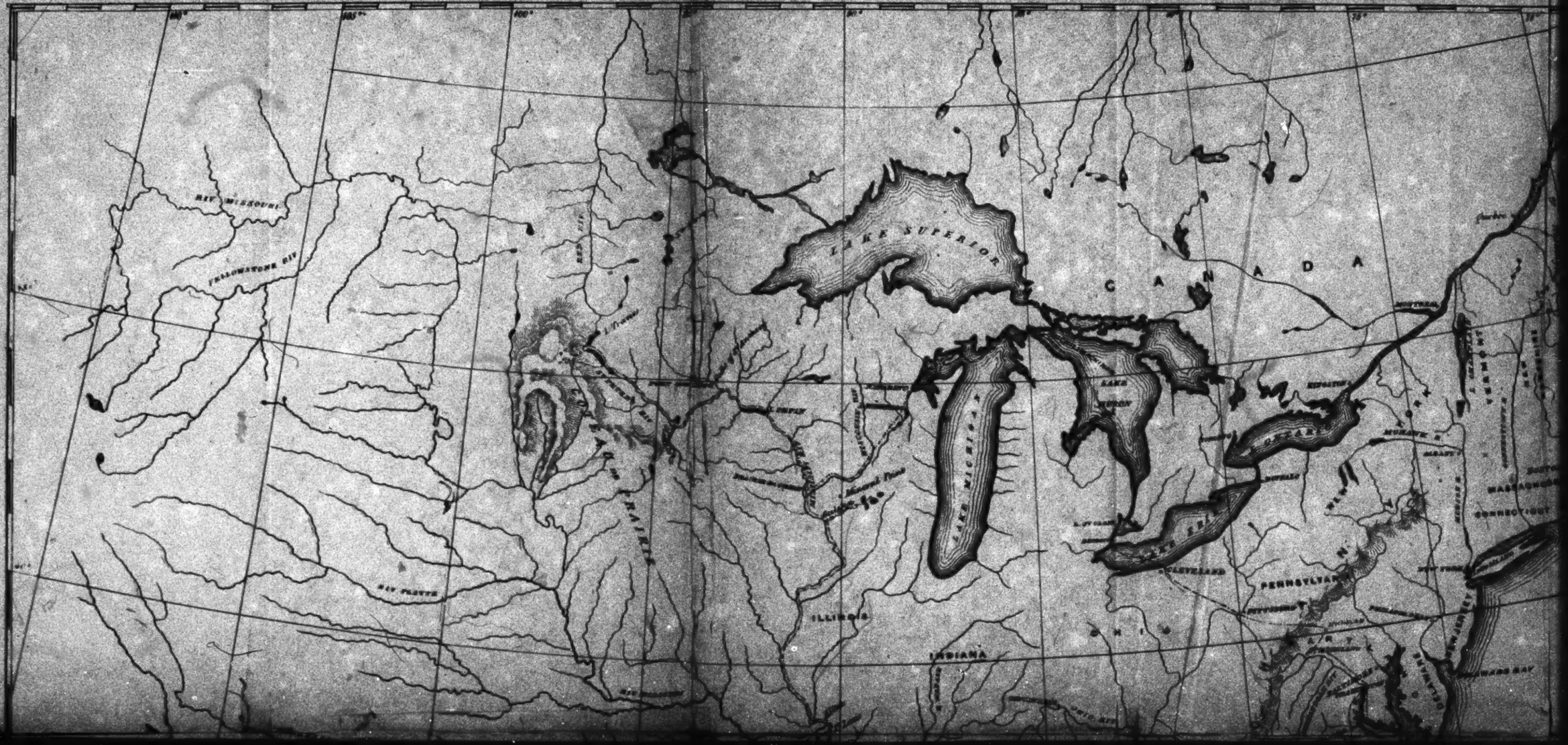
For some time past the attention of the world has been turned to the tendencies of the Republican Government of the United States: no one, indeed, who has observed them, and who associates those tendencies with the possible misapplication of the immense resources which another generation or two will place at its command, can shut his eyes upon the future. The English traveller, above all, who has advanced to the distant

confines of that Government, who has trod over many thousand miles of its unrivalled fertility,—who has traversed its Coal-fields, occupying an area larger than Great Britain,—who has seen its inexhaustable supply of Iron and Copper ores, its productive Lead district extending at least eight hundred miles, its Gold regions nearly equally long,—and who foresees what a prodigious population will hereafter be assembled amidst these elements of power, cannot but be deeply impressed with the fact that every popular election in Republican America exposes all these immense resources to fall under the control of men little disposed to honour the principles that alone bind nations to the maintenance of the peace of mankind; men who, within another generation, may attempt upon the British North American provinces as lawless an invasion as that which they have set on foot against their pretended feeble sister Republic of Mexico! In the following pages the reader will see how vast the future resources of the United States will be; and, if he has attended to the progress of events, will be prepared for the warnings which the Author has given in the 20th Chapter of the first Volume.

It was reflections of this kind that first led the Author to revise his old notes, with a view to their publication. In the introduction to the "Excursions through the Slave States," Universal Suffrage and the Government of an uncontrolled Democracy were spoken of with freedom. Since the publication of that work,

events have taken place on the American continent which have confirmed the Author in his opinions, and determined him to offer to the public a second Narrative, where an extensive tour through a different part of the American continent will be described. To this he confesses he was also partly induced by the somewhat unexpected approbation with which his first work was received in his native country. In the United States that work on its appearance, was represented as an illiberal attack upon the nation, and the Author spoken of in acrimonious terms. This he somewhat expected, and submitted to, in the confidence that time would produce a juster feeling towards him in liberal minds there. In this he has not been disappointed, having received the most satisfactory assurances that he is acquitted in the judgment of the good and wise of any intention but that of holding up just principles to the veneration of all men. He trusts, therefore, that the present work also will be considered in America as a not unfaithful representation of what is described, and that no passage in it will be construed as justly offensive to honourable minds, or bring into doubt the Author's lively admiration for a country he knows so familiarly, where he has left so many valued friends, and whose future glory and prosperity he prays may be founded upon those great principles which alone secure the happiness of a people and the respect of mankind.

Dec., 1845.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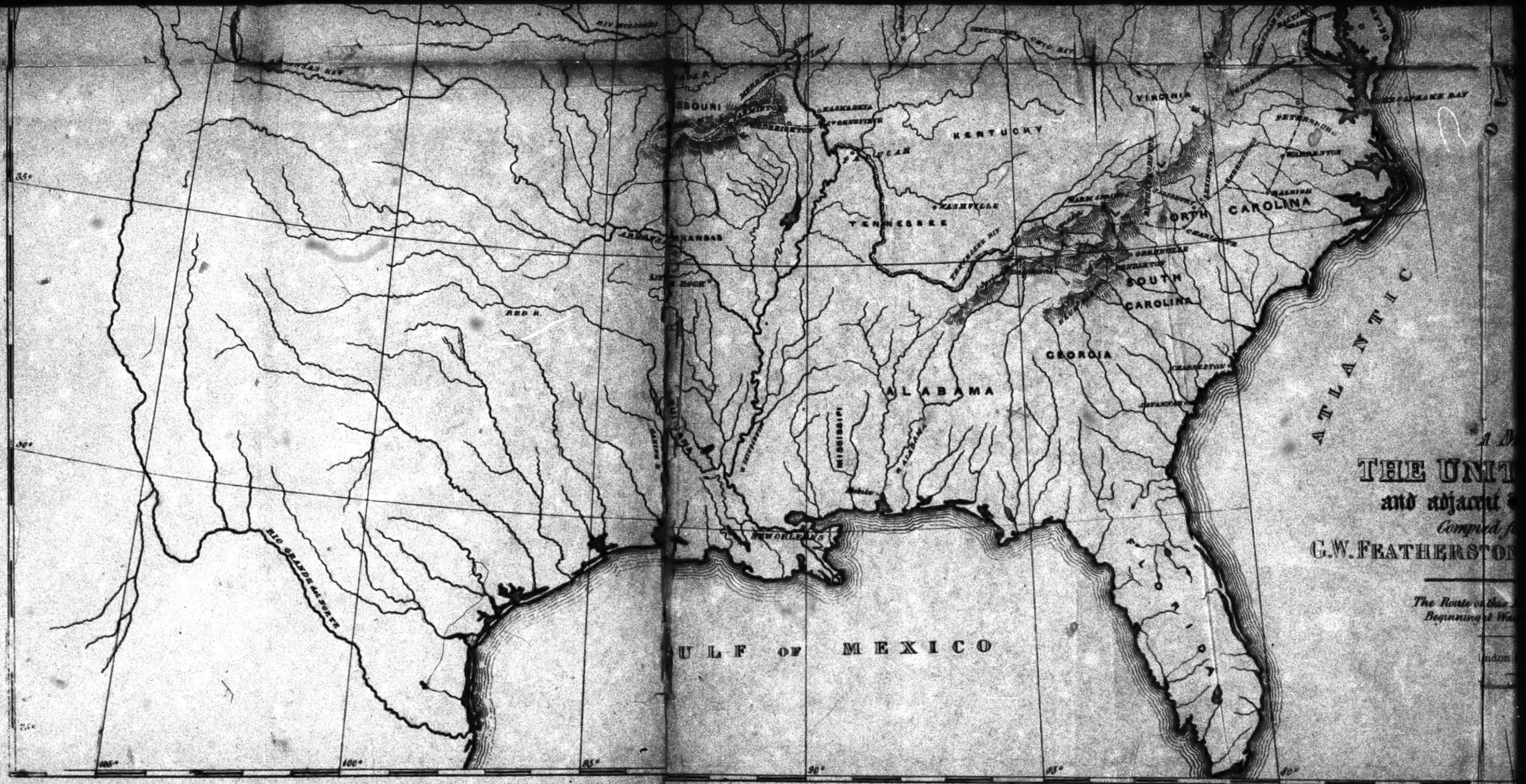
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# A CANOE VOYAGE

TO THE

# SOURCES OF THE MINNAY SOTOR.

## CHAPTER I.

THE AUTHOR PROPOSES TO MAKE A TOUR OF EXPLORATION TO THE CÔTEAU DE PRAIRIE, AT THE SOURCES OF THE MINNAY SOTOR, OR ST. PETER'S RIVER, A N.W. TRIBUTARY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

At the close of the winter which succeeded to the excursion I made in 1834 through the Slave States to the then frontiers of Mexico, which has been already laid before the public, I turned my attention to those countries watered by the principal tributaries of the Mississippi river, which descend from the elevated land to which the old French voyageurs had given the name of *Côteau de Prairie*, and from which are thrown down the waters of Red River, of *Lake Winnipeg*, several important tributaries of the *Missouri* river, and the *Minnay Sotor*, or St. Peter's River, first visited by Carver in 1778. With the exception of the buried reminiscences of the country adjacent to this last river by that intelligent American officer, Colonel Long, no account existed of the nature of the country and its capabilities for settlement but in the meagre pages of Hennepin and Carver.

Charlevoix, it is true, in his "Histoire de la Nouvelle France," had asserted that Le Sueur, in 1698, had entered the *Makatōh*, a tributary of the St. Peter's, and had discovered near its mouth a copper-mine, at the foot of a mountain ten leagues long, which appeared to be composed of a green cupreous earth; and further added, that Le Sueur, having received a commission from the French Court to open these mines, had entered the Makatōh on the 19th of September, 1700, with a party of workmen that had accompanied him from France, had erected Fort *L'Huillier*, named after one of the farmers-general who was his patron, and having taken 30,000 pounds' weight of the ore, descended to the mouth of the Mississippi with it, and selecting 4000 pounds of the best kind, had proceeded with it to France.

If this extraordinary statement were founded in truth, the locality well deserved to be investigated. Unfortunately Colonel Long's party, who were acquainted with Charlevoix's statement, had not found it convenient, when passing through the country, to enter the Makatōh and convince themselves of the probability of such an extraordinary deposit of cupreous ore existing; so that Charlevoix, whom I had found in my previous excursion accurate in many things, had hitherto not been contradicted.

Although the impostures of La Hontan, and the exaggerations of other French adventurers who in the early periods of the domination of the French crown in Canada had penetrated to the Mississippi, had too frequently led me to place little confidence in their descriptions of the unknown countries they asserted themselves to have visited, yet Hennepin and La Sale were good authorities; and as it was possible that Charlevoix's statement was

founded in fact, I was desirous of personally settling this very interesting mineralogical question. The whole geology, too, of this part of America was unknown; and a tour of observation for the purpose of examining it could be made to comprehend an investigation of the lead region of Wisconsin, which I had found reason to believe, during my examination of the mines in Missouri in 1834, was an extension of one great galeniferous deposit at least of from six to seven hundred miles in length. In the pursuit of these objects I could not fail to acquire a great deal of information; and, by selecting a route to those remote countries through the most unfrequented and undescribed settled districts of the central parts of the United States, it was probable I should be able to acquire the knowledge of many things interesting both to America and Europe, and see a good deal of the manners and customs of the inhabitants.

It was my desire to commence this journey of from fifteen hundred to two thousand miles from Washington to the sources of the St. Peter, by ascending the Potomac river to the great bituminous coal-field commencing at Cumberland. I had before been much struck with the sections of rock this river had made at Harper's Ferry, and was desirous of inspecting those which had been created by its passage through the Alleghany Mountains and the enormous coal-field extending along the whole course of their western flank. Fortunately for my purpose, some gentlemen of my acquaintance, who superintended the construction of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, a very extensive work, then in progress along the margin of the Potomac, for the purpose of transporting the coal from Cumberland, were on the point of proceeding on the canal as far as it was

finished, to inspect their works, and most kindly offered to conduct me on my way as far as they were themselves bound. These were not only intelligent, but amiable men, such as the better classes are formed of in the United States: so, independent of the great convenience which thus presented itself, I should, by accepting their offer, have the advantage of enjoying for several days the society of cheerful and well-informed companions. One of them was a near relative of the celebrated George Washington, and not only bore his name, but a strong family resemblance to him, which, apart from his intrinsic good qualities, always interested me deeply; so charmed are we to trace in living expression some of the lineaments of departed greatness. Another of the party was a distinguished topographical officer, in the service of the United States. A third was a very remarkable Quaker gentleman from Virginia, shrewd, well-informed, full of wit and repartee, and quite capable of unbending into a fair share of discreet joviality. The rest of the party was composed of men of great worth, and who, with those I have named, had been selected by the stockholders of the canal and by the Government of the United States to manage the construction of this important undertaking.

## CHAPTER II.

REMARKS UPON THE CANAL AT GEORGETOWN, NEAR WASHINGTON.—BEAUTIFUL SCENERY OF THE POTOMAC.—ACTION OF THE RIVER UPON THE ROCKS NEAR THE GREAT FALLS.—A SINGULAR QUARRY.—FOSSIL PLANTS IN SILURIAN SANDSTONE.—CALCAREOUS BRECCIA FORMED BY THE EASTERN RIDGE OF THE ALLEGHANIES COMING UP THROUGH THE LIMESTONE.—HARPER'S FERRY.—CHARACTERISTIC STORY OF A GERMAN SETTLER.

*July* 8, 1835.—This morning we all embarked upon the canal at George Town, near Washington, in a commodious iron boat, eighty-five feet long. The weather was clear and sunny, and we glided agreeably on in the midst of the most charming scenery, with that fine river, the Potomac, flowing within the distance of a few yards on our left. The gneiss and hornblende rocks which prevailed at George Town continued to the *Great Falls of the Potomac*. The strata were generally inclined at an angle of about 50°. About eleven miles from George Town we reached the termination of the first plane, containing seventeen well-constructed locks: here the west side of the canal was walled up next to the river by masonry 100 feet high; and I soon began to understand how such massive constructions must necessarily have occasioned, upon so long a line, the expenditure of the many millions of dollars which had been talked of. The contrast between nature and art was very striking here; for by the side of these ponderous displays of human enterprise, the river wound about in a beautiful manner, to escape by a narrow and picturesque gorge. Further on, the stream

was running amidst thousands of very small islands, consisting of gneiss covered with wild grass, exceedingly verdant.

Ere we reached the Great Falls the rocks lay bared for a great distance, as ruggedly as if they were upon their edges, somewhat resembling the effect that would be produced by the instantaneous congelation of a sea highly cuspated. As my friends very kindly permitted me to leave the boat whenever I desired to examine any locality, I descended to these rocks, and found reason to believe that they had been brought to that state by the action of the water: remains of pot-holes were numerous, some of which had been two and three feet in diameter. Here, undoubtedly, had been a ledge across the river, which at this place is 168 feet above the level of tide water, giving about 14 feet slope per mile for the distance from George Town. Like most other streams, the Potomac has worked its channels through the rocks by retrocession, and in long periods of time has worn down this ledge by first forming pot-holes, and then attenuating and breaking them up. In this particular place the very rugged appearance has been materially caused by the inclination of the strata, formed of a coarse micaceous slate.

Having gratified myself with the inspection of many curious geological phenomena along the channel of the river, I re-ascended the bank, and after a sharp walk overtook our party. We now, all seated in the comfortable cabin of our nice floating hotel, proceeded to discuss a cold collation, consisting of a great many good things; some very choice old Madeira not being wanting to crown our repast. We all got very merry, and began singing songs as we glided along the pleasant canal. I found

my companions an amiable jocose set of men, without prejudices, quite disposed to make the excursion a pleasant one, and full of kind attentions to myself. But we none of us could hold the candle to our worthy friend the Quaker, whose dry facetious manner was inimitable: he was the life of the company, full of repartee and anecdote. Now and then our mirth was suspended for a short time by these gentlemen leaving the boat to inspect the works, and when, upon their return, I inquired how far it was to the next lock, our dry friend would say, "Thee may'st put it down in thy book, that it will take us just two bottles of Madeira to get there." One of our party was a General S., who had commanded a body of fifteen hundred American militia, when in 1813 the gallant General Ross captured the city of Washington. Amongst the amusing anecdotes he told us, was that of a party of his men, who slipped off to play at "all-fours:" some of our light troops coming upon them unawares, fired a volley and killed the corporal, with "high, low, Jack, and the game" in his hand! It was a day of uninterrupted enjoyment and happiness to me.

Towards evening we arrived at Seneca Falls, where a wide dam was thrown across the river for a feeder, raising a fine expanse of water for several miles, and giving it all the character of a broad glassy lake. The hills recede here, and the country assumed an aspect different from that given by the imposing primary rocks amidst which we had hitherto been moving. The country had the appearance of a basin, and I thought it not improbable that it might be an extension of the bituminous coal-field which passes through Virginia to the south; for on reaching Seneca Creek, I found it divided

the micaceous slate from a red slaty sandstone, that had evidently been disturbed from a horizontal position. Near this place we slept at a country tavern, far inferior, however, in cleanliness and resources, to our own floating hotel.

*July* 9.—The next day we stopped at a romantic place called *The Rock*, belonging to a gentleman of the name of Lee, who has a pretty cottage at the top of a narrow path, fancifully cut in the hill-side. I was curious to visit this place, having before examined at Washington some stone intended for the public works that came from the quarries Mr. Lee had opened here. The rock was a silurian sandstone, containing seams of anthracite coal, with many traces of carbonate of copper. Calamites and other fossil plants were not unfrequent, and I brought away a few good specimens.

On leaving this place we passed for a dozen miles through a rich agricultural country, some fine farms having been established upon the fertile alluvial bottoms. For the first nineteen miles we had a tolerably level country, having had to pass only three locks. The *Bignonia radicans* was everywhere abundant and showy. Five miles before arriving at *Monocasy* Creek, a calcareous breccia occurs dipping to the east, in broad beds; these are sometimes separated by seams of red shaley argillaceous sandstone, which on the other side of the Manocasy we found in places without any breccia, dipping equally to the east. This breccia, which has furnished the beautiful columns of the Senate-Chamber at Washington, again occurs near to the *Point of Rocks*, dipping to the west, and completing the anticlinal axis.

At the Point of Rocks the river passes through the *Cotoctin* Mountains, formed here of an unctuous and

shining chloritic talcose slate. The canal is constructed in this rock all the way to Harper's Ferry, where we arrived about sunset. The whole of this day was replete with geological interest to me: the broad Potomac had laid open the structure of the country in a much more complete manner than investigations made on land could have done. This breccia, too, was a very interesting feature in the geology of the country. From the irregular calcareous seams in it, it was evident that after its first consolidation it had undergone another movement, which, in giving it an anticlinal form, had produced fissures, that, being subsequently filled up by calcareous solutions, formed the irregular seams so frequent in it. A similar breccia, but composed of rocks not calcareous, is found at various points in Virginia and the southern States south-west from this. Near Buckland, in Virginia, there is a fine instance of it. It may, therefore, be inferred that the most eastern of all these Alleghany ridges, which I have upon other occasions called the Atlantic slope or chain, has been upraised through the silurian limestone of this part of the country, and through the slates farther to the south, and has carried their fragments to its eastern side, where they have been deposited in beds, and consolidated into rocks; and that the anticlinal structure of these beds has been occasioned by a subsequent movement.

*July* 10.—Having passed the night at Harper's Ferry, I arose early to have an opportunity of again looking at the lofty escarpments of the Shenandoah, which here joins the Potomac, and the rocks of what is called the *Blue Ridge*, opposite to Harper's Ferry, which present a mural escarpment of about 900 feet. After breakfast we returned to our boat, and pursued our way until we had

passed through all the chloritic slates of the ridge, when we again came upon the silurian limestone, about a quarter of a mile from an important feeder of the canal, which confirmed me in the opinion I had formed of the origin of the breccia we had left behind. Further on, we passed on the Virginia side of the Potomac immense deposits of bog-iron ore, which it is probable had a contemporaneous origin with the red argillaceous matter in which the beds of breccia were occasionally inclosed.

The country and river here were both very beautiful, and the district we passed through was singularly fertile, teeming with heavy crops, whilst the scene was much embellished by the fine limestone escarpments on the right bank of the river. On our arrival at Shepherdstown, there being yet some daylight left, I walked to the escarpment, which contained large proportions of hydraulic lime, of a good quality, that had been made serviceable in the construction of the canal. Shepherdstown is an old Virginia village, built upon the fertile limestone valley that traverses the country, and which is filled with rich farms. The Potomac is deep here, and wound in a pleasing serpentine course. It was too evident, however, that every advantage was not taken of the great fertility of the soil, and that slovenly farming kept down its productiveness.

*July* 11.—Pursuing our route, we came at no great distance to a place where the canal had been cut through a stout bluff of limestone 85 feet high, that had projected into the river. Several caves were in the rock, into one of which I entered, but found nothing but stalactites. Everywhere nature was beautiful, the weather was delicious; and although the sun was rather inconveniently hot, a belt of graceful trees, entwined from top to

bottom with vines and creepers, which extended along the edge of the tow-path next to the Potomac, gave us a grateful shade, with occasional lovely peeps at the river. We endeavoured to do honour to all these attractions, by sacrificing sundry bottles of excellent wine, and being as merry and facetious as good wine and good company could make us. Every man was strong in his way, but for a good crack our excellent friend the Quaker was without a rival. If any one made us roar by a story, our demure-looking companion was sure to follow with a supplementary joke of a higher caliber.

This fertile land, on the Maryland side of the river, which bore such heavy crops of wheat and maize, was valued, I found, at fifty dollars an acre, and belonged principally to the descendants of Germans who had strayed from Pennsylvania,—a thrifty, but, generally speaking, a coarse, ignorant race of men. We passed the house of an opulent settler of this kind, of whom they related the following story, which, although rather vulgar, is quite characteristic of the ways and manners of these people.

He was notorious for his stinginess, and had never been known, when any one entered his house whilst he was at table, to practise those rites of hospitality so common amongst country-people. He was in the habit, however, of getting over the omission by an impudent sort of turn, that was inimitable. If a traveller entered the house about noon, which is the usual hour for dinner with American farmers, who are generally a very hospitable race of people, he would say, in his Anglo-Germanic dialect, "How t'ye do? Heb you make your dinner?" and if he received an affirmative answer, would say, "Well den, you peats us." If he got a negative answer, his

regular response was, "Well den, we peats you." With this established character, an impudent Yankee tin pedlar once tried an experiment upon his patience.

This fellow had a prodigious canine appetite, and was, for this reason, the dread of the whole circuit in which he was accustomed to sell his tins. He had therefore thought it prudent to annex to his perambulations a new district in Maryland; and hearing of this German farmer, and being in his neighbourhood, he one day presented himself just at the dinner-hour. "How t'ye do? Heb you make your dinner?" said the farmer. "I guess I have," answered the pedlar. "Well den, you peats us," he replied. "You see," said the Yankee, "I'm one of them critturs that likes his dinner as soon as he can git it; howsumdever I'll jist take a look at your taturs till the woman has done, and then, perhaps, we can trade a little." Upon this he sat down, and helping himself to one half of the pork that was on the table, he shot it down so rapidly, that all eyes became fixed upon him, little suspecting that the corned beef on the table was doomed to follow it instanter. Having achieved the beef, he perceived near to him two fine young cabbages, the first that had been gathered that summer: these, which were the German's own dear dish, he had the inexpressible horror to see disappear in a twinkling down the implacable throat of the omnivorous tin pedlar. Rising from his seat, full of wrath, the farmer now shoved a huge dish of unskinned seedy potatos to the fellow, that were there for the family, and screamed out, "Will you swallow de botatos too, you duyvel's kind, mit de dish und de skins? I should like to see dat." "No," said the Yankee, "I guess I telled you I'd only jist look at your taturs; it ain't so long to supper-time but I can hold on. So I'm

ready for a trade whenever you please." "If you makes your subber as you makes your dinner, and if you trades in de same way," roared the German, "I dink I shall hab de worst of de pargin; so I'll not trade mit you at all." This story, which was related to us with good effect, produced much merriment.

The evidences were very frequent, along the line we were proceeding upon, of the greater degree of violence which had operated upon the crust of the earth on the eastern flank of the Alleghanies, at the time when the chain was upraised. Towards their western flank I had, upon various occasions, observed fine anticlinal segments of arches, denoting a regular and more tranquil movement; but here the beds of limestone frequently dipped both ways in very short distances, and sometimes portions of an arch had taken an almost vertical position by subsidence.

At William's Port, one hundred miles from Georgetown by the canal, beds of laminated slate came into the limestone, which, a little further to the west, began to change its character, and become partially fossiliferous. The Conococheague Creek, a fine rural stream, empties itself into the Potomac at William's Port; and here we had to leave the canal, to my great regret, it being finished no further.

## CHAPTER III.

WILLIAM'S PORT.—CLEAR SPRING.—BATH SPRINGS.—ARRIVE AT CUMBERLAND.—FUCOIDAL FOSSILS IN PLACE.—PITTSBURGH.—GREAT BITUMINOUS COAL-FIELD.—REMARKABLE SECTION OF COAL SEAMS ON THE POTOMAC.

*July* 12.—We slept at William's Port, and whilst the gentlemen in the morning were giving directions about their works, I walked out and loitered amongst the rocks, where I was overtaken by a violent thunder-storm, and got thoroughly soaked with rain. Seeing some small rough cabins, or shanties, on the side of a hill, erected for the accommodation of the Irishmen who worked on the canal, and some of whom had been thus engaged for three years, I entered one of them to dry my clothes. I found an Irishman and his wife within, who received me civilly, but were evidently ashamed of the miserable manner in which they lived. A beautiful young child was lying in a rude cradle, and the rain, which soaked through every part of the roof, was falling down upon his face; but the little fellow did not seem to mind it much, it probably not being the first time he had felt it there. Having made my wishes known, the woman made the fire up; but the smoke almost choked and blinded me, and the hearth was so uneven, that I could scarce sit upon a little bench which I drew to it. On the man's going out, observing that she seemed fond of her child, I got up a sort of friendly conversation with her, and having said, "What! have you got no potatos to eat? Why, you car-

tainly could grow them on this good soil!" she replied, "Heaven's blessing on the potato I 've clapped my eyes on, sir! The truth is, the men are too lazy to raise them: if it's plenty of whisky they can get, they are satisfied." "You have very fine children, I perceive," said I; "what do you feed them with?"—"Faith, sir," she replied, "it's just the children that are raised sinier than the potatos." Then seeing the rain fall on her pretty child, she exclaimed, "God bless my father and mother! Sorrow the day I left them to come a canalling in this country! If I had been in their house, not a drop of this rain would fall on me or the babe." She said America was a fine country, if the men would only take care of what they earned; that the wives of the other men were all dissatisfied, because their husbands were neither sober nor prudent; and that but one thought occupied their minds, which was to save money enough to get back to Ireland with.

Numerous curious appearances of the strata presented themselves within a short distance, all proving what a crushing movement the rocks have once undergone here.

I was sorry we were to leave the canal here and our agreeable boat. Although America is a country where the geologist finds fewer opportunities for investigation in quarries, and sections made by human art, as they occur in Europe, yet, in ascending an immense stream like the Potomac, which has worn its way through the strata, and laid them bare for inspection, the grandest field is presented to him; and the difficulties which anomalous cases present to the observer, when walking over the face of the country, are on these great fluvial excavations generally accompanied with their solution.

*July* 13.—Having exchanged our boat for a stage-

coach, we proceeded this morning to a place called *Clear Spring*, where we breakfasted at a very dirty tavern. There was a fine limpid spring here, very much loaded with calcareous matter; and, being hot weather, we all drank too freely of it. Some it purged violently; upon my stomach it sat heavily and created nausea. Preferring to walk, in two or three miles from this place I began the ascent of the *North Mountain*, formed of what used to be called grauwacke, and which are now known as silurian sandstones. These beds continued to *Hancock*, a village on the Potomac. We were here about 400 feet above the level of tide water. Finding I was not far from *Bath Springs*, in Berkeley county, Virginia, I forded the Potomac, which was rather shallow here, and in about five miles reached this pleasant-looking rural place, which is in a narrow valley, confined by two small ridges, and where I found a tolerably clean and commodious hotel. The springs, which are numerous, rise through the slate which had accompanied us so long; and finding a pretty good-looking bath, I entered it, but it was excessively cold, and I was glad to get out again, which I did at the end of five minutes, dressing with a charming glow upon me. This is considered a fashionable watering-place, but the season for company appeared not to have arrived yet. Upon asking if I could have some refreshment, I was shewn to a public room, which I had no sooner entered, than the most execrable music I ever heard was struck up: however, I got a cup of tea, and took up my line of march again for the Potomac, which having crossed, I rejoined my friends at the village.

*July* 14.—This day we proceeded along the national road, crossing the ridges of the Alleghanies, of which one,

called *Town Ridge*, was a rather imposing one. The rocks here changed to red shale and sandstone. It was a wild country, less thickly wooded, and containing a great many beautiful dells and valleys. In the afternoon we drove down a rapid slope, and entered a beautiful vale called Flintstone Spring Valley; and finding a comfortable inn, with a spacious garden well stocked with abundance of ripe raspberries and currants, we determined to remain all night at a place so remarkable for its amenity and air of comfort. I found the calcareous beds highly fossiliferous here.

*July* 15.—We left this pretty place after breakfast, and a few miles from it ascended an elevated ridge, from whence we looked down upon a very attractive valley, resembling some of those I had frequented when wandering in the Tyrol. It was embosomed amidst lofty hills, whose slopes were covered with bright verdant foliage, whilst a gentle brawling brook wound its way through the fertile bottom. A cottage peeped out here and there with its tiny agriculture about it; and the smoke just then curling gracefully from some of their chimneys, awakened an interest for the individuals who had selected a situation so sequestered, and to which no road could be seen either for ingress or egress. Coming unawares upon such lovely visions, Nature seems to touch with her most delicate hand the finest chords of our humanity, and to bring us under the influence of inexpressible feelings, where admiration of what she has rendered exquisitely beautiful contends for expression with gentle emotions of kindness and sympathy towards our fellow-creatures.

Upon such occasions experience has taught me that it is wise to surrender oneself altogether to that charm

which the mind, investing everything around with touching attributes, enchants us with. For if we mutiny against the dominion of imagination, and would too curiously inquire into the connexions betwixt our feelings and the realities they are associated with, the imagination, like an offended beauty, breaks with us upon the first slight. It is prudent, therefore, to lend to such scenes the advantage of distance, and not to enter such cottages, lest our material senses, taking cognizance of the filth of their insides, should destroy the illusion created by external appearances. It is unfortunate that too many of our disappointments should spring from our own race, for Nature, always glorious and true, becomes the more attractive the more she is investigated.

As we approached Cumberland the calcareous beds became very slaty and fossile, and alternated with shale and sandstone, the beds being often contorted and disturbed. Having alighted at a tolerable hotel, I sallied out to look at the place. Cumberland is an old village, and was a post of some celebrity in the time of the Indian wars, in the middle of the eighteenth century. It lies close to the Potomac, in a depressed basin, surrounded by lofty hills, and the situation is quite beautiful. To the west rises a lofty ridge, about 900 feet in height, called Will's Mountain, with an immense gap, through which flows a stream called Will's Creek. East of this mountain is a smaller ridge, with a valley on its west and east side. The waters that have in ancient times come down the Potomac, and the various valleys and gorges, have washed away more than a mile and a half in breadth of this ridge, the continuation of which is seen on the other side of the river. Being composed of shale and limestone, the first friable mineral would easily give way, as

it has done at Niagara, and the limestone losing its support would fall down. In this way the basin of Cumberland has been scooped out. On the west side of a bridge built across the creek is a *plateau*, consisting of the detritus of this operation. The north part of the ridge is highly fossiliferous.

*July* 16.—Having now reached the point where the canal was to terminate, I prepared this morning for an excursion to examine the extensive coal-field which lay a short distance from this place, for the transportation of the products of which the canal was projected, and my companions were obliging enough to accompany me. Proceeding through the great gorge, watered by Will's Creek, to Frostburgh, about ten miles from Cumberland, I was much struck by its imposing character. On each side the escarpments were about 900 feet in height, about 100 feet of red shale visible, superimposed by 800 feet of grey sandstone. There was a great deal of flexure in the rocks, the strata being concentrically bent, and the summit of the mountain exhibiting the apex of the arch imperfectly, showing that the summit of the ridge had been lowered. Towards the further end of the gorge I found fine specimens of fucoidal fossils. Ascending the mountain, we reached Frostburgh, which is elevated almost 1900 feet * above tide water. Towards the summit frequent beds of limestone, alternating with shale and micaceous sandstone, announced the approach to a coal-field.

The seams of bituminous coal are numerous here: one of them, including a narrow subordinate seam of compact

* Cumberland is 873 feet above tide water.
Frostburgh is 1275 feet above Cumberland.

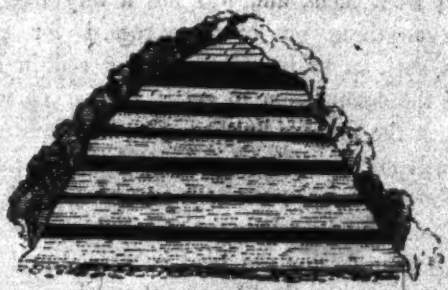
bituminous shale in its centre, is about 10 feet thick. The bands of argillaceous iron-stone are also numerous. A few miners were at work in an irregular manner, having run adits upon the principal seam. I made an interesting collection of coal plants,* and we then pursued our way to Western Port, an obscure village on the Potomac, about eighteen miles from Frostburgh. The road lay down the pretty valley of George's Creek, hemmed in by lofty hills close on each side, containing many seams of coal. Western Port contained about twenty old log-huts and framed buildings, without a pane of glass in any one of the windows. Still there was an appearance of rurality about it, and it would have produced some effect seen at a distance. But our party was too numerous to find accommodation here; and hearing that a Mr. De Vickman, the son of a Frenchman, had a house and mill about two miles off, at the mouth of Savage River, a few of us proceeded thither, with the intention of throwing ourselves upon his hospitality.

As soon as it was ascertained that we could be received here, I went about a mile further up the *North Branch*, as it was called here, where the Potomac had cut a gap through what they called *Dan's Mountain* at least a mile wide. That part of the mountain which was on the opposite or right bank of the river appeared to be about 750 feet high, and presented an escarpment of the most extraordinary kind. To examine this I had to ford the river, the bed of which, although only about 120 feet in breadth, was filled with rolled rocks, which made it a very difficult undertaking. The face of this escarpment contained no less than six seams of coal, sepa-

* Calamites, lepidodendron, stigmaria, and various species of ferns, many of which appear to agree specifically with European coal plants.

rated by beds of sandstone and limestone, the lowest seam being not more than 10 feet from the water's edge, near to which was a fine horizontal band of argillaceous iron-stone.

The following section presents the order in which these seams of coal occur, without reference to the thickness of the other mineral beds.



I was told that one of the seams had something more than a foot of compact bituminous shale in the centre, and that one of the lowest seams contained sulphuret of iron. The deficiency in America of the geological beds lying in other countries above the coal measures, will be found exceedingly advantageous when the mines at some future day require to be vigorously worked. The coal from the seams in this escarpment, which has its correspondent exposition on the left bank of the river, can be quarried by adits run into the hills, and shot down from situations of this kind by inclined planes into barges placed below. An Englishman, accustomed to place great value upon such remarkable deposits of coal, is somewhat astonished at seeing the representative of so much wealth lying dormant.

On recrossing the river I went to see a curious mystical

German quack, named Brandt, who I was told was the proprietor of 2500 acres of coal land, including this escarpment. He wore an immense beard, and wanted nothing but a black cat on his shoulder to have passed for Katterfelto. He said that he would sell me all his coal lands for ten dollars an acre, and seemed very anxious to part with them, which was natural enough, for he derived no profit from them, and was not a very likely person to keep anything out of pure regard for posterity. There is such an enormous quantity of coal in the country, and the competition to get it to market will be so great when the canal is finished, that it is quite evident no one will make any money by it but the canal company, who will receive the tolls; so that, in fact, these seams of coal will for a long time be in the hands of speculators, who, purchasing the land at agricultural prices of a few dollars per acre, will exert themselves to sell them again, at mining prices of a higher rate per acre, to persons who desire to keep them for another generation.

On returning, a little fatigued, to Savage River, I found there was no room for me at De Vickman's, and that I must go back to Western Port.

## CHAPTER IV.

INTERESTING ESCARPMENTS ON THE BANKS OF THE POTOMAC.—A SINGULAR PUBLIC DINNER.—THE GORGE OF WILL'S MOUNTAIN.—BEDFORD SPRINGS.—VALUABLE MINERAL WATERS.—CROSS THE BACKBONE MOUNTAIN.—THE CONTORTED STRATA BECOME HORIZONTAL TO THE WEST OF THE ALLEGHANIES.—ARRIVE AT PITTSBURG.

*July* 17.—The place where I slept was humble enough, being a very low sort of country tavern, kept by a most unsophisticated piece of rustic ignorance called Hammel. What with getting wet, fatigue, and want of proper refreshment, I had a headache at night, and the last thing he said to me, on lying down upon a very extraordinary sort of bed, was, "Squire, I reckon you 'll get up quite lively in the morning." And so I did, for on awaking, such a spectacle presented itself of bugs running all over me and over every thing else, that I jumped up as lively as a parched pea, and rushed out to the well. Having made my ablutions, I walked out on the adjacent mountains, and was sketching an outline of the noble hills around, when a sottish-looking man on horseback approached, dismounted, and began to look over my sketch in a very impudent sort of way; upon which I closed my portfolio, and taking out my pocket-compass, began to take the bearing of some hills. "I see," he now growled, in a coarse tone, "you are one of those that draw by the rule of thumb."—"I shall be very much obliged to you," replied I, "if you will tell

me what that means, for I do not know." Upon which he began to curse and swear, and hope that "West Point, that —— Institution, would be pulled up by the roots, and not one stone left upon another." I mentioned this on my return to the tavern, and our host told me he was the country surveyor, but that he had taken umbrage at the appearance of the United States engineers, who laid out the line of the canal, and who were all trained at the National Institution of West Point. He had never been employed to assist them—a piece of neglect that had made a hole in his temper, and let in an undue portion of envy and malice. He had, therefore, taken to console himself with strong morning drams, under the influence of which I saw he was when he accosted me—thinking, no doubt, that I was one of his detested rivals in the surveying art.

Having made a very humble sort of breakfast, our party re-assembled, with the intention of returning to Cumberland, keeping, as far as we could, the left bank of the Potomac. The scenes around us were picturesque and wild; the streams came rushing down from the mountains; and at every turn a new object full of amenity and beauty presented itself. We had to travel about twenty-eight miles to get to Cumberland, and kept a pleasant path close to the edge of the river, which sometimes flowed between narrow gorges, at other times through ample and fertile bottoms teeming with heavy crops of wheat and maize. Sometimes the hills came down with a sharp slope to the river, leaving no room for a path, and then we were obliged to ford the Potomac into the state of Virginia, to be in an hour or two driven back into the state of Maryland from the same cause.

Upon one occasion, where the gorge was very narrow,

the mountain side was sharpened to an angle of about 50°, and as there was no path, we had to ascend the hill by a narrow bridle-path, which in more than one place did not admit of a horse being turned if two persons mounted were to meet. This was the case at a particular point, 500 feet above the level of the river, with a precipitous slope down the whole way to the bottom. Occasionally we had glorious views of the river and country. On descending this hill, which appeared to be the eastern limit of the coal-field we had just left, we came upon compact limestone exceedingly contorted, with occasional beds of shale. Having reached the bottom of the hill, I observed an escarpment opposite to us on the right bank of the Potomac, that exhibited

a remarkable flexure of the beds, preserving to a great extent the regular arch of a rainbow. In the background was a view of distant and lofty mountains,

well wooded. The western end of this arch was covered with trees, but the beds had the appearance of bending regularly down to the river. I was so pleased with the view, that I took a sketch of it.

At another point on the left bank was a mass of contorted beds, most strangely twisted about, with a base of about 150 yards, in an escarpment which went vertically down into the water, and around which I forded to obtain a good opportunity of examining it. I have never seen in any part of America contorted beds more worthy of examination by those who think that the study of them may reveal the nature of the movements by which they have been produced. Passing through Cresaptown, a lone, decayed village, containing half-a-dozen tenements, we reached Cumberland again about 4 P. M.

Here another sort of scene awaited us. We learnt that, in honour of the president and directors of the canal, a grand dinner was to be given to them the day of our return; and anxious for repose as we were, it was necessary to dress, as the leading men of the place were expected to be present. An amusing part of the affair was, that not a single soul of our party knew whether the dinner was to be given by the inhabitants or the directors. The first was not probable, as no invitation had been received from them, and the second was as unlikely, as no invitation had been given. We sent, however, to the tavern where the dinner was said to be prepared, and were told that certainly a grand banquet was to be given to these gentlemen at 5 P. M. This was satisfactory enough to us after a journey of about thirty miles, fording rivers, performing various other travellers' feats, and fasting from 6 A. M.

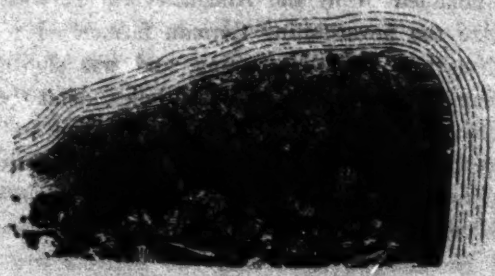
On reaching the tavern we found a crowd about the door, and entering the house found no one there to receive us. By-and-by several persons dropped in,—men and boys of all descriptions; and about six o'clock the landlord himself made his appearance, and said he had "made up his mind" to put Mr. Such-a-one, who had formerly been in Congress, in the chair as president of the day, and to make some other person whom he named, and who was a lawyer and a member of the Temperance Society, vice-president. We all followed him after this declaration to a room with a long narrow table, to which we with a motley crowd enough sat down. A single glance at the dinner and company induced me to take my seat close to the door, that I might make my retreat without being observed. The meat, the puddings and pies, with every thing that had been prepared, were placed on the table together. I tried one or two of the messes, and tasted some atrocious stuff the landlord called sherry, but which I had no doubt was some preparation of whisky made at the doctor's shop; but there was nothing fit to eat or drink, and hungry as I was, I was deliberating with myself whether I could with propriety leave such a coarse affair and go to our lodgings for a comfortable cup of tea, when two or three noisy fellows, exactly opposite to me, began to smoke some execrable tobacco. This terminated my share of the grand dinner, and taking my travelling-cap out of my pocket, I walked quietly out of the door. On reaching our lodgings, I learnt that the dinner was nothing but a speculation of the landlord's, and that every guest was expected to pay for his dinner.

My companions, who did not find it convenient to act as independently as I had done, very good-naturedly

remained at the dinner, and acquired golden opinions from the company. They gave me, on their return, an amusing account of the entertainment; and just as I was going to bed, the vice-president, who was the principal man in getting up the temperance society at this village, came to our quarters most outrageously drunk, and told us of a toast he had given after the directors had left the table, which met great applause. "I gave them," said he, "The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and the president and directors, and may the impediments in their progress be prosperous and eternal." In this mutilated sentiment I immediately recognized the sherry I had tasted. Of the fallibility of these leaders of temperance societies, our landlord, Hammel, had given us another amusing instance when we were at Western Port. The member of the Maryland legislature for that district was a pious Methodist, and very strict member of the Temperance Society; but at the last election, finding that the patriotism of the voters could not be brought to his side without libations of whisky, he directed the landlord to give whisky to those who insisted upon having it, but to charge it to him in his books under the head of "oats;" and Hammel actually exhibited his books to us, where there was a long column of charges against the candidate for oats, all of which he said were for whisky. These specimens of the "conscientious principles and temperance" of those demagogues, who flourish by encouraging vulgar country-people in running after some novelty or other in religion, morals, or politics, are to be found in every district where I have been.

*July* 18.—Having breakfasted, I had the painful task before me of parting with the kind friends who had

accompanied me from Washington, and who had placed me under so many obligations. Having received their hearty good wishes for a prosperous return from my tour, they drove away, and I proceeded to that remarkable gorge in Will's Mountain of which I have before spoken, to examine it more in detail. It is about 3000 paces in length, and in some parts is 500 in width, Will's Creek running through it, with the summit of the mountain rising about 850 feet above the level of the water. At the eastern end the beds rise into a regular curvature, the lowest being a red shale, and the uppermost a gray quartzose sandstone. On the south side of the creek the curvature is most remarkable, presenting a magnificent segment of an arch, the base of which would measure about 10,000 feet. On the north side there is a regular mural escarpment from the summit, of about 300 feet, with an immense talus of fallen masses extending beneath it and forming a slope to the bottom.



On reaching the point at the western end, where I had before observed the specimens of fucoidal fossils, I observed that the flexure of the beds had collapsed, and that for a thickness of about 200 feet they were hanging

vertically upon the flattened side of the arch. It was at the foot of this vertical part of the segment that I had, on a previous occasion, found the fucoides, and I now determined to see if I could find the bed from which they had been detached. Having climbed the hill, I looked diligently about, and at length had the satisfaction of finding them in place on the outside bed. This was very interesting, since here was a proof that an ancient flat bed of the sea, bearing fucoidal plants, had been bent with the subjacent strata into the form of an arch, and that, from some inequality in the movement, or perhaps from subsidence, the sides had collapsed towards the centre, in such a manner, that, if it had been hidden from view, the beds would appear to be in a vertical position.

*July* 19.—I left Cumberland this morning for Bedford Springs, the road lying principally on the red shale that underlies Will's Mountain. The knolls of fossiliferous silurian limestone were numerous in the valleys, all closely hemmed in by the Alleghany ridges, with here and there the never-failing German farmer. I reached Bedford Springs towards evening, and was shewn into a building containing rows of pigeon-holes, about spacious enough for a cobbler to draw a wax thread in. The furniture, consisting of one chair, and a table just two feet square, with the bed and bed-clothes, might be worth ten or a dozen dollars; but, as it was a clean place, and I could be alone in it to read and write, I was quite satisfied. Having taken a moderate repast and looked at the place, I retired early.

*July* 20.—This day I devoted to the examination of the vicinity. The hotel was built in a neat and narrow little valley, containing various lofty knolls. That

to the east has a small stream, called Shover's Creek, running at its base; and the mineral springs come down from the base of the ridge in that direction. The principal spring, which is called Anderson's, has a temperature of about 58° Fahrenheit: it contains a little carbonic acid, with small proportions of neutral salts; sulphate of magnesia, however, is its principal solid ingredient. Of all the mineral waters I have ever tasted in America or Europe, this is the most agreeable and efficacious, and the celebrity it has attained is well deserved. The other springs have different properties; one is highly calcareous, another contains sulphuretted hydrogen. In relation to the value of the mineral waters, I think this the most remarkable place of the kind in the United States; and the confidence I found reason to place in the water of Anderson's Spring, according with the experience of many persons I found there, induced me afterwards to recommend the use of it upon many occasions to invalids suffering from indigestion and liver complaints.

*July* 21.—I lost no time in making various excursions in the neighbourhood. It is worthy of remark, that, although there is a general parallelism in these Alleghany ridges, yet the deflexions from their north-east course are numerous, and in some instances ridges are found running transversely to the general direction,—circumstances which will exercise the ingenuity of future geologists. Many of the calcareous beds about Bedford had strong seams of chert running in them, with cherty masses resembling alcyonia. Curvatures were common in the strata, and I was able to make a very fair collection of fossils in this valley. A short distance from the springs the vale widens out into a well cultivated country, where the small village of Bedford is built.

*July* 22.—Having obtained a carriage, I left this place, on my way to Pittsburgh, crossing Will's Mountain, the general rocks being limestone, red shale, and sandstone. At fifteen miles from Bedford we commenced the ascent of what is called the Backbone Mountain, which is twelve miles from base to base. This is a remarkable feature in this mountainous country: first, because the waters from the western side run to the Ohio; and, secondly, because it is the eastern edge of the great coal-field of the western country. At the base the red shale is seen, which in other parts is directly connected with the old red sandstone; and higher up are important beds of grit and conglomerate, with pebbles of a medium size. The summit of the mountain presents a table land, eight miles in breadth: here, a little to the right, I examined a seam of bituminous coal, 7 feet thick, with 2 feet of compact bituminous shale in the centre. It was perfectly horizontal, as well as the beds further west, from which it was evident that the complicated movement which had contorted and otherwise disturbed the more eastern ridges of the Alleghanies, had ceased to act here, and in the country further to the west, where all the beds are horizontal. As we advanced, coal constantly cropped out by the side of the road.

*July* 23.—I slept at a small place called Staystown, from whence the country to Pittsburg was an irregular surface of knolls and vales, that had apparently been modified when the surface was beneath the ocean. Everywhere coal was to be seen. It was harvest-time, and the population was busily engaged in the fields. The wheat crops were heavy, as well as the meadows; and so many fields were standing quite ready for the harvest scythe, that it was evident labour was not very

abundant. The people were a stout healthy-looking race, and the villages numerous, but the houses were generally poor and shabby-looking. Greensburg is an old and rather extensive place, but did not appear to be very inviting as a residence. At half-past 5 P.M., having passed the United States Arsenal, with its admirable wall and neat-looking interior, I drove into the dusty, dirty, coal-hole-looking place called *Pittsburg*.

When we reached the tavern to which I was directed, the exterior was so filthy that I was ashamed to enter; but every one having told me it was the best inn in the place, no choice was left. The great number of forges, and manufactories established here, and the imperfect manner in which the combustion of the coal is effected, cause the atmosphere to be constantly loaded with flakes of soot, which not only get into your throat and nostrils, but defile your clothes and linen in the most provoking manner. It was hot, and I threw up the window of my bed-room; but in five minutes the fuliginous matter began to float in and alight upon the bed-linen. I wanted some linen washed immediately, but was told it could not be done in a hurry, as it had to be dried and got up in the house, the state of the atmosphere not admitting of its being done out of doors. Having made up my mind to bear up with all sorts of inconveniences before I commenced my tour, I determined to resign myself to these, and walked out to look at the place.

Pittsburg is built upon a wedge of alluvial land, lying betwixt the *Monongahela* and *Alleghany* rivers, just before they mingle with each other and take the name of *Ohio*. The streets are exceedingly narrow, badly paved, and in every way disagreeable; the popu-

lation hurrying about in a restless manner from morn to night. Market Street, which is called the principal street, is about as narrow and dirty as the worst in any other town. But the industry and activity of the inhabitants is great, and coal being to be obtained almost for the price of quarrying it, it is delivered to the inhabitants for domestic uses for four cents, or twopence, a bushel. Pittsburg will, in time, be the great manufacturing place of America. Here will be sent the iron smelted from the furnaces that will soon be erected all over this region of coal and iron; and cannon foundries, rolling-mills, nail-manufactories, and heavy machinery of various kinds, will soon make it the Birmingham of America.

*July* 24.—I devoted this day to a more minute examination of the neighbourhood. The triangular wedge of alluvial matter upon which the town stands is the site of the celebrated Fort Duquesne, erected by the French in 1755, and intended as one of their principal posts upon the extensive military line from which they proposed to operate upon the British Atlantic colonies. Being erected at the very point of the triangle, it was protected from Indian warfare on both sides by the water. At the other end of the alluvial deposit, the triangle shoulders itself up against the high land which constitutes the banks, 400 feet in height, of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers. In old times, when the rivers of America were at a much higher level, the confluence of those two streams was probably at the base of the high land called now Grant's Hill, when the whole flat part of the triangle must have been under water in a broad bay. This locality affords an additional proof, to be added to those which all the

rivers and lakes present, of the great diminution of the waters of this continent.

An excellent bridge is thrown across the Monongahela, and two across the Alleghany. I crossed over one of them to a new settlement called Alleghany, where the streets are wider and the houses better than at Pittsburg; many of whose inhabitants, feeling themselves cramped and choked with the smoke of their own manufactories, are seeking elbow-room and purer air at this place. At present the population of Pittsburg is of a motley kind: the Irish seem to be the most numerous; the number of Germans also is very great; then come the indefatigable New Englanders, with their restless enterprise and ingenuity. How all these are ever to assimilate and make one people, is to be proved by time; but ere long a great population will have assembled here; for never was there a locality better calculated to maintain one, supported as it will be by a fertile country, manufactories of every kind that require steam power, and enjoying unrivalled facilities of water and railway communication to New Orleans, Philadelphia, and New York.

The environs would be beautiful but for the smoke, which defiles every thing. The irregularities of the surface are of the most graceful kind; charming wooded knolls and hills, with lovely vales, are all around, and beautiful rivers flowing between lofty banks.

## CHAPTER V.

VISIT BRADDOCK'S FIELD.—EVENTS WHICH LED TO THE EXPEDITION OF THAT GENERAL.

Before I left Pittsburg I devoted one day to a visit to Braddock's Field, about nine miles distant, in the valley of the Mononghahela river, and universally known in the neighbouring country by that name. After going about six miles on the turnpike-road, I turned down on the right to the valley, which is generally about two miles broad, including the beautiful slopes on the north or right bank, that terminate in frequent intervals of rich bottom land close to the river, most of which were covered with fine crops, the whole presenting one of the sweetest scenes I ever saw. The summit of the bank is perhaps 350 feet above the level of the river, and distant from it about 2000 yards, sloping for the greatest part of the way gently down, interrupted by a somewhat flat sort of terrace, about two-thirds of the distance from the river, along which there is now a road; and from it the ground goes by an easy descent to the water. At the period when General Braddock attempted to reach Fort Duquesne, the whole distance from the summit to the stream was densely wooded.

The causes which led to the unparalleled disaster that befel the enterprise conducted by General Braddock, and

the remarkable results which it probably led to, have been so little noticed, that a brief account of the circumstances which led to this unfortunate campaign, and some details of the defeat itself, will be interesting to the English reader.

The surrender of Louisbourg, in the island of Cape Breton, to the British arms under General Pepperell, in 1745, by giving England the command of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, was a blow which laid the axe to the root of the French power in Canada; and, if it had been followed up by the retention of that island, would probably have so crippled the French in that quarter, that they never would have been troublesome again to the British colonies. But at the Peace of Aix la Chapelle, in 1748, the island was restored; and very soon after evidences were not wanting of the determination of the crown of France, not only to secure their possessions in Canada, but to drive out the English from their Atlantic colonies. To effect this, great pains were taken to conciliate the Indian tribes, who occupied the western country behind the English settlements; and in 1751 the English Ohio Company were driven from the banks of that river.

The arrival, in August 1752, of the Marquis du Quesne in Canada, as Governor-General, gave a new impulse to the exertions of that gallant people. Du Quesne was a very enterprising person, and was bent upon establishing a line of forts and communications from Niagara to the Mississippi, thereby encircling all the English colonies, with the intention of destroying, by incursions of hostile Indians, their western trade and back settlements. This unpromising state of things created much alarm in Virginia; and in October, 1753, the Governor of that

province wrote to the French commandant on the Ohio, to remonstrate against his proceedings, sending the letter by Colonel Washington, at that time a youth of only twenty-one years of age; but whose prudent and resolute character, even at that period, had acquired him the confidence of all who knew him. The mission of this distinguished young Virginian was undertaken at a period, not only of great public anxiety, but at a season of the year when the winter was momentarily expected to set in, and when, in addition to the dangers he was exposed to from the hostile Indians, he would have to contend against the severity of the weather, the deep snows, and the half-frozen rivers, before he could possibly accomplish his return. And never was a mission executed with greater resolution and excellent judgment than he displayed upon this occasion,—giving a foretaste to his countrymen of those great qualities which he afterwards displayed in a career made for ever renowned by his illustrious name. Leaving Williamsburg, the seat of government of Virginia, on the 1st of November, 1753, he, after various adventures upon the land and the rivers, on the 11th of December reached one of the French forts on French Creek, a tributary of the Alleghany river, about fifteen miles distant from Presque Isle, on Lake Erie. This was on the line by which the French intended to penetrate—from Ningara to Presque Isle, and thence by Fort Le Bœuf, down French River, to the Alleghany and the Forks of the Ohio.

The French commander, Monsieur Legardeur de St. Pierre, was a Knight of St. Louis, and is described by Colonel Washington as an "elderly gentleman," having "much the air of a soldier." Upon receiving the letter

of the Governor of Virginia, he sent for the commanding officer of the fort at Presque Isle; and a council being held, a written answer was returned, declaring in polite terms that they should not retire, but should carry out the instructions of the Marquis du Quesne.

Colonel Washington had now to return as quick as possible; and some idea may be formed of the hardships he had to encounter, and the determined spirit with which he surmounted them, by the following extract from his Journal:*—

"*December* 23.—When I got things ready to set off, I sent for the Half King, to know whether he intended to go with us or by water. He told me that *White Thunder* had hurt himself very much, and was sick and unable to walk; therefore he was obliged to carry him down in a canoe. As I found he intended to stay here a day or two, and knew that Monsieur Loncaire would employ every scheme to set him against the English, as he had before done, I told him I hoped he would guard against his flattery, and let no fine speeches influence him in their favour. He desired I might not be concerned, for he knew the French too well for anything to engage him in their behalf; and that though he could not go down with us, he yet would endeavour to meet at the Forks with Joseph Campbell, to deliver a speech for me to carry to his Honor the Governor. He told me he would order the young hunter to attend us, and get provision, &c., if wanted.

"Our horses were now so weak and feeble, and the

* This extract will show that at the age of twenty-one, Washington felt himself equal to a task that required the greatest degree of fortitude and prudence.

baggage so heavy, that we doubted much their performing it: therefore myself and others (except the drivers, who were obliged to ride) gave up our horses for packs, to assist along with the baggage. I put myself in an Indian walking-dress, and continued with them three days, till I found there was no probability of their getting home in any reasonable time. The horses grew less able to travel every day; the cold increased very fast, and the roads were becoming much worse by a deep snow, continually freezing. Therefore, as I was uneasy to get back, to make report of my proceedings to his Honor the Governor, I determined to prosecute my journey the nearest way through the woods on foot.

"Accordingly I left Mr. Van Braam in charge of our baggage, with money and directions to provide necessaries from place to place for themselves and horses, and to make the most convenient despatch in travelling.

"I took my necessary papers, pulled off my clothes, and tied myself up in a match coat. Then with gun in hand, and pack at my back, in which were my papers and provisions, I set out with Mr. Gist, fitted in the same manner, on Wednesday the 26th. The day following, just after we had passed a place called the *Murdering* Town, (where we intended to quit the path, and steer across the country for *Shannapins* Town,) we fell in with a party of French Indians, who had been in wait for us. One of them fired at Mr. Gist or me, not fifteen steps off, but fortunately missed. We took this fellow into custody, and kept him until about nine o'clock at night; then let him go, *and walked all the remaining part of the night without making any stop*, that we might get the start so far as to be out of the reach of their pursuit the next

day, since we were well assured they would follow our track as soon as it was light. The next day we continued travelling till quite dark, and got to the river about two miles above *Shannapins*. We expected to have found the river frozen, but it was not, only about fifty yards from each shore. The ice, I suppose, had broken up above, for it was driving in vast quantities.

"There was no way for getting over but on a raft, which we set about with but one poor hatchet, and finished just after sunsetting. This was a whole day's work. We next got it launched and went on board of it, then set off; but before we were half way over we were jammed in the ice, in such a manner that we expected every moment our raft to sink, and ourselves to perish. I put out my setting-pole to try to stop the raft, that the ice might pass by, when the rapidity of the stream threw it with so much violence against the pole, *that it jerked me out into ten feet water*, but I fortunately saved myself by catching hold of one of the raft logs. Notwithstanding all our efforts we could not get the raft to either shore, but were obliged, as we were near an island, to quit our raft and make to it.

"The cold was so extremely severe, that Mr. Gist had all his fingers and some of his toes frozen; and the water was shut up so hard, that we found no difficulty in getting off the island, on the ice, in the morning. We met here with twenty warriors, who were going to the southward to war; but coming to a place at the head of the Great Kunnaway, where they found seven people killed and scalped, (all but one woman with very light hair,) they turned about and ran back, for fear the inhabitants should rise, and take them as the authors

of the murder. They report that the bodies were lying about the house, and some of them much torn and eaten by hogs. By the marks which were left, they say they were French Indians of the Ottaway nation who did it.

"As we intended to take horses here, and it required some time to find them, I went up about three miles to the mouth of Yaughyaughgane, to visit Queen *Alliquippa*, who had expressed great concern that we passed her in going to the fort. I made her a present of a match coat and a bottle of rum, which latter was thought much the best present of the two."

At this period, the colonists of Virginia, being more exposed to the hostile proceedings of the French than those in the other provinces were, felt exceedingly interested in their movements: in most of the other colonies there was a general ignorance of, and indifference respecting the frontiers; and even Pennsylvania, which was deeply concerned in these hostile measures, when called upon by the crown to succour Virginia, sought to excuse itself from so expensive a duty, by professing to doubt whether the Ohio was within the British limits. The province of Virginia, however, lost no time in raising three hundred men, and placing them under the command of Colonel Washington, who, with these, and two independent companies from New York, marched on the 1st of May, 1754, for the frontiers, sending an officer and a small party in advance, with instructions to build a fort at the confluence of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers, where the town of Pittsburg now stands, and the importance of which, as a military post, had not escaped his attention on his previous visit. This service had

scarce been performed, when M. Contrecœur, having marched with a strong force and eighteen pieces of cannon from Presque Isle, on Lake Erie, to the head of the Alleghany river, descended that stream, and appearing before the fort, it was surrendered on the 17th of April. Colonel Washington, however, continued to advance, and on the 28th of May had a successful skirmish with a body of the enemy, who lost their commander, and about thirty in killed, wounded, and prisoners. During his further progress, he learnt that M. de Villier, with a body consisting of nine hundred French and Canadians, and two hundred Indians, was advancing to meet him; so falling back to the Great Meadow, and hastily constructing a work to which he gave the name of Fort Necessity, he there waited his arrival; and after an obstinate conflict of three hours, against more than twice his number, was compelled to enter into a capitulation with the honours of war.

This reverse, which was owing to the parsimony of the other colonies, caused a general defection of the Indian tribes, and gave the French possession of the whole line of the Ohio.

The alarm now became general throughout the British dependencies; the evil consequences of a line of French forts, and the hostility of the Indian tribes from Niagara to New Orleans, became obvious to all; and, with the concurrence of the crown, measures to establish a more efficient union amongst the colonies, to conciliate the Indians, and to make a general attack upon the French possessions, were earnestly agreed upon. A force was ordered to Nova Scotia. Crown Point, a strong French fort at the southern termination of Lake Champlin, was

directed to be invested by Colonel, afterwards Sir William Johnson. Shirley's and Pepperell's regiments were to proceed to Lake Ontario and reduce Niagara; and General Braddock, an officer of a very energetic character, was appointed to drive the French from the Ohio; and in the first instance from the fort which M. Contrecœur had taken possession of at the Forks of the Ohio, and which he had strengthened and named Duquesne, in honour of the Governor-General of Canada.

Many persons of great experience, upon consideration of the immense difficulties which General Braddock would have to encounter in traversing the Alleghany Mountains, and afterwards in advancing through a rugged wilderness without roads, continually exposed to ambush from wily Indians in the numerous defiles that were upon his line of march, were at that time of opinion that it would have been a wiser plan for him to have advanced upon the French line of communication through the state of New York, since by that road he would have found greater facilities for his movements, and perfect security from attack; indeed it would seem now to be certain, that if he had advanced in that direction, he would have effectually broken up the communication of the French betwixt Canada and their posts on the Ohio, and that the garrisons of these last must have surrendered on being summoned, or have abandoned their posts and descended the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans.

But at the consultation which the General held, in April 1755, on his arrival in Virginia, with some of the governors of the colonies, at Alexandria, in that province, it appeared that his orders were to advance immediately to Fort Duquesne. To these instructions he determined

to adhere; and being an experienced soldier, and a person of undaunted resolution, he resolved to proceed without delay, and to encounter every obstacle, in the confidence that they must all yield to his perseverance. The possibility of his being defeated, and of being compelled to retreat through a barbarous country, harassed by the ferocious savages in the French interest,—a disadvantage he would not have been exposed to, if he had failed in his attack upon advancing by the line of Lake Ontario,—most probably never occurred to him. Had his instructions pointed out to him the object he was to accomplish, without tying him down to the route by which he was to advance to it, this most disastrous campaign would, most probably, not only have been a very successful and glorious one, but would have been unattended with consequences, which, as will be hereafter adverted to, have been amongst the gravest which have hitherto affected mankind.

On his arrival in Virginia, from Ireland, this unfortunate but gallant officer brought with him the reputation of a resolute and experienced soldier. Being a strict disciplinarian and observer of military etiquette, he was not a little disgusted to find that the assistance he had been taught to expect from the province of Virginia was likely to be uncertain, depending upon legislative concurrence, and the conciliation of persons very much at variance in their opinion of the manner in which the service ought to be performed. The colonists were brave men, and anxious to repel the French, but were accustomed to conduct their military undertakings by provincial expedients, which were not likely to find favour with a commander accustomed to the

measured proceedings of a regular army. All the contracts, too, for provisions and transportation of the *matériel*, were to be made with interested persons, not very scrupulous in keeping their engagements; and long before the General commenced his expedition, he had conceived as contemptible an opinion of the knowledge amongst the colonists of the art of war, as they had of his fitness to carry on Indian warfare in the woods, without resorting to the precautions they had always found necessary to ensure success. Colonel Washington offered his services as a volunteer, and a corps of Virginia riflemen marched with the army.

## CHAPTER VI.

ILL-JUDGED MARCH TO THE OHIO.—REACHES THE MONONGAHELA.

Having reached Fort Cumberland, distant about one hundred and twenty miles from Fort Duquesne, the General, on the 10th of June, put his troops, consisting of two thousand two hundred men, and a few pieces of artillery, in motion; and hearing soon afterwards that the French garrison expected a reinforcement of five hundred men, he separated his army into two divisions, leaving Colonel Dunbar to follow with the provisions, stores, and heavy baggage, and commenced a series of tedious marches at the head of twelve hundred men and his artillery. It was remarked of General Braddock, that he neither attempted to conciliate the Indians, in order to prevent their joining the French, nor the provincial troops. These last were clad in buckskin jackets, and were armed with tomahawks as well as rifles, most of them being accustomed to Indian warfare; being ordered to move in the rear, a post peculiarly unsuited to their qualifications, they considered it as a mark of the General's contempt for them. It is sufficiently obvious, that, if he had carried along with him the smallest body of Indian warriors, they would have seasonably detected every ambush; and that even if he had permitted the provincial riflemen to be in the advance, these, who had been accustomed to the Indian practice of each man skirmishing with his rifle

from behind a tree, would have given abundance of occupation to an Indian enemy, until a convenient disposition could have been made of the regular troops. But Braddock took counsel only from his courage, and burning with ardour to drive the French from their garrison with the British bayonet, he continued to advance through the wilderness, without any other information than that which he derived from three or four guides who accompanied him; opening and levelling roads with superfluous *accuracy*, as if in fastidious disregard of the *simple* expedients of the provincials; wearing out his troops, already discontented with their provisions and their hard duty, and irritated by the jeers of the provincial soldiers, who openly predicted that the regulars would be tomahawked and scalped.

On the 9th of July, a memorable day, and pregnant with events both immediate and remote, this gallant officer, with his fated troops, reached the left bank of the Mononghahela, only nine miles from Fort Duquesne, at a shallow ford now called the Ripple, and detached Lieutenant-Colonel Gage across the river with three hundred men—afterwards reinforced with two hundred—with orders to open a road to a trading-path, called Grant's Road, which led to the French fort. The opposite bank, close to the water, consisted of a piece of flat alluvial land, excessively choked with shrubs, saplings, and briars, that masked the ground: from thence a slope rose, very thickly wooded, which continued to where the ground formed the terrace before mentioned, which ran parallel with the river, and distant about twelve hundred paces from it. From that edge of this terrace, which is furthest from the river, the land rose rather more abruptly to the crest of the valley, the whole surface being densely

covered with trees and underwood. About midway betwixt the river and the crest of the valley were three ravines, numbered in the plan 2, 3, 4, (*vide* the plan.) In No. 2 is a fine spring of clear cool water: No. 3, distant only 200 paces from it, lies betwixt the terrace and the river; and No. 4, 150 paces still further, partly intersects the terrace. Lieutenant-Colonel Gage having opened a road some distance, the general, with the artillery, and the waggons containing the baggage and provisions, crossed the river with the main body, and reached the right bank about 1 P.M.

The troops, being hot with getting through the thick bottom, rushed to the spring, forming as soon as they had drunk, for the purpose of following the vanguard under Lieutenant-Colonel Gage. Here it was that the fatal error of not employing the Virginia riflemen to scour the woods in advance became obvious. Whilst the troops at the spring were preparing to move, and not suspecting that an invisible enemy, contemptible in numbers, but combining the resources of Europeans with the cunning and ferocity of savages, were laid within gun-shot in silent ambush in the ravine No. 3, Lieutenant-Colonel Gage was slowly advancing: he had been permitted to pass the head of this ravine without interruption, and had advanced 150 yards further to ravine No. 4, where an ambush was posted equally strong of French and Indians; but it being necessary to cross this last, the men had only just begun to enter it, when the ambuscade suddenly fired, and immediately setting up one of those hideous yells, till then unheard by those unfortunate British soldiers, took to the trees to load again. The troops, seeing their comrades in the front drop around them, and astounded by the yells of an enemy

no longer visible, fired a volley into the trees, and fell back in great confusion, pursued, shot down, and tomahawked by their fiend-like enemies. The main body, part of which had formed, whilst others were seated on the ground waiting for their comrades, who were drinking at the spring, hearing this firing and the yells, hastened on as quick as they could be formed to the assistance of the advance, and hurrying unconsciously past the ravine No. 3, received a deadly fire from the ambuscade there, which yelled and disappeared in the same manner. The confusion soon became overwhelming; the retreating advance, mixed up with Indians bearing uplifted tomahawks, rushed upon the main body, and embarrassed them still further; whilst the enemy in No. 3, perceiving the confusion, delivered another fire, and springing into the column, instantly began the work of tomahawking and scalping. The troops, unaccustomed to this kind of warfare, soon lost all confidence in themselves; being shot down almost as fast as they formed, they believed the woods to be filled with savages; and, overcome with terror, fired their muskets at random amongst the trees, where no enemy had appeared. At length, the panic becoming universal, they broke and fled, abandoning their artillery; nor could they be stopped until they reached the guard which had charge of the waggons. Here a stand was made to cover the baggage, whilst every exertion was employed by the General and his officers to rally and tranquillize the men; but, thoroughly unmanned, they were as insensible to persuasion as they were to commands.

The person from whom I had many particulars of this disaster informed me, that Colonel Washington now respectfully asked permission of the General to cover the

troops with the riflemen, and engage the Indians in their own way, until the men could be formed again; irritated, however, by the general insubordination, he answered, "High times, indeed, when a young buckskin wants to teach an old general!" and urging on his horse, regardless of danger, seemed absorbed in the idea of bringing his men to their duty by his own personal exertions. He was everywhere; and whilst alternately upbraiding and entreating the soldiers to be calm, had five horses shot under him. Touched with his gallantry, his officers seconded him in the most devoted manner; many of them, hoping to inspire the men by their example, advanced in a body to recover the artillery, but they sacrificed themselves in vain. An old Canadian, whose father was engaged in the affair on the side of the French, told me at Detroit that he had heard him say, "Cela faisoit pitié le voir!" After three hours of this horrid massacre—for it deserves no other name—General Braddock received a mortal wound in the lungs, and, being taken to a white oak tree,* was placed at its foot. At this time the loss of officers had been very great. Colonel Sir Peter Halkett and many gallant gentlemen were already slain, together with Mr. Shirley, an amiable youth, who was secretary to the General, and who received a ball in the head. Amongst the wounded were Lieutenant-Colonel Gage, Lieutenant-Colonel Burton, Sir John St. Clair, with Captains Orme† and Morris, the General's two aids,—all of them severely hurt.

* Vide plan, No. 5. The stump of this tree was standing when I was there. Some one had cut the tree down to get a hive of honey the bees had made in it.

† The following official letter of Captain Orme, addressed to Governor Morris, confirms in many of the particulars the narrative I have drawn up:—

"Fort Cumberland, July 18, 1755.

"Dear Sir,—I am so extremely ill in bed with the wound I have received

Colonel Washington, who had greatly distinguished himself, and who had had, as he afterwards wrote to his mother, two horses shot under him, and his clothes riddled with balls, was almost the only officer who had not been wounded; and General Braddock, finding himself incapable of further exertions, now sent for him, and consulted him as to what was best to be done. He advised an immediate retreat across the river, and the conduct of it being given to him, measures were instantly taken to effect it; but the French and Indians, perceiving

in my thigh, that I am under the necessity of employing my friend, Captain Dobson, to write for me.

"I conclude you have had some account of the action near the banks of the Monongahela, about seven miles from the French fort. As the reports spread are very imperfect, what you have heard must consequently be so too. You should have had more early accounts of it, but every officer whose business it was to have informed you was either killed or wounded, and our distressful situation put it out of our power to attend to it so much as we would otherwise have done.

"The 9th instant we passed and repassed the Monongahela, by advancing first a party of 300 men, which was immediately followed by another of 200: the General with the column of artillery, baggage, and the main body of the army, passed the river the last time about one o'clock. As soon as the whole had got over to the fort side of the Monongahela, we heard a very heavy and quick fire in our front; we immediately advanced in order to sustain them, but the detachment of the 200 and 300 men gave way and fell back upon us, which caused such confusion, and struck so great a panic among our men, that afterwards no military expedient could be made use of that had any effect upon them. The men were so extremely deaf to the exhortations of the General and the officers, that they fired away in the most irregular manner all their ammunition, and then ran off, leaving to the enemy the artillery, ammunition, provisions and baggage; nor could they be persuaded to stop till they got as far as Gist's Plantation, not there only in part, many of them proceeding on far as Colonel Dunbar's party, who lay six miles on this side.

"The officers were absolutely mortified by their unparalleled good behaviour, advancing sometimes in bodies, and sometimes separately, hoping by such example to engage the soldiers to follow them, but to no purpose.

"The General had five horses killed under him, and at last received a wound through the right arm into his lungs, of which he died the 13th instant. Poor Shirley was shot through the head; Captain Morris wounded.

their advantage, spread themselves in every direction, both in front and flank, pouring destruction upon the retreating mass, and creating such dismay by their incessant firing and yelling, that the bewildered troops at length took to flight, abandoning all the waggons, the artillery, the ammunition, the military chest, and provisions, with all the General's public and private papers containing his instructions. The unfortunate commander and several of the wounded officers, who had been safely conducted to the other side of the river, were obliged

Mr. Washington had two horses shot under him, and his clothes shot through in several places, behaving the whole time with the greatest courage and resolution. Sir Peter Halkett was killed upon the spot; Colonel Burton and Sir John St. Clair wounded. And inclosed I send you a list of killed and wounded, according to as exact an account as we are yet able to get.

"Upon our proceeding with the whole convoy to the Little Meadows, it was found impracticable to advance in that manner: the General, therefore, advanced with 1200 men, with the necessary artillery, ammunition, and provisions, leaving the main body of the convoy under the command of Colonel Dunbar, with orders to join him as soon as possible. In this manner we proceeded with safety and expedition till the fatal day I have just related; and happy it was that this disposition was made, otherwise the whole must have starved or fallen into the hands of the enemy, as numbers would have been of no service, and our provision was all lost.

"As our number of horses was so much reduced, and those extremely weak, and many carriages being wanted for the wounded men, it occasioned our destroying the ammunition and superfluous provisions left in Colonel Dunbar's convoy, to prevent it falling into the hands of the enemy.

"As the whole of the artillery is lost, and the troops are so extremely weakened by deaths, wounds, and sickness, it was judged impossible to make any further attempts; therefore Colonel Dunbar is returning to Fort Cumberland with everything he is able to bring up with him.

"I propose remaining here till my wound will suffer me to remove to Philadelphia; from thence shall proceed to England. Whatsoever commands you may have for me, you will do me the favour to direct to me here."

"By the particular disposition of the French and Indians, it was impossible to judge of the numbers they had that day in the field.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your most obedient and humble servant,

"ROBERT ORME."

to be instantly sent on; for so great was the terror of the flying soldiers, that they could not be rallied even when they had crossed the ford, continuing, with few exceptions, their flight through the woods, a distance of thirty-five miles, until they reached Colonel Dunbar, who was advancing to support the main body. Upwards of seven hundred officers and men were killed and wounded in this disastrous affair. The greater part of the officers engaged were either killed or wounded; not one of them being taken prisoner. The General lingered until the fourth day after he had received his wound, when he died.

Colonel Dunbar now found himself with a force consisting of about fifteen hundred men, infected with a constant fear of an approaching enemy, but without artillery. He might have entrenched himself and waited for reinforcements, but the panic had seized his own detachment; having also many wounded officers and men to take care of, the determination was taken to abandon the undertaking, and fall back upon Fort Cumberland. All the ammunition and provisions, therefore, except what was deemed necessary to subsist them to the fort, were destroyed, and they turned their backs upon an unpursuing foe.

No one was probably more surprised at this signal discomfiture than the commandant of the French garrison at Fort Duquesne. He had been expecting reinforcements, but they had not arrived. The whole force he could muster, when Braddock was drawing nigh to the Monongahela, has been supposed not to have exceeded four hundred, comprising both French and Indians. His scouts had brought him intelligence that the English would cross the river on the morning of the 9th, and he

had lost no time in planting those ambuscades, to embarrass and delay its march, without the slightest idea of effecting any other advantage. Finding his enemy overthrown, and all his *matériel* in his power, he did not attempt to pursue his success; and perhaps was unable to do so, for, as soon as the last of the English troops had crossed the river, the Indians and Canadians began to plunder the waggons containing the baggage and military chest; and when darkness had set in, and the terror-stricken invaders were still continuing their flight, the victors, according to their custom, were already furiously drunk with the rum found amongst the stores, and wallowing upon the field of battle.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE INFLUENCE WHICH THAT DEFEAT HAD IN PRODUCING THE REVOLT OF THE BRITISH COLONIES IN 1776.

Braddock's defeat may, independent of the exultation and increased confidence of the French, and the corresponding gloom and depression which it produced in the British colonies, be considered as an event more deserving of attention than any other which occurred at that period. To military men it furnishes a most impressive lesson, showing how dangerous it is to undervalue and neglect advice, appropriate to local circumstances, lest its adoption should appear to detract from the dignity of military etiquette; for in martial campaigns it would seem to be as important to every enlightened commander to consider a battle as well in relation to the political consequences which it may be followed by, as to the immediate advantages and glory to be derived from it. In the brave General Braddock military pride was a fault which proved the ruin of his army, caused the loss of his own valuable life, and produced a fatal example of misconduct in his troops, which signally assisted to bring about unforeseen events that have more or less affected the whole structure of civilized society. From not using those ordinary precautions, without the observance of which he was always exposed to a defeat, he not only deprived himself of a sure victory, but

planted the seeds of much future humiliation to his country, and probably of misery to mankind.

It is the particular glory of Wellington, that, like Nelson, he appears always to have been superior to selfish considerations, and to have made every feeling subordinate to his country's welfare and glory; and it may be inferred, from the uniform success which has accompanied him in all his glorious undertakings, that during his military, as in his civil career, prudence has prevailed over all his deliberations.

Had Braddock been prudent, it is far from being improbable that the British colonies would not have revolted in 1776; and in that contingency it is equally probable that the French Revolution might have taken a much milder character, the success of the colonists, and their establishment of a republic, having exceedingly added to its asperity. That Braddock's defeat made a deep impression upon the minds of the colonists, there is no room to doubt. Colonel Washington, who witnessed the rout, wrote to his mother that nothing could be more dastardly than the conduct of the troops. For a long time afterwards their cowardice was the engrossing topic in the colonies; and many letters are extant, written by leading colonial gentlemen at the time, expressing an opinion that English soldiers could not be depended on, except in battalion in the open field. During the consultations also held amongst the leading colonists in 1774, as to the ability of the colonies to resist the power of the Crown, Braddock's defeat was always quoted as a proof that regular troops could never succeed in America against provincial riflemen. Even Dr. Franklin, in his Autobiography, speaking of it, says, "This whole transaction gave to Americans the *first* suspicion that

our exalted ideas of the prowess of British regular troops had not been well founded."* And I have heard several of Washington's nearest relatives say that he also entertained that opinion! When we reflect, therefore, that it was the very man who had witnessed the disgrace of the British arms, who was afterwards selected to command the troops of the insurgent colonies, it becomes very probable, that, if Braddock had been more cautious, he would have captured Fort Duquesne, and that the minds of the leading colonists would have, in that event, taken a different direction, and have been rather disposed to contemplate the gallant achievement of the immortal Wolfe on the plains of Abram, than to have found encouragement in the inglorious discomfiture of Braddock on the banks of the Monongahela.

The scene of that melancholy disaster, when I was there, was principally laid out in fields inclosed with rail fences; the forest trees had been cut down, and a country road ran along the terrace. In an adjacent hut I found a talkative old soldier—the Cicerone of the place—named Dean, who had served in the revolutionary war, and who had been wounded five times at the battle of the Miami in 1791, when the Indians defeated General St. Clair. This worthy informed me that he had lived twenty years neighbour to another old soldier, who had served in Washington's rifle corps in Braddock's affair, and that he had heard him tell the story so often, and with so much detail, that he could almost fancy he had been there himself, now that he had become acquainted with the ground. Old and lame as he was, he got over the high rail fences with surprising activity, conducting me successively to

* Memoirs of Benjamin Franklin, vol. i. p. 230.

all the most interesting points of the eventful day, from the landing-place at the Ripple, to the furthest point to which Lieut.-Colonel Gage had advanced. With a melancholy interest I entered the ravines, and endeavoured to realise in my imagination the terrible activity of the Indians, and the astonishment and affright of the soldiers. From the stump of the tree where the wounded General had been placed, I made a sketch of the scene, continually interrupted by the loquacity of my guide, who wanted me to put every thing in it that he had told me. He was constantly saying, "I tell you, it ain't just nothing if you don't put the Indians in!" The garrulity of this veteran was unceasing; he got on so fast that it was impossible to follow him; and I was constantly obliged to interrupt him, to accommodate his narrative to the locality.

Before I left the ground, the old man, who had been walking about with me a long time, became fatigued, and sat down to rest himself; and being rather tired of his company, I left him, to measure the distance betwixt the ravines. Whilst thus occupied, a stranger from Pittsburg, who had, perhaps, also come to visit the locality, joined him; and there I could see him gesticulating with animation, and his companion listening with avidity, his powers of talking not appearing to be at all impaired. When I had measured over the ground, I went to them, and found that the old man was giving the stranger an account of some of his own feats, and was describing to him the incidents of St. Clair's defeat at the Miami; and this he did in such a spirited way that I prevailed upon him to tell me the whole story, of which he certainly made a very thrilling narrative. As to the stranger, he mounted

his horse as soon as the story was over, and rode off, probably supposing that the old soldier had been talking about Braddock's Field all the time; for he was a silent man, not very intelligent apparently in historical matters, and one story seemed to suit him quite as well as another. I have reason to believe this to be the fact; for the old man told me that the stranger had commenced the conversation by asking him the cause of his lameness, which had led him to talk of himself, and that he had not adverted at all to Braddock's affair until I joined them. If he should hereafter write an account of Braddock's Field, it will be an admirable pasticcio.

BRADDOCK'S TREE.

Old Mr. Dean told me that he had found the greatest number of bones at the point marked No. 6, which, no doubt, was where the ineffectual attempt was made to cover the waggons. He also shewed me a place

where he said he had buried "a great many bushels of them." I saw numerous canister-shot, broken musket-barrels, and musket-balls, that had been found when the field was ploughed; and, of course, every stranger carries away some relic with him. A gentleman of Pittsburg afterwards informed me that a skeleton had been found some distance from the field of battle on the Allegheny river, with military buttons and several guineas coined in the reign of Queen Anne beneath it,—the remains probably of some wounded officer, who had crawled from the field to avoid the scalping-knife, and had died from exhaustion. I was told, also, that a farmer some time ago found an entire musket-barrel, and taking it home, put it in the fire one day to use as a poker, when it went off, and lodged a ball in one of the legs of his hut.

On leaving Braddock's Field I called to see a Mr. Oliver, who lives in the vicinity: he accompanied Mr. Morris Birbeck when he emigrated from England to America, and seems to have finished his Transatlantic adventures by opening a seminary for young ladies here, which is very usefully and respectably conducted by his wife and himself. From thence I returned to Pittsburg along the banks of the Monongahela through a charming country, and amused myself collecting freshwater and land shells, some of the last of very great beauty, with fine specimens of encrinital limestone, the beds of which are in some places well exposed in the banks of the river.

## CHAPTER VIII.

VISIT TO THE GERMAN SOCIETY OF ECONOMY.—ITS ORIGIN.

HAVING remained longer in this very dingy town of Pittsburg than was quite agreeable, and having visited the principal coal localities in its immediate neighbourhood, I determined, before I left the Ohio, to pay a visit to the celebrated George Rapp, at his colony of Economy, about eighteen miles below. I embarked, therefore, early one fine morning, in the steam-boat Beaver, which was going down the river. The view of Pittsburg and the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela, at some little distance from the town, is very peculiar and pleasing; and the banks of the Ohio, which are frequently 300 or 400 feet high, with veins of coal in the rocky ledges far above the level of the river, and beautiful slopes coming gently down to the alluvial bottoms, bearing heavy crops of grain, present a succession of engaging objects to the traveller, amongst which the fertile islands that are rapidly passed are not the least interesting.

We soon reached the landing-place, at which there were no symptoms of a town, not even a jetty for the steamer to lie alongside; so, scrambling up the bank, I followed a road for a short distance, and passing a manufactory with thick coal-smoke reeking from it, at length entered a street about eighty feet wide, con-

taining a great many good houses, the greater part of which were built of brick; the rest were neat wooden buildings, carefully painted, an excellent garden being attached to each of the dwellings, the doors of which, to avoid publicity, rarely opened into the street, but into the garden, from which, by a small gate, the inhabitants communicated with the thoroughfares. It was impossible for families residing in a town to enjoy a more perfect retirement; and I soon perceived that this was an important consideration, not only in the peculiar arrangement of the place, but in planting the settlement so distant from the river. In all other American villages on the banks of rivers publicity is considered the most essential of all advantages: a jetty is run out, to facilitate the landing of passengers as well as commercial intercourse; and immediately at the end, next to the shore, taverns, redolent of new-made whisky, vie with each other in every direction in offering their attractions to that class of thirsty wayfarers that never passes their alluring thresholds without refreshing the burning palate with a cool half-pint of "half-and-half."* Mr. Rapp, desirous of not exposing his colonists to the inconveniences of too many visitors, has prudently placed them in a situation where he has supposed no one will seek them without a reasonable motive.

As I walked through the streets, so perfect was the silence, that the town appeared to be deserted; but, as I advanced, I occasionally saw a female clad in the simplest manner in dark blue homespun garments, white cotton stockings, a blue neckerchief, and a peaked cap,

* "Half whisky, half cider-brandy, and no mistake," a word which in the preparation of this libation represents water.

standing for about six inches stiffly up behind, made of dark blue cotton stuff, the costume being precisely that of the lower order of females in the vicinity of Stutgard in Germany. I asked one of them where the *gasthaus* was, and she very obligingly gave me the proper directions; and as I proceeded, I espied a young and rather attractive girl up a tree gathering ripe cherries. Upon asking her whether she was gathering them to sell or to preserve, she descended very nimbly, and coming close to the gate, not only gave me an excellent opportunity of looking at her cherries, but at her cherry cheeks, very kindly offering me some of the fruit. I was rather glad, upon the whole, that Mr. Rapp was not present, though nothing was said inconsistent with the modesty of a *maidchen* quite conscious of her attractions. Afraid of compromising my young friend with any of the formidable caps, some of which were sure to be pricking their ears, I thanked her in a very kind manner, and declining her offer, proceeded to the *gasthaus*, or tavern, a very commodious house in the main street.

On entering the house I learnt that it belonged to the society, and was kept for the purpose of entertaining strangers who visited the place. Informing them, therefore, that I had introductions to Mr. Rapp, and was come to see the colony, I was shewn into a nice clean bed-room, and soon discovered, from the general neatness around, that I was likely to be very comfortable. Having refreshed myself with nice cool water and snow-white towels, very different from the coal-stained patches of linen in use at the hotel at Pittsburg, I sallied out and made myself familiar with the topography of the place; after which I went to

the public store or warehouse, to inquire for Mr. Baker, the factotum of George Rapp, the name he went by in every person's mouth. I had a letter of introduction to Mr. Baker also: he was a plain man, about thirty-six years old, with intelligent and pleasing features; and putting my letter into his hands, he read it very slowly, and then received me in a frank and engaging manner. I told him that I had but one day to stay there; that I was exceedingly desirous of seeing, with my own eyes, what the success of Mr. Rapp's project had been; and that I was, above all things, anxious to see Mr. Rapp, and have some conversation with him. Mr. Baker did not seem very much afflicted that I was only going to stay one day;* he said he was very much engaged at that moment, but that he would call on me at 1 P. M., and that, if I would give him my letters to George Rapp, he would endeavour to procure me an interview. I was glad to hear him say so, being aware that some recent circumstances had made their head very indifferent about any one who did not belong to his society, which made it somewhat doubtful whether he would receive me.

I now returned to the inn, and was told dinner would be punctually ready at twelve o'clock: this was rather too early an hour for one who always dines late, and never takes luncheon; so, informing them that I had no appe-

* It is not agreeable to these societies to have strangers about them long. I paid a visit in 1806 to the Moravians, at their colony of Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, and being very much attracted by the tranquillity and order of their life, and desirous of gathering what information I could respecting those Indian tribes they had been such benevolent friends to amidst the cruellest persecutions, I remained at the society's tavern a whole week; and, although I was treated in the kindest manner by the bishop and the leading members, and admitted in the evenings to their social musical concerts, I was politely informed, at the end of the week, that it was contrary to their rules to entertain me any longer.

tite, and would take something at a later hour, they told me there would be nothing more provided until half-past six o'clock. As this was the most convenient hour imaginable to myself, I strolled to the hills which bound the rich alluvial lands—once the ancient bottom of the river—to the north, from whence I had a fine view of the immense fields of grain and maize belonging to the society. The wheat-fields, containing about 150 acres, were already cut and in sheaf; the shocks standing in straight lines, and all of them well capped to protect them from the rain. There were also about 150 acres of maize, bearing at least 50 bushels to the acre. The oats were surprisingly stout, and covered a great deal of ground; and the meadows, the grass of which was nearly secured, were of the very first quality, appearing to me to average two tons to the acre. Mr. Rapp afterwards informed me that the society owned 3000 acres of this rich soil, of which one-half was under cultivation. The land is exceedingly fertile and productive, and quite capable of supporting a numerous and industrious community. Near to all this agricultural luxuriance stood the neat compact town; nor have I ever seen, from any eminence in America, such an admirable specimen of the results of human industry, comprehending the fields, the meadows, the town and its gardens, as is presented from the hills which look down upon this rich scene, where one solitary simple wooden steeple raises itself above the roofs of the adjacent houses, to announce the presence of the temple, for freedom of worship in which they have abandoned their cherished Vaterland.

At the appointed hour Mr. Baker called and took me to the manufactories, where the people seemed very industriously employed in fabricating blankets, coarse

cloths, and cottons, the superfluities of which meet with a ready sale at Pittsburg, all of them being well made and excellent of their kind.

Mr. Baker, being called off to transact some business, deputed a very intelligent and interesting young man, of an extreme simplicity and gentleness of character, to attend me until he was at liberty. This young man, who was named Jacob, was an assistant at the public store; he spoke very good English, and under his guidance I completed the observations I had to make. But what attracted me more than anything else was the conversation of Jacob himself, who was filled with religious feeling of the purest kind, and the most enthusiastic devotion to his beloved chief, George Rapp, and to the society of which he was a member. Finding this amiable and, as I believe, very sincere man disposed to satisfy my inquiries respecting their history, and their religious and economical policy, I proposed to him to leave on one side for the present those wonder-working contrivances of the calico period, the shuttles, with their kindred rattle-traps of the manufactories, and adjourn to the church; to which he assenting, we bent our way thither. It was a spacious, but plain wooden building, with benches, having backs, for the congregation, in separate compartments for the men and women. In front was a small platform or dais, somewhat raised from the floor, with a plain table, and a chair appropriated to Mr. Rapp, who officiates as their spiritual instructor. After they have united in singing, he reads to them in the Bible, and then delivers to them an extempore discourse. There is a gallery in the church, in which, upon festival days, instrumental music is introduced.

From the steeple of the church I had an excellent view of the adjacent country, and a close view of the plan of

the town: the streets were all laid out at right angles, and the most retired of them had still the sward growing there, though closely kept down. The spacious gardens were filled with a profusion of fine vegetables, cabbages, beans, peas, potatoes, carrots, onions, beets, and *kohl-rabi*: these are for the family use until winter sets in, for which season large fields of potatoes are cultivated, which, when gathered, are divided amongst the families *per capita*. The gardens were also well stocked with fruit-trees loaded with fruit, apples, pears, peaches, cherries, plums, currants, and gooseberries. The gable-ends of the houses, too, were covered with vines, bearing great numbers of healthy-looking grapes, this being a fine bearing year. I never saw a more satisfactory picture of abundance; it reminded me continually of the gardens of the farmers in Tuscany and Lombardy, and was the more striking from the contrast it presented to the wretched inclosures which the greater number of American settlers are contented with for gardens, where nothing is to be seen but a few potatoes and cabbages, choked up with weeds. On descending into the body of the church we sat down, and Jacob gave me a most interesting account of the society; which was afterwards confirmed to me by Mr. Baker, and partly by Mr. Rapp himself. It made a deep impression upon me. Every thing that I had seen bore the impress of a powerful and persevering mind, moved by an impulse of the loftiest kind; and in nothing was it more conspicuous than in the affectionate and most completely obedient deference that the colonists delight to pay to their extraordinary head. Before I relate the interview which I had with him, I shall hope to do an acceptable thing to my readers, by sketching out the history of this society and its venerable patriarch.

About the year 1803, a number of respectable farmers in the neighbourhood of Stutgard conceived that the rule of Scripture was not lived up to with sufficient simplicity, and, without any immediate concert with each other, began to absent themselves from the churches, and to worship at home in conformity with their own opinions. This, in the end, produced persecutions from the authorities, and a closer union amongst themselves. At length, becoming exceedingly dissatisfied, they turned their attention to emigration; and George Rapp, whose energy of character seemed by consent to fit him to become their leader, left Germany for the United States, to select a situation suited to their views and means, and where they could live in the tranquil enjoyment of their opinions. His first purchase was in Pennsylvania, in the neighbourhood of the river Ohio, not very far distant from where they now are. Having made his friends acquainted with his proceedings, they soon after joined him to the number of one thousand souls, who, ere they had been long in the country, resolved themselves into a community, called the "Harmony Society;" and each individual throwing his property into a common stock, they resolved hereafter to form only one family, to hold every thing in common, and to labour for the common advantage. Subsequently they left their first settlement, and purchased some rich bottoms on the Wabash, in the state of Indiana, giving to this establishment the name of "New Harmony." Here they continued to reside until about the year 1824; but the situation being found unhealthy, and inconvenient as respected markets, Mr. Rapp privately purchased for the use of the society 3000 acres of land, comprehending the rich bottoms they now occupy.

## CHAPTER IX.

COUNT ST. LEON, A SINGULAR ADVENTURER.—OWEN'S DISMISSION IN THE SOCIETY, WITH THE INTENTION OF PLUNDERING IT.

About this time, Mr. Robert Owen, of Lanark, now known as the leader of the Socialists, purchased New Harmony of Mr. Rapp; whereupon the society went vigorously to work to put their new acquisition into a state for cultivation, erected log huts for their accommodation, and called the place "Economy." The society had now removed into a healthy situation, in the vicinity of one of the best markets in the western country, and upon the banks of a river by which they could communicate readily with every part of the world. Their prosperity soon became great, they built their town and their manufactories, every thing flourished, and by their industry and punctuality they soon acquired universal respect and confidence.

In consequence of the great emigration from other parts of Germany to the United States, vast numbers of Germans had found their way to this new colony of their nation; many of whom, from various benevolent considerations, had been received into the society, and who, without being disciplined in its ways and customs, or cordially entertaining its religious opinions, ostensibly conformed to them. In this state of things, Mr. Rapp, in the year 1829, received a communication from a Dr.

Gueutgen, on the part of a number of persons living near Frankfort in Germany, giving an account of the political and religious state of that part of the country, and expressing in a marked manner their dissatisfaction with it. The letter was ably drawn up, contained a great many sound views, spoke of the United States as a country which was the open asylum of the oppressed, and of Mr. Rapp's society as the liberal refuge of conscientious Germans. Direct allusion was made in the letter to a person of great eminence, personal character, and wealth, who proposed conducting a colony from Germany to join the society at Economy; and Mr. Rapp was requested to return a frank and detailed account of its situation.

This communication received the most friendly consideration, and Mr. Rapp returned a liberal and circumstantial answer to it, without, however, giving any direct invitation to the parties to join his society. No further correspondence took place, but about two years afterwards, a letter was received from the same Dr. Gueutgen, apprising Mr. Rapp that he had arrived at New York with a party, and should soon proceed to Pittsburg to communicate with him. Soon after another letter was received, announcing their arrival at Pittsburg; upon which, Mr. Frederick Rapp, the adopted son of George, a person of great worth, and, next to himself, the most efficient member of the society, was sent to Pittsburg, to confer with Dr. Gueutgen. There he was with much form presented to a Count St. Leon, as the eminent and opulent person who had been spoken of in the letter from Frankfort, and remained some time conferring with them as to their plans and opinions.

On Frederick Rapp's return to Economy, he openly expressed his opinion, that he had seen and heard enough

of them to come to the conclusion, that the new-comers would never become incorporated with their society. They, however, came to the place, were lodged for a while at the inn, and for the ensuing winter had some dwelling-houses assigned to them. It appears, however, to have been early determined by George Rapp, and the elders of the colony, not to connect themselves with this party; but only to extend the rites of hospitality to them during the ensuing winter, and then let them depart to pursue their own plans.

They had not long been in the place, before it was discovered that they were in the habit of drawing some members of the society who had joined it in America, and some young persons of the old stock, secretly to their houses, with an intent to persuade them that Count St. Leon was gifted with prophecy, that he had predicted several great events which had been accomplished, and that the cold winter which had destroyed the French army in Russia had been foretold by him. In announcing this his prophetic character, an intimation was not omitted, that he had the power to punish those who would venture to disregard its importance. Occasionally they were told also that he had the faculty of discovering hidden treasures, and of producing gold by transmutation, that he was excessively rich, and was sent by God to carry the society to a greater degree of happiness than it could ever attain without his assistance.

By exciting their discontent with those regulations of the society which placed restraint on their passions, by flattering their weaknesses and prejudices, and strewing their ignorance, they had at last formed a party devoted to St. Leon, and disposed to depose George Rapp, and place St. Leon at the head of the society. Amongst those

regulations was one which committed all important affairs relating to the moral conduct and government of the community to George Rapp and the elders; and, amongst other things, no marriages could be contracted and solemnized without their consent. The new party was told, that, as soon as Count St. Leon was placed at the head of affairs, marriages would be permitted as in other communities, and that the young men should have a vote, as well as the elders. The reformers, having augmented their number by an accession of between two and three hundred thus seduced from the society, now proposed to the society to establish St. Leon as their head, as a person sent by God with supernatural powers, for the purpose of leading them to the highest point of human happiness; but they found a large majority immoveable in their attachment to George Rapp and their old customs, and were not slow in perceiving that the men of sense and experience in the society had had their eyes open from the first, and that they considered St. Leon and his Frankfort associates as a set of adventurers who wanted to delude a majority in order to get possession of the common property.

The dissensions now became violent. Every day produced its rumour of some one having gone over to St. Leon; who, to give a bolder character to his enterprise, marched his followers to the hills which overlook the settlement, and declared to them that God had shewed it to him in a vision. The devotion which the new party shewed for him was so great, that upon an occasion when some goods were about to be sent to Pittsburg for sale, they went down to the river to prevent their being shipped, and declaring that they had a common interest in all the property of the society,

announced that no business should be transacted without their consent.

During the painful progress of this revolt of the weakest heads of the community, Mr. Rapp conducted himself with great wisdom, moderating the zeal of his friends, who upon several occasions were almost provoked to hostilities, and calming as much as lay in his power the enthusiasts whom these adventurers had deluded; but when he saw that nothing would satisfy them short of delivering the public property into the possession of St. Leon, he took legal advice, and caused process of legal ejectment to be served against St. Leon and his party. Under this they would ultimately have been dispossessed of their dwellings; but the adverse lawyers, whom Dr. Guentgen — the brother-in-law of St. Leon, and the most astute person of the party — employed, contrived so to procrastinate the suit, that a year would probably have elapsed before the parties could have been ejected. Under this view of his affairs, and perceiving how improbable it was the minority would ever come again into a voluntary and cordial union with his friends and himself, he determined in concert with them to offer to the discontented party a sum of money as an equivalent for the interest they had in the property of the society, which, after some discussion, was accepted.

This was transferred into the possession of St. Leon, who then purchased eight hundred acres of land about twelve miles lower down the river, where a small village called Philipsburg already existed. Here his party settled, encouraged by the assurances of St. Leon that they were to be the most prosperous and favoured

people of God. To strengthen their confidence in him, he now began to collect great quantities of sandstone from the hills, caused it to be ground into powder, erected furnaces, and commenced the attempt of transmuting it into gold. After expending about 10,000 dollars in vain experiments, he discontinued them, assuring the society that the rocks (which belonged to the old carboniferous series) were not mature enough by forty years, at the accomplishment of which period he announced that they would be in a proper state for transmutation. By this ingenious device he satisfied his disappointed followers for the moment, and assigned a convenient time for the delay equal to the probable duration of his own life, as he was now entering the middle period. At length his money was expended, and his debts at Pittsburg and other places having greatly accumulated, he found himself unable to pay either principal or interest, and became a bankrupt. The reaction of opinion in his party now commenced; they began to perceive how great his knavery and their credulity had been, and, throwing off all reverence for their prophet, proceeded to sell his plate, his pictures, and personal property, to discharge the debts he had contracted in the name of the community. Having at length sunk down to his true character of an impostor, he, in company with his knavish brother-in-law Greetgus, set out in quest of new adventures, and, after wandering about the continent, died under circumstances of great distress in the vicinity of Alexandria, on Red River.

As he had been announced on his first arrival at New York from Germany as a nobleman of illustrious family, some individuals, during the most turbulent part

of the proceedings at Economy, wrote to Frankfort for information respecting him. Accounts subsequently arrived that he had at one time passed under the name of Müller, but that his true name was Prole; and, as to his illustrious descent, it unfortunately turned out that he had been a tailor's boy, and half rogue, half enthusiast, had travelled over Europe, learning various languages in an imperfect way, and acquiring a smattering of various branches of knowledge, sufficient to give him importance in the eyes of the credulous and the illiterate. Guentgen, however, was the more accomplished knave of the two, being a *Doubleganger* of some notoriety; and the plan they had concocted was to draw Mr. Rapp, whose great success as a colonist was publicly known in Germany, into a correspondence, and then to give a construction to it as if they had undertaken the voyage to America by Mr. Rapp's invitation.

On the voyage out, Guentgen one day unexpectedly announced to the rest of the party, that their companion Müller was henceforward to be called Count St. Leon, a descendant of the house of Este, and that he should land at New York under that title. Being thus announced in the American papers, he immediately got into circulation as a nobleman of the most illustrious descent, who was proceeding to extend the well-known colony founded by George Rapp. What, however, gave him the greatest importance in the eyes of the New-Yorkers and Pennsylvanians, was the statement that he had brought several millions of dollars with him. Having thus laid a broad foundation for the most favourable reception by Rapp's community, he added on his arrival there the loftier attributes of pro-

plot and alchymist. Finding that the watchful judgment of George Rapp never slumbered, and that it was not practicable to draw him into the snare they had laid, these adventurers adopted the base and unprincipled expedient of sowing dissension in the society in order to plunder it, and an animosity between children and their parents which has been seldom exceeded.

Relieved as the society felt itself by a separation from that portion which had thrown off all brotherly affection and friendly courtesy towards them, yet the moment of parting was a painful one, for many husbands were separated from their wives, and children from their parents. On the bankruptcy of De Leon taking place, a great number of his followers came to Economy, with the intention of compelling George Rapp to give them more money, and behaved very turbulently; but acting with great energy, and causing them to be bound over to keep the peace, they returned without effecting anything. Since that time they have dissolved their community, and have divided the land, each man living upon his own resources. Many of them have applied to re-unite themselves to Mr. Rapp and his people, but they have been uniformly refused. The separation has been a real blessing to the old colony, and is regarded by them as a providential purification from all the light and unquiet members of their society, without the pain of discarding them. The most perfect harmony appears now to reign; the reverential deference which is paid to Mr. Rapp seems common to them all, and to be sincerely felt: his great prudence and devoting to their interests have been so

unceasing, that they are convinced he entertains no views respecting them inconsistent with those of a parent to his children; and so entire is their confidence in him, that, upon the death of Frederick Rapp, they insisted that all their transactions should be conducted in his name alone, so that, in virtue of the unbounded trust reposed in him, George Rapp is the nominal proprietor of all the property of the society.

## CHAPTER X.

PROSPEROUS STATE OF THE SOCIETY.—INTERVIEW WITH THE REAL OWENS SON.

Considering the perfect success which has attended his exertions, and the undeviating simplicity of his personal character, this pleasing instance of generous and affectionate feeling is not very surprising; for after the persecutions, troubles, and changes they have gone through, the society, consisting of about five hundred persons, now finds itself in possession of a rich domain, and of a great deal of superfluous wealth; each family has its comfortable dwelling-house, with the best of all appendages, a well-stocked fruit and vegetable garden. If any one wants a hat, he goes to the superintendent of that branch, and is supplied; if he wants clothes, he goes to the tailor. At the public store, tea, coffee, sugar, spices, knives and forks, and all other articles of domestic use, are delivered upon application. In all this, however, a prudent administration of the public property is observed; and when the superintendent of any branch perceives that some individuals are less economical than others, and require to be supplied beyond their just wants, it is his duty to check this tendency to waste, generally the effect of inadvertence or inexperience. Few individuals, I was told, require to be admonished twice.

About one-third of the whole number of adults are

agriculturists, the rest manufacturers and artizans. There is a market, to which, when animals are slaughtered, each family sends for its proportional share of meat. Each family also keeps a cow, and milks and takes care of her; but the milk, when strained, is all put into a common stock, and divided *pro rata*, as everything else is; so that, when the cow of any particular family is dry for a time, they are not without milk on that account. It is in fact a family upon a large scale, for the support of which every individual contributes his assistance, with an unceasing and willing industry, producing everything within itself, and dividing everything in an equitable manner and according to their just wants.

There is also an excellent school for the children, where they are instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, &c.; and for those who have a talent for other acquirements, they have a library of useful books and a museum of natural history. Music also is cultivated, and upon festival days they freely indulge in this their happy national taste. When they first arrived in America, in common with all their countrymen, they smoked a great deal of tobacco, and drank ardent spirits, though in moderation; even Mr. Rapp used these indulgences: but he soon took a right view of these artificial wants, which often allure men into an excessive gratification, and discontinued the use of them. At present no one in the society uses either ardent spirits or tobacco in any form. When the elders recommended to the society the disuse of ardent spirits, Mr. Baker informed me, that all the families returned to the public store the stock they had on hand both of tobacco and spirits, simply saying, "The society is

not going to use these things any more and therefore we return them."

I paid a visit to the doctor, a clever little man, named Feucht. His apothecary's shop was small, but very neat, and well supplied with drugs: he told me that he gave out very little medicine, and that of the simplest kind. The bell rings for breakfast at half-past six A. M.: at seven they all go to their various avocations, and at twelve they are summoned to dinner. At one they resume their work, and at half-past three beer and cake are served to refresh them. In harvest-time currant or other home-made wine is given to the women, and men also if they desire it. At seven P. M. the labours of the day cease, and all retire to their homes to supper, each family having a proportional number of unmarried persons living with them.

Mr. Rapp's only son John died about two years of age, and left an only daughter called Gertrude. I had heard her frequently spoken of as a person of great merit: she had successfully introduced the culture of the silk-worm and the manufacture of silk at Economy, and I was very anxious to see her. My friend Jacob, after leaving the church, took me to a building where in a small room were a few females cleaning damaged cocoons. One of these, who appeared somewhat turned of thirty, had a very pleasing countenance, with more character in it than the rest, but in her dress and manner did not differ from them. Jacob conversed with her more than with the others; but whilst I was in the room, I never suspected her to be Miss Gertrude. The idea I had formed of her was that of a maiden to be seen rather in the spacious dwelling-house of her grandfather, than of a woman dressed in a plain blue garment, with her

hands in hot water, picking cocoons in a steam-house. I was therefore not a little surprised when Jacob told me it was Miss Gertrude he had been talking to, and who had been giving him such a cheerful and encouraging account of her branch of industry. In the evening, whilst I was standing, about seven o'clock, at the door of the inn during a heavy shower, I saw her come from the workshop with her blue gown turned over her head and drenched in the rain, shewing the great interest she took in her silk establishment by remaining there to the latest moment.

The introduction of the cultivation and manufacture of silk at this place is entirely due to her: she procured a few worms for her amusement only in the first instance, and, having enlarged her stock, set up a loom where they now weave silk handkerchiefs and waistcoat patterns. It is quite probable, that, when their mulberry-trees are old and plentiful enough, the manufacture of silk will become an important branch with them, as no labour can be afforded so cheap as theirs, especially such willing and intelligent labour.

Finding Jacob on such pleasant terms with Miss Gertrude, I asked him what the real objection was to countenancing marriage at Ronceny. He answered me frankly but ingeniously, that it was not discountenanced for political reasons, and that their conduct was the simple result of religious feeling. Upon this I ventured to say to him, "It cannot have escaped the attention of your society, which is opposed to all irregularities, that if marriages were not solemnized amongst Christian communities, your principles would lead to the extinction of all society." He answered

modestly, but with a gravity a little lighted up with enthusiasm, "If men, by subduing their passions, which are the cause of so much trouble in life, could accomplish an eternal life of innocence, perhaps it would suit God's design, if we knew enough of it, that our race should become extinct. We certainly can comprehend that an existence in Heaven is infinitely more worthy of our attention than an existence on earth." This answer was so far beyond my expectation, somewhat prejudiced as I was by the accounts I had heard of Mr. Rapp's endeavouring to keep down their intellect as low as possible, that I could not but perceive that a deep religious feeling was the true bond of this society; and I began to look upon Mr. Rapp as a very superior being, as any man certainly is, who can infuse into the hearts of mechanics aspirations so lofty as to raise them beyond all the other conditions and temptations of life.

Upon another occasion, when I observed, "The death of Frederick Rapp must have distressed you all greatly," "We missed him," he replied, "for a while; but we cannot be made unhappy by the death of one, when we have so many brothers and sisters left." The only death, probably, that would greatly afflict them, would be that of Mr. Rapp himself, to whom they bear the love of children, always calling him "Father," when they speak to him. "We never talk of that," said Jacob; "we live as if he was always to be with us; and then he is so fresh and strong, that we are never afraid."

In the many independent communities that I have had opportunities of observing in various countries, it has always appeared to me that there was, more or less, some conspicuous failing of humanity to be discerned, and

which could not be kept down, however excellent and meritorious their other faculties: there seemed to me to be always some touch of pride, conceit, self-righteousness, or self-interest, for the sake of which the semblance of a virtuous simplicity was assumed: but here I saw nothing of these weaknesses; and having satisfied myself that this was a most remarkable community for effecting the progress through life under rational and pure views, and consistent and pure conduct, and having witnessed the abundance, the peace, and the happiness which a large family enjoyed through the wisdom of their head, I became very desirous of seeing him as soon as possible. Jacob, therefore, about 6 P. M., conducted me to the spacious garden attached to Mr. Rapp's premises. This, which contained more than half an acre of ground, was laid out in very narrow walks, separating beds crowded with vegetables, and was filled to repletion with fruit-trees of every kind—peaches, plums, apples on trellises, numerous varieties of pears, figs, and cherries, with raspberries in the greatest profusion. There was also a good, but unpretending conservatory, with oranges and lemons of a large size pendent from many of the trees, and various green-house plants in good order. In the centre of the garden was a small temple, with pillars, surrounded with water, and a neat bridge thrown across it. I felt quite sure that Miss Gertrude was the presiding genius in all these elegances, and Jacob informed me it was so. This exceedingly fruitful though rather too umbrageous garden was the only marked aristocratic feature about Mr. Rapp's premises: there was a general air about it which announced that it was not common property; but then every dwelling-house had its private garden, so probably its superior condition was as well the fruit of their

attachment to him, as of his own taste and inclination. If I had not been afraid of appearing too inquisitive, I should have informed myself as to that point, although I have no doubt but that the society would be desirous of conferring every distinction upon him, and every embellishment upon his private life, that he would consent to receive at their hands.

After taking a look at everything, Jacob left me, to announce, as I suppose, my arrival, and soon after returned. We were walking slowly in the direction of the house, and admiring the clustered abundance of this labyrinth of Pomona, when, at a moment when I was least thinking of such a vision,

> Vidi genti di me un vigile stuolo,
> Degno di tanta reverenza in vista,
> Che più non dee a padre alcun figliuolo.
> Lunga la barba, e di pel bianco mista,
> Portava a' suoi capelli simigliante;
> Di quei sedeva al petto doppia lista.*
>
> Purgatorio, Canto I.

This venerable figure turned into our walk, and approached us with a firm step, bearing a walking-stick in his right hand, which seemed to go to the ground with an air of authority. His athletic frame was covered with a blue frock-coat, of light home-spun cloth: his face, which was tempered with a cheerful benevolence, was broad and ruddy; and a remarkable bushy white beard, of great volume, hung from his face from ear to ear. He stopped

* Above, and near unto me stood, an ancient form,
Whose aspect might awaken reverential thoughts,
Such as a son may cherish for his sire.
His ample beard fell down upon his breast,
Which, like his head, with hoary whiteness overspread,
Reposed between his venerable locks.

and smiled, as much as to say, "I am George Rapp, whom you desire to see." I was very much struck by his appearance; and being naturally of a reverential turn of mind, instantly uncovered my head in the most respectful manner; and after apologizing as well as I could in German for not speaking his language fluently enough, requested permission to converse with him through Jacob, as I was informed he did not speak English. Having expressed his satisfaction to me, I desired Jacob to say in complimentary terms how much I had been gratified with what I had seen at Economy, that it appeared to me he had been successful in the execution of a wise and benevolent plan, and that I congratulated him on being permitted to be the dispenser of so much happiness; that I sincerely thought him entitled to be considered a great benefactor to his countrymen, and esteemed myself happy in being able to say that I had shaken hands with him. When Jacob had interpreted this to him, he struck his hand into mine with a friendly smile; and in a jocular tone said in broken English, "Very gut, very gut." We now began to talk about the place, and he related to me how, near eleven years ago, he had found it an unreclaimed wilderness, and the steps he had taken to improve it. He said it combined more advantages than any situation he had seen, and expressed a hope that it would be the abiding-place of his people.

Having turned the conversation to their old establishment, New Harmony, on the Wabash, I asked his opinion as to the probable success of Mr. Robert Owen, with whom I was acquainted, and who, like himself, was engaged in the attempt to establish independent social communities. He replied, that, judging from what he had seen of Mr. Owen, he thought he was a man of benevo-

last intentions; but that it appeared to him that Mr. Owen and himself had no principles in common, and were not to be considered as walking in the same path. That he and his countrymen had undergone a great trial in abandoning their Vaterland, and aimed at nothing now but to lead a peaceful and contented life, being well disposed to obey the laws of the country they lived in, and having no inclination to interfere with the opinions or pursuits of anybody else; whilst Mr. Owen's object did not seem to be peace and comfort, so much as to persuade all the world that they were in error on the score of religion, morals, laws, and manners. Stopping for a moment, he put his hand on my shoulder, and looking me in the face, said, in German, "My friend, old George Rapp thinks that whoever attempts to bend men into a community of interests upon any other grounds but a strong religious feeling, will not succeed. It is religion gives peace here, (putting his hand to his heart,) and keeps the mind clear and steady. Men that are not religious are always uneasy; far from making sacrifices, they are always wanting something; but religious men are contented to make sacrifices in this life, because they consider them as seeds sown to fruit hereafter in the life to come."

As we advanced along the walks of the garden, holding this very interesting conversation, the old patriarch, who seemed disposed to continue it, would frequently stoop and pick the finest bunches of currants for me, and would occasionally give me the history of his grape-vines and espalier-trees, of which there were many fine ones. At length we adjourned to the house, a spacious brick building, and introducing me into a room, where there was a large copy of West's

picture of "Christ healing the Sick," he desired me to take a seat, and apologizing for leaving me a moment, went out, and returned with two bottles of wine. One of them was forthwith uncorked, and wine-glasses, with some cakes, being there ready on the table, Mr. Rapp telling me it was *heimgemacht*, or home-made, poured some out, and invited me to drink it. It was a light, sweetish wine; and after I had commended it, he rose, and with an air of importance uncorked the other bottle, saying, "You shall now drink of some *heimgemacht* I made fourteen years ago of the wild grape on the Wabash river." I carried the glass to my mouth with great reverence, shook my head sagely, and observed that "few persons could boast of having drunk wine of that kind." I had scarce tasted it, however, before I hastily set the glass down, not a little apprehensive that the old patriarch had made a mistake, and uncorked a bottle of physic. Such a murky and distressing cordial I certainly never tasted before; but as it had been so long in bottle, and I could not find it in my heart to act unkindly to anything belonging to my venerable host, I made a grand effort, and belting it to the last drop, declared, with my teeth on edge, that I had drunk a great many delicious wines in various parts of the world, but that I had not supposed there was anything exactly like that in America. Touched with my eulogium, the old gentleman grasped the bottle, and said, "Mein lieber Kind, du wirst ein anderes Glas haben!" and instantly poured me out a second, which he insisted upon me swallowing.

In the course of our interview, I asked him his age, and he informed me that he was in his seventy-ninth year. I said, "You look like a healthy man of sixty-five, and no more."—"Oh!" said he, with a smile, and looking

to Jacob, "that is because I am so much wanted for those children;" meaning, that Providence preserved his life, that he might be useful to the society. Perhaps, knowing the weakness of men, he is apprehensive that the harmony which now exists is, in a great measure, an effect of the general reverence and affection for his person; yet, I trust, some one will at the proper time be found worthy to succeed him in the society.

The supper-hour at the hotel being now arrived, and having eaten nothing since 7 A. M., I took leave of this interesting and distinguished man: he gave me his blessing at parting, which I received most gratefully. No interview that I ever had with any individual gave me greater satisfaction; and I left him, impressed with the most respectful feelings.

## CHAPTER XL

SOUTH RAVENNA, THE HIGHEST LEVEL OF THE COUNTRY.—CROSS THE LAKE ERIE, AND REACH CLEVELAND ON LAKE ERIE.—REACH DETROIT.

After a comfortable night's rest in a clean bed, and a good breakfast, I got into a carriage, which they obligingly engaged for me, and left this peaceful abode, passing two or three miles along its rich harvest fields. It was very easy to perceive when I had passed beyond the territory of the society, the contrast was so great: every settler's house gave abundant evidence of the slovenly manner in which the individual system is carried on by their neighbours. One would have thought that so much system, and the comfort it produced, would have inspired an universal emulation; but it seemed to have produced an opposite effect, as if they were determined to proclaim, that one of their privileges was to set all comfort at defiance—badly built houses, windows without glass, dirty children, lean mongrel cows, barns in ruins, patches representing gardens, with nothing but potatoes and cabbages, choked up with weeds, and every appearance of discomfort about the persons of the indolent occupants of the tenements. I stopped to speak to a few of them, and found them all entertaining a strong antipathy to Mr. Rapp's people, probably because they avoided any connexion with them.

The drive, however, was through a pretty country; and having made ten miles, we arrived at Big Beaver,

a large tributary of the Ohio. Here a trick was played upon me, of an unusually shabby character, by the landlord of a house at which I stopped, near the bridge. Being desirous of pursuing my journey through the state of Ohio to a town called Poland, he informed me that I ought to lose no time in going a short distance further, to a village where the stage-coach was. Having dismissed the carriage which brought me from Economy, it became necessary, therefore, to engage another belonging to himself: this I accordingly did; and having paid him for it beforehand, which he required me to do, and directed my luggage to be put into it as soon as it was ready, I set off on foot as quick as I could, to catch the stage-coach before it left the village, which I succeeded in doing; and my luggage coming up, I now took my place in the stage, and off we started. To my great surprise, we stopped in less than an hour from the time I had left it, at the landlord's door at the bridge again; and, perceiving the fraud he had practised upon me, I sent for him—for he was evidently keeping out of the way—and demanded of him the reason why he had so misled me. He shuffled out an excuse, that the stage did not come every day past his door, which the driver contradicted immediately. I told him it would be good policy in him to behave with more kindness and justice to travellers in future, for this transaction was enough to ruin his character all round the country. I have no doubt he was sorry for what he had done; for several persons were round the door, and all seemed to concur in reprobating his conduct. Generally speaking, the American landlords are a very obliging set of men, and, being in the unsettled parts of the country much greater men than their guests, consider them as

being under their protection. I have received many acts of kindness from some of them: this fellow probably was a rogue in grain, and would have acted in the same manner in any other country, if he had been born there.

For the first few miles the road ran in the valley of the Big Beaver, near the stream, and was very beautiful. We could see bituminous coal amidst the ledges of the opposite bank very distinctly. There is a canal here, which extends to Newcastle; and they are now projecting a junction from thence into the Ohio Canal. We soon rose upon the table-land of the country, about 800 feet above the level of the navigable streams, in a rather fertile, but very monotonous country, abounding in sordid and filthy taverns, where dram-drinking seems to be the principal branch of business. The distance to Poland was thirty miles, and we reached it before sunset; and, the country not being attractive, I continued my journey all night in the stage, and in the morning reached Ravenna, a large village in Ohio; a point which is almost the summit level of the country, at an elevation of 1140 feet above tide-water. Here I breakfasted, and then continued my journey sixty-four miles to Cleveland, on Lake Erie; the country sloping the whole distance, and containing vast quantities of boulders of primary rocks strewed upon the surface, which appear to have been transported there when the waters of the western lakes extended to the neighbourhood of Ravenna. The land appeared very fertile; new villages were springing up in various places, each one with its neat meeting-house; and evidences abounded of a resolute, industrious, and orderly population.

For some miles before reaching Cleveland we crossed what are called the Lake Ridges, formed of gravel and

sand, which in their structure and parallelism resemble other ridges near the western lakes, and conceived by some to have been ancient beaches. The last three miles of the country was a dead alluvial flat, the most recent margin from which Lake Erie had receded. I saw many good vegetable gardens, and extensive nurseries full of thrifty plants, betokening the vicinity of a flourishing town. Cleveland, like all the river and lake towns, has one wide busy street, parallel with the lake shore, thronged with people and shops; whilst in the new streets, running at right angles to it, scattered houses are being rapidly erected in various directions. Although it was late in the night when I arrived, I hastened, as soon as I had secured a bed at the hotel, to the shore, from whence I obscurely saw the magnificent Lake Erie, expanding its ample bosom beneath the star-lit canopy. Everything was still; and, my mind filled with various reflections, I continued wandering on the solitary shore, the banks of which appeared to be from 60 to 70 feet above the level of the lake.* Just as I was thinking of returning to the hotel, to get something to eat, which I had not done since I left Ravenna, the lights of a steamer appeared upon the lake, and approaching nearer and nearer, it was evident she was bound to Cleveland. I waited on the bank until I could hear music on board, and then, being quite sure she was coming in, I hastened back, and had scarce finished a slight repast, when information was brought that it was a steamer of the first class, called the Monroe, from Buffalo, and would depart immediately for Detroit. Nothing could be more agreeable, and I immediately transferred myself on board; and being fortunate enough to secure a separate cabin, called a state-room, I remained

* The lake here washes the lower beds of the Devonian series.

on deck until midnight, when we left Cleveland, and were soon steaming away on Lake Erie, out of sight of land. I was awaked in the night by a little bustle on board; and finding that the steamer was not under way, I hastily dressed, and going on deck, found we had stopped for a short time at Sandusky. Here I stepped ashore, merely to look at the limestone ledges, which I knew were here in horizontal beds, and, returning on board, was a second time awaked by the broad light of day. I now made my *toilette*, and going upon deck found we were near the Ohio shore. It was a beautiful morning, and the lake was most placid. Having passed Sister's Island, we stood into the bay at the mouth of the river Raisin, to land some passengers.

I had now an opportunity of examining the steamer, which was about 150 feet long, and 40 feet wide; the cabin was spacious, and when new must have been a handsome room; the berths were neatly arranged; and commodious and wide ottomans were placed at the stern. I should have exceedingly liked to repose on one of them with my book; but they were filled with nasty stinking-looking fellows, with dirty boots on, spitting about at random, without caring for the disgust their practices excited in the more respectable passengers. These are the cherished privileges of the levelling system. If the captain of one of these steamers is a vulgar fellow himself, a few blackguards on board can effectually destroy the comfort of respectable travellers; for he makes them his companions, and has no sympathy with these. The monstrous and striking inconsistency too often connected with public travelling in this country is, that the arrangements in the first instance, especially in the steamers, being excellent,—the furniture always handsome, and often superfluously and gaudily so,—every thing announces preparation for well-

bred and refined travellers. This is the theory of the thing. Then comes practice, and the unremitting efforts of the dirty portion of the travelling world to bring every thing down to their own level, which is soon done by chewing, smoking, spitting, and drinking. They have the same right to be dirty that others have to be clean, and maintain their rights in that particular with as much pertinacity as they would in any other. Democracy and dirt have a great regard for each other; and where the first has the upper hand, the second never fails to assert its authority. Time will hereafter more fully show the effect of this.

*July* 30.—About 3 P. M. we were opposite to Grosse Isle, and having left the lake behind, passed sufficiently near to the Canadian shore to see the sentinels at Fort Malden in their scarlet coats. Amherstburg appeared to be a neat little place. The strait* here seemed to be about a mile and a half wide; the banks clay and sand, the country extremely flat, and the water a dull blue colour. The farms on the British side, following the Canadian custom, go back some distance into the country, with a narrow frontage on the river; the houses are usually plain framed buildings and sometimes constructed with squared logs. On the American side no buildings were visible. The country was a dead flat, presenting nothing but a low sedgy shore. The banks of the strait did not appear to be more than 30 feet above the water; and the adjacent lands, as far as the eye could reach, announced an ancient lacustrine deposit, without visible elevation upon it.

As we approached the town of Detroit, the river narrowed to about 1500 yards, and a scene of some anima-

* This strait, or river of Detroit, as the French call it, connects Lake Erie with Lake Huron.

tion appeared. I could see half-a-dozen church steeples, with numerous buildings in the distance, and several very neat-looking painted cottages on the American side. On the British side there was Sandwich, not a very neat-looking village, with a small Episcopal church, and a larger wooden edifice, but still unpainted, of an antiquated structure, for the Roman Catholics. In North America, where there are so few localities to which any historical interest attaches, Detroit is conspicuous, for the military incidents connected with it have more than once been rather of a thrilling character; and I landed here for the first time, delighted at having an opportunity of examining a place about which I had read and heard so much.

On reaching a large hotel called the Michigan Exchange, I was so fortunate as to obtain a spacious private room with a clean bed; and having made my arrangements, and enough of daylight remaining to take a look at the place, I wandered about for a couple of hours. What would have pleased many, exceedingly disappointed me. With enthusiastic predilections for the scenes made almost illustrious by the exploits of the early French, the audacious daring of the crafty Indian chief Pontiac, and the inflexible resolution of our own gallant Brock,—scenes than which few places can boast of so exciting and various a character, I could not view without distaste the long street, 80 feet broad, filled with Yankee stores, lawyers' offices, doctors' shops, dens where vulgar justices of the peace hide themselves, and an assemblage of long sugar visages eternally talking about dollars and business. In the morning I hastened to look for some vestiges of the ancient fort that Pontiac had beleaguered; but, alas! every thing was razed to the ground; and, indeed, not a

vestige was even left of the modern fortification that General Hull so hastily surrendered in 1812 to the resolute Brock, except the house of the commanding officer, that was *too good* to pull down. The settlements of the United States are spreading so rapidly, and the passion for making money is so absorbing, that there will soon not be a stone or a stick standing where a fort once stood, or a battle was fought. This is deeply to be regretted, as historical monuments assist greatly to elevate the character of a people.

On my return from my walk, Colonel W., a very gentlemanly person, and an officer of great merit in the service of the United States, called upon me, and engaged me to dine with him the next day. I was delighted with this incident, because I had known his lady a great many years before, and because I was sure to receive a great deal of information from so intelligent an officer.

*July* 31.—Having passed the morning in making observations, at 2 P. M. I dressed for my engagement, and went to Colonel W.'s. We had a very pleasant dinner. Mrs. W. is a lively, well-bred gentlewoman, and received me cordially. There was also a Miss R. and her father, whom I had formerly known, both of them agreeable persons, who resided at Grosse Isle. What a charm agreeable women infuse into society, and what an immense difference education makes in them. The same morning, at the public breakfast table at the hotel, there was a very pretty woman, who, apparently, had not had many of its advantages, stuffing in onions and an immense quantity of nasty-looking trash for her breakfast. I thought I would rather be married to a she codfish, as there would be some chance of her being caught. I found my host, Colonel W., a person of various attainments: he had cultivated letters

with success, and would have been considered a most agreeable companion in any society. Besides his other advantages, he possessed some exceedingly fine *Chateau Margeaux* of one of the best vintages, a merit that few field officers I had lately seen could boast of.

In the evening the Colonel drove me to Spring Wells, a place about three miles from Detroit, where General Brock effected his landing, on the 16th of August, 1812. From the account which his own countrymen give of the American General Hull, it appears that he was totally without soldierly qualities. He had commenced hostilities on the declaration of war by invading Canada, with a vapouring proclamation announcing that he would not stop until he had taken Quebec; but advancing no further than the opposite shore, he made an inglorious retreat to Detroit in less than a month, permitting General Brock, with less than one thousand men, principally composed of Indians and militia-men, to invade him in turn without opposition; and although in a strong fort sufficiently garrisoned, and assisted by able and spirited officers, he became so intimidated by the exaggerated view he took of the excesses that the Indians under the British flag might commit if victorious, that he not only withdrew the cannon that could have raked the whole line of approach of the British troops, but neglected to line the fences of the farms, that were on the line by which they were advancing, with troops that could from their cover have cut off almost every man that appeared in sight; so that General Brock, after making this bold dash, had very little trouble after touching the American shore, beyond receiving the capitulation of his enemy upon the very day that he landed. In fact, he never approached nearer to Detroit than a mile, and negotiated the capitu-

lation of Hull and his troops from a house where he stopped to breakfast. Everything was signed before he left this house, so extremely eager was Hull to shelter himself and his friends from the dangers his apprehensions had created. It is to the credit of the officers under his command that he never consulted them, and turned a deaf ear to the suggestions they ventured to their commander, to save themselves and their country's flag from dishonour.

This being the last town on the Indian frontier, and the only place where I was likely to find any mechanics, I directed a comfortable tent to be made, and procured a variety of objects that were likely to be useful to me in my projected excursion into the Indian country. It is much better to provide these things at the frontier towns; the tradesmen there are more familiar with the wants of one who is about to travel in the Indian countries; and Detroit is a place full of resources, and much frequented by straggling Indians. I called to give some directions one morning at a boot-maker's, and found an elderly-looking Ojibway Indian there, in company with what I took to be a young-looking squaw, of a fine character of countenance. She was trying a pair of shoes on, which I was rather surprised at, as the squaws always wear moccasins. I asked the tradesman if she was the Indian's daughter or his wife, and understood him to say that she was his wife, and that he had another who was older. The Indian understood English a little, and having been a great deal amongst the Canadians, spoke French tolerably well, as the tradesman told me. I therefore spoke to him in French, and asked him if she had brought him any children, but he would give me no answer, saying something in Indian to his companions; upon which they gave

a mortal grunt of dissatisfaction. I saw that they were offended at something, but could not imagine what it was. Whilst she was drawing on one of the shoes, her robe got a little a-side, and her naked thighs were rather too plainly seen; upon which a bystander remarked, that for a young squaw she was not very modest. Just at this time a person happened to come in who knew them, and said we were all under a mistake, that it was a young man of eighteen, and not a squaw. We were all exceedingly surprised, and had a very good laugh; the smooth chin, feminine face, and peculiar dress of this handsome youth having completely deceived us. Female Indians, however, of the common class, are so ugly, that a youth dressed as this one was is easily mistaken for a female; indeed, I have often found it as difficult to conjecture what sex individuals of this race were, by merely looking at their faces, as I should be on looking at the faces of animals.

Having before left my card at the quarters of General R., the commanding officer of this district, I called upon him again, in company with Colonel W., and found him at home. He was not particularly polite, and quite ungrammatical enough to make me believe what I had already learnt, that he was an uneducated frontier soldier of great merit in his line, but not remarkably disposed to be useful to a traveller.

## CHAPTER XII.

AGREEABLE AMERICAN SOCIETY.—MANNERS OF THE FRENCH CANADIANS RESIDING AT DETROIT.

A SUNDAY intervening during my stay, I went to the Catholic Church about 6 A.M., that I might have an opportunity of forming an opinion of the Canadian population here. Very few persons were present, and I returned again after breakfast to the morning service. The congregation was chiefly composed of the humbler class of French Canadians, dressed in coarse home-spun clothes. With few exceptions, neither men nor women looked much better than Indians, and most of them seemed to have Indian blood in their veins. A few persons of a superior degree, in dress and manners, were present, but very few. The music was good, and the organist was an excellent performer. The Curé was a venerable-looking man with grey hair; and a Bishop, a native of Tyrol, whose name I have forgotten, delivered an admirable sermon: he was a very short, odd-looking little man, but full of talent. As soon as the service was over, the Bishop, with his Curé and his *cortège*, six in number, made a very episcopal exit into the vestry-room. I was exceedingly pleased with the whole service, and the devout conduct of the congregation. At the door of the church I found several *charettes*, or little waggons, belonging to the inhabitants of the vicinity, each of them drawn by one horse, and all without seats. In some of them half-a-dozen respectably dressed females

squatted themselves down with their children, a male in front driving the "*marche donc.*" * Colonel W. told me that the streets of Detroit, not being paved, were sometimes, on the approach of winter and in spring, excessively muddy; but being the season when the Canadian families kept up their *bals de société*, each of them had one of these machines to go to their parties in, and that it was not unusual to see ladies upon these occasions, dressed in grand toilet, squatted down in them.

As soon as the Roman Catholic service was over, I crossed the river in the ferry-boat to Sandwich, on the British side, intending to go to the Episcopal Church there, and had an agreeable walk of about a mile and a half along the bank of the river. At the court-house I got into conversation with the person who had charge of the church as well as the gaol, a respectable old English soldier, who had been near half a century in Canada. This interesting man had preserved his loyalty to his sovereign and native country amidst all the changes and temptations he had been exposed to. He conversed with me freely about the state of that part of the country, and observed that it was gradually settling with respectable English families; that demagogues and agitators were not much countenanced by them, and that the whole population, with few exceptions, promised to be as loyal as it was industrious. He said their American neighbours were a very industrious and active race of people, and that they lived upon good terms with them. I was struck with this pleasing instance of two people, only divided by a river 1500 yards wide, each living happily under two such different forms of government, in a sincere attachment to each of which they have been respectively brought up.

* A soubriquet generally given to their horses.

After dinner Colonel W. called upon me, and we took a drive by the river side, along the ancient road to Bloody Bridge, where Major Dalyell's detachment was defeated by Pondiac in 1763, and himself killed. It consists of a few planks laid across a small brook, which here empties itself into the Detroit: the bridge is not more than 5 yards from the river, and there is not a space of more than 6 inches from the under-side of the bridge to the brook; yet the author of "Wacousta," one of the most stirring romances I have ever read, has made it wide enough to conceal a company of soldiers beneath, and to permit a canoe to pass under. Whether that agreeable writer has ever been in the country he describes, I know not; but he has exceedingly distorted probabilities, and misrepresented distances and localities. He makes a schooner perform the distance from old Michilimackinac to the southern extremity of Lake Huron, now Fort Gratiot, which is a distance of 240 miles, betwixt sunrise and sunset, and without a breath of wind; and transforms the Detroit river, which is a magnificent stream 1500 yards wide in the narrowest part, and often a mile and a half, into a confined meandering stream, across which a fallen tree could rest upon both banks, and from the channel of which the yards of the schooner could rake the branches of the trees growing on each side. Such egregious exaggerations in an historical romance more than counterbalance its merit in the eyes of the traveller, for with him the absurdities become the most conspicuous features of the work; and nothing would have been more easy than to have avoided them.

As Detroit is a point on the water communications of this part of North America, by which the first French explorers advanced from Quebec to the discovery of the

Mississippi river, and became consequently more conspicuous in the variety of its historical incidents than perhaps any other locality in North America; and as the tour which I am about to narrate is precisely upon the line of advance of the first French adventurers to the extreme points to which they penetrated, and much beyond them; I hope to do an acceptable thing to the reader in suspending for a while the narrative of my journey, in order to make it more interesting and intelligible by a rapid sketch of the history of this part of the country since it was first visited by Europeans.

## CHAPTER XIII.

DOMESTIC CONNEXION OF THE FRENCH WITH THE ABORIGINES. — THEIR EARLY EXPLORATIONS OF THE WEST. — PONDIAC, A CELEBRATED OTTAWAY CHIEF. — MASSACRE OF THE ENGLISH GARRISONS. — DEATH OF MAJOR DALYELL.

THE French preceded the English in their settlement in North America by about fifty years, their first fort being built by Jacques Cartier on the St. Lawrence, in 1535. From this moment, tempted by the fur trade, they extended themselves further up the St. Lawrence, exploring the haunts of the Indians, forming domestic connexions with them, and often adopting their manners and customs. In whatever wilderness the French race is planted, the greatest of all the wants experienced is that of society: a Frenchman must have somebody to talk to every hour of the day: when he leaves his home no one thinks himself so miserable as he does; but he soon consoles himself for the loss of his earliest friends, if he can only find bipeds of any other branch of the human family, *se fayfiler avec*. Volney, in his account of the United States of America,* observes, that "Visiting and talking are so indispensably necessary to a Frenchman from habit, that throughout the whole frontier of Canada and Louisiana, there is not one settler of that nation to be found whose house is not within reach or within sight of some other."

* Appendix iv.

It is a result of that habit, that Canadian Frenchmen have been at all times, since the middle of the sixteenth century, domesticated with almost all the Indian tribes in the far western country; and hence, in the contests which prevailed between Great Britain and France on the American continent before the peace of 1763, a majority of the Indians adhered with steadiness to the French. It is true this attachment on their part had been greatly cemented by the conduct of many of the French missionaries of the Roman Catholic Church, men of unquestionable piety and simplicity of life, who, abandoning all the comforts of civilized society, endeavoured, by a self-devotion which excites our respect and admiration, to restrain the ferocious propensities of the savage aborigines, and to introduce to their knowledge the saving truths of the Gospel.

The Aborigines, at the period when the French first began to penetrate into the interior of that country which is now called Canada, were subdivided into various tribes, each of them occupying distinct districts of the country, subsisting themselves upon the products of the chase and the waters, and clothing themselves with the skins of the animals inhabiting the dense forests which covered all the country betwixt the Atlantic Ocean and the great western prairies. The tumultuous enjoyments which the males there found in the chase, and the impossibility of restraining the youth of the conterminous tribes from intruding upon each other's districts, would naturally lead to the fiercer excitements of war amongst the tribes and bands into which the aborigines had been separated for the convenience of subsisting themselves. On the arrival of the whites in the country, they found feuds established between all the great tribes, and war

carried on with a rancour as inveterate as ever animated neighbouring nations in the Old World, and a ferocity unknown to it; for the American Indian, trained up in the woods as a butcher of animals, is, when a warrior, but a hunter of men, taking the scalp from his fallen enemy, as he strips the skin from the animal he has slain. This was the state of things which existed almost in every part of the American continent when the Europeans first landed there. War and the chase were the only occupations of the men, who, resigning themselves at all other moments of their existence to a haughty indolence, abandoned every kind of domestic drudgery to their women.

The names which the early French writers gave to the nations they entertained friendly or hostile relations with, have very little resemblance to the words in the Indian languages they were intended to be the representatives of. This has been at all times a fault with French travellers; for, entertaining an exalted opinion of the paramount capacity of their own admirable language to be the universal interpreter and measure of everything difficult in prosody, they have been too often contented with seizing the shadow of a sound, and then, thinking it sufficient to clothe it in characters representing sounds familiar to their own organs of speech, have not hesitated to put proper names relating to foreign countries often beyond the reach of legitimate etymology or rational analysis. To this day even we do not find a term in any of the northern languages of America to which we can assign the word "Canada," the name which the French discoverers gave to that important province.

In this manner we find, in all the early accounts of the French, the term *Algonquin* applied to the tribes

inhabiting the Atlantic frontier of North America, and *Iroquois* applied to the Mengway, or "Six Nations," occupying the districts south of the St. Lawrence; but whence the term Algonquin has been derived I have never been able to discover; and, indeed, the obscurity in which the origin of the word Iroquois is buried is, perhaps, equally great. The same Algonquins, whose true national name was *Lenni Lenape*, or "Original or Unmixed People," were known to other tribes lying further to the east by the designation of *Wapanachki*, or "People at the Rising of the Sun:" of this term the French made *Abenaquis*, a people who figure very much in the accounts of the early French writers. The *Ahwāndats* (Wyandots) by some process became, with the French, *Hurons*. La Hontan, who to be sure is extremely superficial, says there are but two distinct tongues east of the Mississippi, the *Huron* and the *Algonquin*, each of which we now know is an imaginary term. If, in their progress to the west, a strange Indian was met, and asked what nation he belonged to, his answer perhaps would be "W'tassone," with a sort of whistling sound, meaning "I am one of the Pipe-Makers." He would be immediately set down as a *Mitassin*, and this new nation added to the list. Now "W'tassone," or "Stone Pipe-Maker," was a designation given by the Lenape to whoever was skilful in that art, and they called the Oneidas so, one of the Mengway tribes. The process was about the same as if a Frenchman meeting a Manchester man abroad, on being told he was a calico-printer, was to dub him in his travels as belonging to the nation of *Calco Prins*. Even the philosophic Volney fell into the practice of adapting the pronunciation of proper names of other countries to characters most familiar to French organs: he writes

*ouait* for white, *grine* for green; and seems to think it of sufficient importance to remark that the English do not understand the French when they write "Vazinguetton" for *Washington*.

But "non ego paucis offendar maculis;" and this superficial way of dealing with the languages of foreign countries, although it sometimes becomes a source of much perplexity to philologists, is more than compensated to the traveller who knows how to appreciate those exertions and high qualities which distinguish the first intrepid and enterprising French adventurers in North America. Soon after Quebec was established as a French port, the missionaries succeeded in reaching Lake Huron, accompanying the Wyandots, whom the Six Nations had driven to the countries north of the St. Lawrence, and there sharing the sufferings of this people, whose conversion to Christianity they were endeavouring to accomplish, and yielding up their lives to the tomahawk, the scalping-knife, and burning stakes of the ferocious Mengway, who were determined upon the extermination of the Wyandots.

The first advances of the French traders to the upper lakes were made by the Otta-wa river, (from W'tăwhăy, "he trades,") and not by the line of Lake Ontario, Lake Erie, and Detroit. Trading posts were established at the Sault St. Marie, near the entrance to Lake Superior, at Old Michilimackinac, at the southern termination of Green Bay, and at Chicago, on Lake Michigan. At the post at Green Bay they got into communication with Indians who frequented the more distant western country, and were informed of the existence of a great river, which, further to the west, traversed the whole country. This was the Missisippi; and Father Marquette, proceeding

from Green Bay by the way of Fox River, and the water communications and *portage* to the river now called Wisconsin, descended that broad stream to its mouth, and entered the Mississippi in June, 1673. Pursuing the southern course of this mighty flood, as low down as the mouth of the river Arkansa, he found himself unable to advance any further; and leaving the problem of what sea it discharged itself into to a more distant period, he returned in his canoe by the river Illinois, and from thence passed into Lake Michigan. Six years afterwards, La Sale, one of the most adventurous men of his period, caused a small vessel to be constructed on Lake Erie, the first that ever navigated upon the American lakes; and leaving his craft at Michilimackinac, made his way to the Mississippi; and amidst difficulties that would have deterred an ordinary man, followed the Mississippi to its mouth, which he reached in 1679. The agents of the French government had now traced a line from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi, in the Gulf of Mexico, and an immense field was open to the enterprise of its subjects and to its own ambition, in the attempt to accomplish the objects of which the various incidents which have made Detroit so conspicuous in the history of this part of the country successively arose.

Whilst the French were thus laying, as they supposed, the foundations of a great colonial empire in North America, the English had also planted their colonies upon a great scale betwixt the Atlantic Ocean and the extensive line which the former had penetrated through; and the rivalry of trade, and the then existing antipathy betwixt the two races, not only frequently brought them into collision, but ultimately made the French possessions

to the north the seat of contests, which sooner or later threatened to be fatal to the ascendancy of one of the parties.

About the close of the seventeenth century the English trading expeditions began to visit Lake Huron, passing into it by the strait which communicates betwixt Lake Erie and that lake. At this intrusion into their best fur-trading district, the French took alarm, and sent M. La Motte Cadillac with a party, in 1701, to establish a stockaded fort on the strait, not only for the purpose of shutting up an avenue which they had so long left open to their rivals, but of facilitating the fur trade, and curbing the hostile Indians, amongst whom the Ottogamies, or Foxes, were for a long period their inveterate enemies. This post was called, from its locality, Le Detroit, a name still retained by the flourishing town of Detroit, the present capital of the state of Michigan. At this period the country was remarkably well stocked with game, and herds of buffaloes roamed on the western shores of Lake Erie, as they do now on the Platte and Arkansas, a circumstance which accounts for the numerous population of aborigines in that part of the lake country.

With the exception of the fierce war which raged betwixt the French and the Ottogamies in the early part of the eighteenth century, and the defeat of General Braddock in 1755, at which some of the French inhabitants of Detroit assisted, no great event took place in the western Indian country until the year 1760, when a remarkable Ottaway chief, named Pondiac (or Pontiac, as his name frequently appears), began to attract universal attention, both from the Europeans and Indians. He had fought on the side of the French in 1746, in the war that

preceded the peace of Aix la Chapelle, and had evinced at that time a rare capacity, both in the field and in council. As a successful warrior he was without a rival amongst the Indians, a circumstance which alone would have made them defer to him in all their enterprises. To his courage and ferocity, he added an attentive observation of the arts which enabled Europeans to excel his countrymen; and was at all times ready to practise the most refined cunning, and the basest treachery, to obtain his objects, when they were otherwise beyond the reach of the rude resources of the Indians.

Up to this period nothing had seemed to oppose the steady advances which the French were making in the western country to monopolize the whole fur trade, and establish such an influence amongst the aboriginal tribes as would effectually exclude the English from the advantages of that trade, and secure the alliance and co-operation of the Indians in all their warlike operations. From New Orleans to the Illinois river, and from thence by the way of Detroit to Quebec, they had a line of posts, and various settlements for the protection of their traders, most of whom had formed domestic connexions with the natives, and all of whom, except the Five Nations and others who traded with the British colonists, considered the French as brothers, and called the King of France their father.

Great was the shock, therefore, when intelligence was circulated through the western country of the brilliant victory which the renowned Wolfe obtained on the plains of Abram, on the 13th of September, 1759, of the surrender of Quebec, and the subsequent capitulation of Montreal, by which Detroit, and all the French posts in the upper country, were ceded to the British flag. The

French traders, who perceived what a mortal blow this was to them, for a long time deluded the Indians with information that the King of France was about to send a fleet and army to drive the English out of their conquests,—a vain hope, that was only dissipated by the appearance of Major Rogers, with a detachment, in 1760, to take possession of Detroit. It was upon this occasion that Pondiac, accompanied by a retinue of his chiefs, and assuming all the barbarian authority he was capable of, met the British officer, and inquired how he dared to enter into a country which belonged to him. Major Rogers informed him that he came not to take the country from the Indians, but to remove the French from it, who had prevented the English trading with them. Friendly belts were interchanged, and the British commander having acted in a judicious manner, and Pondiac perceiving that the French were conquered, and would be supplanted by the English, declared his intention to acknowledge the King of England for his father, and to live in peace with the English.

During this period of tranquillity the English took possession of the French posts of Niagara, Michilimackinac, St. Joseph, Sandusky, Miami, Presque Isle, Fort Duquesne, the name of which had been changed to Fort Pitt, Fort Chartres, on the Mississippi, and others, amounting to twelve in number; and the English traders began under their protection to exchange commodities with the Indians. Their rivals, the French traders, now exerted themselves strenuously to maintain their ground; and perceiving that without some great revolution in the political state of the country this could not be accomplished, they availed themselves of their connexions and influence with the Indians, to excite the greatest

possible degree of distrust in their minds against the English, representing to them that it was their intention to take the country from them, as they had taken it from the French; that the English were few in number, and could be easily driven out of the country, if the Indians would unite together for that purpose.

On the other hand the English garrisons took no pains to conciliate the Indians, contenting themselves with keeping the country in as tranquil a state as they could for the short period they supposed they would have to remain there, it being generally supposed that the country, to a certain extent, would be restored to the French at the peace. In this state of things, Pondiac, finding himself neglected by the British authorities, and urged by the French traders to take some step towards the expulsion of the English, conceived the bold plan of simultaneously surprising all the British posts. Indians under friendly pretences were to introduce themselves into the forts; and when the officers were off their guard, were to massacre them and the garrisons. If success crowned their treacherous schemes, Pondiac was to unite all the Indian tribes into a confederacy, and make a stand against the English who might be sent to oppose them, until the King of France could send assistance to him. It does not appear, from the various official accounts of these transactions (which I have had an ample opportunity of examining), that the officers in the service of the King of France had assisted Pondiac in these plans; but there is abundant evidence that the French traders, and a great portion of the French inhabitants of Detroit, had a perfect knowledge of them.

This infernal piece of treachery, which was to sweep over a line of 1000 miles, was the conception of a strong mind;

and its diabolical execution upon three-fourths of these doomed posts evinces a degree of calculation, and power of combination, which many writers have denied to the uncivilized denizens of the wilderness.

So great was the security of the different garrisons, that up to the very moment when the perfidy of the savages burst upon them, they had not the least suspicion of their intentions; for, although the Indians had assembled in great numbers at some of the posts, their dissimulation was so perfect, that every facility seems to have been given to them to immolate the garrisons. The particulars of the surprise and massacre of Fort Michilimackinac have been recorded upon other occasions with more or less accuracy; but the official letter of the commanding officer, Captain Etherington, to Major Gladwin, the senior officer then in command at Detroit, gives the true story, and a sorrowful one it is. It was the Ojibways, and not the Ottaways, as has been represented, who performed that sanguinary and audacious act. By the extract below,* it will be seen that the Indian women

* "Michilimackinac, 13 June, 1763.

"Sir,—Notwithstanding what I wrote you in my last, that all the savages were arrived, and that everything seemed in perfect tranquillity, yet, on the 2nd inst., the Chippaways, who live on a plain near this fort, assembled to play ball, as they had done almost every day since their arrival: they played from morning till noon; then throwing their ball close to the gate, and observing Lieutenant Leslie and me a few paces out of it, they came behind us, seized and carried us into the woods.

"In the meantime the rest rushed into the fort, where they found their squaws, whom they had previously planted there, *with their hatchets hid under their blankets*, which they took, and in an instant killed Lieut. Jamet, and fifteen rank and file, and a trader named Tracy. They wounded two, and took the rest of the garrison prisoners, five of which they have since killed. They made prisoners all the English traders, and robbed them of everything they had, but they offered no violence to the persons or properties of any of the Frenchmen."

assisted in the execution of the plan, having entered the fort whilst the men were pretending to be engaged in their favourite ball-play, with tomahawks concealed under their blankets.

The capture of Sandusky is thus described, in an official letter from Major Gladwin to Sir Jeffery Amhurst:—"On the 16th of May, Ensign Paulli, who commanded at Sandusky, was informed by his sentry at the gate, that there were Indians come who wanted to speak to him; upon which he went to see who they were, and finding them *to be some of his own Indians,** who received him very friendly, he permitted *seven* of them to come in, and gave them a little tobacco to smoke. In a short time after, one of them raised up his head, which is supposed to have been a signal; upon which the two that sat next Ensign Paulli seized and tied him, without saying a word, and carried him out of his room, where he found his sentry dead in the gateway, with the rest of the garrison,—one here, one there,—*all massacred*, and the fort surrounded with Indians. His serjeant, who had been planting something in the garden, was killed there. The merchants were all killed, and every thing they had plundered."

At St. Joseph's the garrison was massacred by a similar stratagem, executed by the Potowattamies. At the fort of the Miami, Ensign Holmes, the officer in command, was decoyed out of the fort by a squaw, who lived with him, and who asked him to go and bleed another squaw, in a cabin about 300 yards from the fort. There he was butchered by some Indians.

Yet the post which Pondiac was most anxious to make himself master of at this juncture was Detroit, and he

* Indians to whom he distributed rations.

determined to make the attempt in person. He could not venture to move either to Niagara or to Fort Pitt, and leave Detroit behind him, which was in the heart of the Indian country, and had a garrison of 120 men, eight officers, and a number of enterprising traders, who, with a few influential French families within the pickets of the town, would, he was well assured, oppose all his designs. His first attempt, therefore, upon the place was as bold as it was treacherous, and, although not accompanied by all the incidents with which some writers have embellished it, is a remarkable instance of coolness whilst engaged in an act of great daring. The following passage is extracted from one of Major Gladwin's official letters to Sir Jeffery Amhurst, which, I believe, has not yet been published:—

"Detroit, May 14, 1763.

"Sir,—On the 1st instant, Pontiac, the chief of the Ottaway nation, came here with about fifty of his men, and told me that in a few days, when the rest of his nation came in, he intended to pay me a formal visit. The 7th, he came; but I was luckily informed* the night before that he was coming with an intention to surprise us; upon which I took such precautions, that when they entered the fort, (though they were by the best accounts about 300, and armed with knives, tomahawks, and a great many with *guns cut short, and hid under their blankets,*) they were so much surprised to see our disposition, that they would scarcely sit down to council. However, in about half an hour after they saw their designs were discovered, they sat down and made several speeches, which I answered calmly, without intimating my suspicion of their intentions; and after receiving some

* By the Messrs. Baby, respectable inhabitants of the place.

trifling presents, they went away to their camp. The 8th, Pontiac came with a pipe of peace, in order to ask leave to come next day *with his whole nation* to renew his friendship. This I refused, but I told him he might come with the rest of his chiefs."

Finding himself excluded from every opportunity of carrying his treacherous intentions into effect, he determined to invest the fort, knowing it to be but scantily provisioned, and relying upon the French party in the town to give him information of what was passing in the garrison. All the prominent points of Pondiac's character were well developed upon this occasion. He had from 700 to 1000 Indians to subsist, and sometimes a greater number, and had no means of procuring provisions but by purchasing them: he therefore imitated a practice he had observed in use amongst the white men, and issued not paper, but bark money, being slips of birch bark, with the object he wanted in exchange for it rudely scratched upon the bark, and his *totem*, or coat of arms, which was an otter, drawn beneath. These, which were paid over to persons attached to the French interest, were all honourably redeemed by payments in peltry after the war.

A remarkable instance of this chief's sagacity and caution is recorded by General Gage, in a letter to the Earl of Halifax, from which the following is an extract:—"From a paragraph of Mons. d'Abadies' letter, there is reason to judge of Pondiac, not only as a savage possessed of the most refined cunning and treachery natural to the Indians, but as a person of extraordinary abilities. He says that Pondiac keeps two secretaries, one to write for him, and the other to read the letters he receives, and he manages them so as to keep each of them ignorant of what is transacted by the other."

But his cold-blooded ferocity threw a shade over his great qualities, and made him an object of detestation to all persons in the British interest. The very day that he came to the fort he had already commenced hostilities by putting to death Lieut. Robertson, Sir Robert Danvers, and a whole boat's crew, who, unconscious of danger, were surveying in the river, and had been brought in by some Indians. This atrocity was well known to some of the French inhabitants in Pondiac's interest, but they concealed it from Major Gladwin, until Pondiac had failed to surprise the garrison; and on leaving the fort the day that he went to it with the pipe of peace, he caused the people that took care of the cattle belonging to the garrison to be tomahawked, and put to death all the members of two poor English families that had settled outside of the fort. Captain Campbell also was put to death whilst with Pondiac as a hostage.

Having surrounded the fort, he harassed the garrison in every possible manner, intercepted the supplies that were sent to it from Niagara, and but for the friendly services of M. Navarre, the two Baby's, and Major Gladwin's interpreters, St. Martin and La Bute, whom he mentions as having furnished him "with provisions at the utmost peril of their lives," the post could not have been maintained. In the meantime the greatest exertions were making at Fort Niagara to relieve the garrison; and Captain Dalyell, with a reinforcement of about 300 men, and supplies, was dispatched for that purpose. Most fortunately they reached the mouth of Detroit river on the evening of the 28th of July, and proceeding under cover of the night, escaped the vigilance of the Indians, and to the great joy of the garrison, appeared in sight close to Detroit, on the morning of the 29th, at day-break.

Captain Dalyell, who was full of ardour to distinguish himself, on being made acquainted with the situation of Pondiac's camp, which was up the river some distance from what is now called Bloody Bridge, requested Major Gladwin, in the most urgent manner, to place a detachment under his command for the purpose of surprising the savages. Major Gladwin, in his official letter, says, that he consented with great reluctance to the proposition. The rest of the day passed in preparations, and an hour before day-break, on the 30th, Captain Dalyell left the fort at the head of a detachment of 247 men. But Pondiac's friends in town had already apprised him of what was going on, and that astute chief rapidly made arrangements to turn the tables upon the unfortunate detachment. Warriors furnished with fire-arms were posted behind the pickets, and in every advantageous position, so that when the troops were silently crossing the bridge, before even the twilight broke, preparatory to their advance upon the Indian camp, in the full belief that they should fall upon them unawares, they were fired upon from every quarter; and the confusion being increased by the yells and screams of the Indians, the whole detachment was in great danger of perishing. In a letter from Sir Jeffery Amhurst to the Earl of Egremont, it appears that the gallant Captain Dalyell was slain in the attempt "to bring off some wounded men from the hands of the savages," and that eighteen men and three officers were killed, and thirty-eight men wounded. By the presence of mind of Captain Grant, who succeeded to the command, some order was restored: charging the Indians successively with the bayonet, at the head of some brave fellows, he drove them back, and collecting his wounded, marched with the detachment back to the fort, a distance of about two miles.

This was the last incident of any importance in Pondiac's career. As soon as intelligence reached the western country, of the establishment of peace betwixt England and France, and the entire cession of Canada in full sovereignty to the King of Great Britain, the hostile French settlers began to relax in their intrigues, many of them abandoning their settlements, and crossing the Mississippi to find new homes. The Indian tribes also almost universally separated themselves from Pondiac, who retired to the Illinois country. He appears to have acted in a friendly manner to an English officer, Lieutenant Fraser, of the 78th regiment, who was sent on a mission to Kaskaskias in 1765, and who, at the instigation of some French Canadians, had been ill-treated by some Indians. Soon after this he is said to have been killed by an Indian in that country.

## CHAPTER XIV.

EMBARK FOR LAKE HURON.—INTELLIGENCE IN PIGS.—GREAT LACUSTRINE DEPOSIT.—CHRISTIAN INDIANS.—EMBARK ON LAKE HURON.

Having examined the interesting locality where Captain Dalyell met with his untimely death, and visited the place where Pondiac was encamped, I returned to Detroit with Major W., and having made all my arrangements, and bade adieu to the amiable friends who had made my stay there so agreeable, I embarked on the 4th of August, in the steamer "General Gratiot," for Fort Gratiot, at the south end of Lake Huron, distant from Detroit about seventy-five miles. On board the steamer was a singular, hairy, wild-looking, ascetic person, who wandered about the frontier part of the country, affecting to live after the manner of St. John, upon milk and honey,—two very good things, by-the-by, especially when there is plenty of good bread to eat with them. The oddity of this man's career consisted in his pretending that conscience compelled him to eat nothing else, and in the facility with which the good-tempered and hospitable wives of the settlers permitted themselves to be imposed upon by his pretended sanctity, bustling about, as I was informed, to procure him what he wanted, sometimes at great inconvenience to themselves. This Yankee dervish, who was stated to be born in Connecticut, had evidently cut

his eye-teeth. He was very shy of conversation, seldom addressing himself to his own sex.

We were soon in Lake St. Clair, a sheet of water about thirty miles wide, midway betwixt Lake Erie and Lake Huron. Being in a very flat country, it has the appearance, from the centre, of a huge basin of water, with a dark low rim of trees round it. The passage from this lake to Lake Huron is called St. Clair River, the approach to which is extremely shallow, strong beds of sedges and rushes appearing in every direction. There are various channels through the muddy bottom, and the land to the right and left is singularly low and flat, a few indifferent cottages of Canadian peasants appearing now and then amongst the trees. Higher up the St. Clair is a fine stream about 1000 yards broad, with settlements here and there. On the British side there were many modern comfortable-looking houses, but not one on the other. The orchards appeared to be prosperous. These were, however, mere patches of civilization on the river's bank, the country back being an unreclaimed wilderness. When our steamer had advanced about fifteen miles up the St. Clair, the banks of the river became a few feet higher, and the west bank shewed several good American farms with fine crops growing on them. These settlements, as usual, had a fair proportion of small taverns amongst them, one of which, called the St. Clair Hotel, was rather a neat-looking place.

About seventeen miles from Black River we stopped a short time at a good farm on the American side, belonging to a Mr. Ward, a man of some property. At this place there was a vessel building of 100 tons' burthen, and great appearance of industry in every direction. On entering the house I was exceedingly dis-

trussed with a sad spectacle that met my eyes; this was his only son, a fine-looking youth, deprived of reason and chained to the floor, being too strong and vicious to be permitted to go loose.

Just as we passed Black River we met some canoes with Ojibway Indians in them; one of them, in which was a man, his squaw and four children, came so near the steamer that the engineer let a quantity of steam off upon them, which seemed to amuse them very much. The banks of the river now rose to a height of fifteen feet, which I was glad to see, as they promised to furnish me with a favourable opportunity of examining them, which I had been precluded from doing hitherto by the surface of the ground being so near the water.

This very beautiful flat country requires to be seen only once to produce the conviction, that at no very remote geological period an immense area of country in this part of the world, including part of the shores of the Niagara river, Lake Erie, Lake Huron, Lake Michigan, with all the flat territory adjacent to these, was covered by one vast body of fresh water, and that the fertile soil now above the level of these waters is a deposit from that ancient lacustrine state of things. In passing up from Detroit here, I have had two or three opportunities of examining the earth brought up from fifteen to twenty feet below, where they were constructing wells, and in each case it was mixed up with shelly matter, but so decayed and broken that it was very difficult to identify the species. There was now a good prospect of finding a natural section, where the shells might be taken out in an undisturbed state, and of settling the point whether they belong to the same families that live in the lake waters at present.

As we approached a farm on the American side of the St. Clair river, belonging to the captain of our steamer, a curious fact fell under my observation: the pigs belonging to the farm came squealing down to the water-side, a thing which the persons at the farm assured me they never did when other steamers passed. The captain explained this singular recognition on the part of the pigs, by stating that the swill of his steamer was always preserved for them; and that on reaching the landing-place, it was immediately put on shore to feed them. The animals having been accustomed to this valuable importation during the whole summer months, had learnt to distinguish the peculiar sound which the steam made in rushing through the pipe of the steamer; and as they could do this at the distance of half a mile, they immediately upon hearing it hastened down to the river, whilst the noise made by other steamers was disregarded. This is a curious instance of the possibility of sharpening the faculties of the lower animals by an appeal to their appetites; and a conclusive proof, that the readiest way to make all swinish animals reasonable, is to provide plenty of swill for them.

From this place I was glad to see that the country continued to rise until we reached Fort Gratiot, a garrisoned post of the United States, near to the entrance of Lake Huron, and where we arrived at 8 P. M., after a most agreeable trip through an interesting country. Here I left the steamer, and went to the fort, where I was most kindly received by Major H., the commandant, and the other officers: a bed was provided for me at the quarters of a young officer, whose father, Colonel B., the head of the ordnance department in the United States service, I had been long acquainted with; and nothing loth, I

prepared to share the society of these gentlemanly and obliging hosts until I could get on board some vessel that was passing into Lake Huron.

*August* 5.—I rose at break of day in the morning, and walked through the woods to Black River: the stream was excessively dark, owing to the decomposed vegetable matter at the bottom, and ran through a broad area of the lacustrine deposit, of which the right, or American bank of the St. Clair, forms a part. The top of the bank was about thirty feet from the water; clay, sand, and vegetable matter composed the bank, down to the water's edge. Having made this *reconnaissance*, I retraced my steps to the garrison, and breakfasted; and having provided myself with assistance and tools, returned to that part of the bank of the St. Clair where it was highest, and commenced some excavations where the bank was nearly on a level with the river. I found great quantities of unios and anadontas at a depth of nearly thirty feet, but so decomposed and pulpy, that they required to be removed with great care, and to be left to dry a few hours, before they could be put away in a condition proper to preserve them. They were all colourless; but many of them were identical with the bivalves now found in great abundance in Lake Huron. Nearer to the surface of the ground I found occasional patches of univalves, paludina, lymnea, and planorbis, as though they had lived in limited spots of stagnant water, as they are frequently found at present. The morning's work furnished the fullest proof of the ancient lacustrine state of the country.

Having conveyed my collections to the fort, I walked on the beach of Lake Huron to the Light-house. The lake had every appearance of a calm sea; and the gravel on the beach was composed of a mixture of fragments of

primary rocks and fossiliferous limestone, with immense quantities of dead valves of unios and anadontas, thrown up by the lake when its waters were agitated by storms, which, I was told, frequently occur of a terrific character.

On my return I dined with the commandant, and passed a couple of hours very agreeably. The attentions which a traveller receives at these frontier forts are always most grateful to him: he is not only restored to the comforts of society, but acquires a great deal of useful information respecting those more distant points which he purposes visiting. The American officers, who are always enterprising men, are very often extremely intelligent; and some of them are kept so many years on the frontiers, that they come at length to take as lively an interest in the affairs of the Indian country, as in that of their youth, whence absence and death often wean them to a great extent. Unfortunately, however, some of them, for want of occupation at these frontier posts, fall into a listless and indolent way of life; and instead of exerting themselves to contribute to the general stock of knowledge, fly to tobacco, whisky, and cards, to get over the tedious hours; so that when they return to society, they fall naturally into the sottish classes,—some melancholy instances of which I have had occasion to observe. When they are fond of science and literature, as in the instance of Colonel W. of Detroit, and many others I have had the advantage of knowing, they become accomplished and valuable men, that would be admired and esteemed in any country.

This day (*August* 6) the weather became unexpectedly very cold, and I remained all the morning in my quarters, bringing up my Journal and writing letters. I dined with a Mr. Eaton and his family, a very modest and intel-

ligent officer, the son of Mr. Amos Eaton, of the state of New York, well known as being one of the earliest labourers in America in the cause of geology. This family were exceedingly religious, after the manner of those persons who call themselves evangelical, a class which, I believe, admits of no coquetry with anything approaching to worldly vanities. I was sincerely disposed to respect everything that I saw upon this occasion: there was an impress of sincerity in the studious observance of a rigorous temperance, and the constant recurrence to prayer. It seemed to be a happy family; and their example led me to think that the composure of mind which may be attained through what the world calls self-denial, perhaps has a steadier effect in promoting purity of life, than can be reached by those excitements which lead to what the less austere part of the world supposes to be happiness. In various garrisons of the United States that I have visited, I have seen persons claiming to belong to this class, in whom I have not placed so much confidence; for they appeared to practise temperance for the purpose of making a parade of it, never permitting it to deviate beyond the excesses of the tea-pot; and indulging in such frequent effusions of prayer, as if they had not much faith in those that had preceded the last. Temperance in tobacco they do not seem to count amongst their virtues; and although they profess to have drawn a line betwixt themselves and the sinful part of mankind, yet in this particular, as well as in that of choosing young and pretty wives, they still seem to have carried out the line of demarcation imperfectly. I have observed that this last commendable practice seems peculiarly to belong to missionaries and saintly-disposed persons.

*August* 7.—After breakfast I crossed the river into

the British territories, and rambled about the greater part of the day. Advancing some distance into the woods, I came upon a nice little sequestered pond or lake, where I found an immense number of fine large anadontæ alive, with some large lymnea and planorbis adhering to tall reeds. Having waded through this pond for two or three hours, and made an ample collection of shells, I placed my bag on my back, and setting my compass, made for the shore of Lake Huron, which I soon gained. It was strewed with the valves of dead anodontæ, some of which contained a portion of the mollusk, left by the musk rats, which feed upon them, and which always resort to the shores after a gale of wind. It was late in the evening when I got to the boat in which I crossed over; and having drank tea with Dr. W. and his lady, and passed a pleasant evening, I was informed that my quarters were transferred to Mr. Eaton's, as it had been discovered that I occupied the only bed belonging to my host, Lieutenant B. I was very sorry to learn this, for although it is very satisfactory to be in good quarters, yet the pleasure is very much diminished by the discovery that it is at the expense of those who have a much better right than yourself to be there. Fortunately for me, Mrs. Eaton had a small room and a bed unoccupied, so that I went to rest without any care upon my mind on that score. I was determined, however, in the morning to have my own tent pitched, and my mattress spread out in it, not only to see if everything was right about them, but that I might have a domicile of my own to resort to in case of need.

*August* 8.—This morning I had my tent pitched, and found that it would answer my purpose perfectly well: leaving it standing, I recrossed the river to the British

side, and paid a visit to Mr. Evans, a Methodist missionary established amongst a band of Ojibways living there. The success of this excellent person appeared to have been perfect. He had induced a great many Indian families to renounce their Pagan practices, and to deliver up to him all their medicine-bags, with the rest of their conjuring apparatus, drums, &c.; and had formed them into a regular Christian community, where they appeared to be happy and to show no desire to relapse. Mr. Evans informed me, that, when any of the Indians had determined to join his congregation, they always came quietly to his house, and deposited unobserved all their bags, made of the skins of animals, their conjurors' drums, with everything that appertained to their superstitions, upon a table in the hall of his house; so that when he returned from his walks he often found a great many of these things, and thereby knew that his congregation was going to be increased. He presented me with several of these medicine-bags and instruments belonging to their conjurors. I was so much pleased with Mr. Evans's little community, that I conceived the idea of removing my quarters to his settlement for a short time. I had seen every object of natural history that was accessible to me in this flat country, and as it might be some days before a vessel appeared to take me to Michilimackinac, I might employ my time more usefully in studying the Ojibway language, than in remaining at the garrison; besides, the weather had become exceedingly hot again, and there was very little temptation to walk out.

*August* 9.—This being Sunday, I crossed the river again, and went to Mr. Evans's mission, to be present at his church service. The congregation was entirely composed of Indians,—men, women, and children,—all decently

dressed, and conducting themselves in a manner that would have been creditable to any class of Christians. Mr. Evans gave out a hymn, and the interpreter having repeated it in the Ojibway tongue, the Indians united in singing to the words in a very agreeable manner. A prayer followed, and afterwards a sermon. At every phrase the missionary stopped a moment, and the interpreter rendered it audibly into the Ojibway, the whole congregation paying the most serious attention to what was said. The service concluded by another hymn, when the congregation being dismissed, departed with as much order as any other congregation would have done, falling into little groups and conversing in a cheerful manner together. It was quite evident to me that those who proclaim the aborigines to be an irreclaimable and incorrigible people, are mistaken: by proper management on the part of zealous missionaries, *living amongst them*, and devoting their lives to their instruction and welfare, we see that they can be reclaimed from their superstitions and their wild state, and become a good Christian agricultural people. The Moravians had proved this before, and would have reclaimed many tribes long before this, if the cupidity of the whites, greedy of their lands, had not murdered and persecuted them, till, in despair, they struck a last vindictive blow before they were exterminated.

The more the aborigines see of the white people, their cupidity and vices, the less are they disposed to attribute any virtue to whatever they may teach: but where missionaries, in the holiest sense of the word, have virtue enough to bring themselves down to a level with them in the simplicity of their modes of life, and self-devotion enough to consecrate their lives to diffusing the truths of the Gospel, the Indians, whose hearts, like our

own, obey all the natural impulses, are as liable to be touched with the excellence of those truths as other people have been, and as the earliest members of the Christian Church were, when they were unostentatiously taught by the humble Apostles. Before confidence can be created in the breasts of the simplest class of the human family, whether Indians or white men, the connexion betwixt the teacher and the taught must be an intimate one, and they must not be separated from each other by a vast chasm between worldly advantages on the one side, and simple and ignorant aspirations for the peace of the soul on the other. Before society in any part of Christendom is placed upon the securest foundations, this truth will have to be recognized and acted upon, and until then it will continue to be agitated by a spurious Christianity, too much distinguished by want of charity and brotherly love.

Exceedingly gratified with what I had witnessed at this mission, I returned to Fort Gratiot to consider my project of removing to Mr. Evans's mission over a little; but whilst at dinner with the officers the schooner Marengo hove in sight, bound to Michilimackinac. I should have been better pleased if it had been a steamer, for lake voyages in small schooners are frequently, as experience had taught me, tedious and disagreeable undertakings: however, if the very long journey I had still before me was to be accomplished, time was very precious; so I determined not to neglect the opportunity, and bidding a hearty adieu to my hospitable friends, got at once on board the schooner. The captain's name was Dingle, who, with his wife and an unmarried female friend of her's, of about thirty-six, were the only persons on board except the crew. He said he had room for me

in hisvery, very small cabin, where we all were to sleep, so I determined to make myself as comfortable as I could. The breeze was favourable, and carried us without difficulty over the strong current which sets in from the lake where the river channel commences.

## CHAPTER XV.

CAPTAIN AND MRS. DINGLE, AND CO.—REACH MICHILIMACKINAC.—FINE SALMON-TROUT.—VORACITY OF FISH.

A FEW minutes sufficed to convince me that I should not get much agreeable society from the Dingle party. I was asked to drink tea with them in the cabin, but as I found nothing there very tempting, I hastened upon deck, where I remained to a late hour in the night, the schooner gliding over the glassy surface of the lake with a gentle breeze in the most agreeable manner, and only retiring to my berth when I could scarce keep my eyes open. I was soon asleep, but unfortunately the inferior extremity of my berth abutting upon the same end of the adjoining one, where Mrs. Dingle's female friend stretched her proportions, she took to kicking every now and then as if she had the *diable au corps*, which perhaps she had, or the cramp, which is only another name for it. She awoke me several times, but happily I got at last so soundly asleep as to withstand all the efforts of her troubled spirit. I awoke early in the morning, almost suffocated by the confined hot air of the cabin. The Dingles were snoring most joyously, the kicking lady seemed to be exorcised, and staying as short a time as possible to witness their happiness, I soon established myself upon deck, where, with a tub and a *quantum suff.* of lake water, I contrived to refresh myself very well, and made

my *toilette* very much to my satisfaction, having the whole portion of the deck which was not encumbered with freight to myself.

The breeze had continued through the night, and we were making very pretty progress. In about an hour and a half Captain Dingle reluctantly left the couch of his *cara sposa*, which was about two feet wide, and made his appearance on deck. I found my large map of Lake Huron very erroneous, the localities being often apparently noted at random: *Presque Isle* was put down a great deal too near Michilimackinac, and *Middle Island* was placed where *Thunder Island* ought to be. I was glad, therefore, of an opportunity to obtain some correct information from one who had navigated the lake several years, and, with the assistance of Captain Dingle, made some important corrections on the map, and established the following distances:—

| | |
|---|---|
| From Fort Gratiot to Points aux Barques, the most easterly point on the American side | 70 miles. |
| Thence to Thunder Island | 70 |
| " to Middle Island | 18 |
| " to Presque Isle | 18 |
| " to Bois Blanc (called by the Americans, Bobcis) | 59 |
| " to Michilimackinac | 40 |

making in the whole 235 miles from Fort Gratiot to Mackinac, as it is familiarly called.

The breakfast was a very so-so affair, and the dinner was ten times worse, quite in keeping with Captain and Mrs. Dingle, as rude and vulgar a pair as ever were matched. Happily there was the deck to go to, and the beautiful lake and the shore to look at.

In crossing Saginaw Bay there was a good deal of motion, which I withstood most manfully for some time,

but all in vain, being obliged, as I always am where there is the least motion in a vessel, to render up all my delicacies without reserve. This made me an object of great compassion to the captain and the ladies. Being an incessant chewer and smoker of tobacco, he advised me to follow his example, saying, "Tobacco was a particular curous thing for stopping that kind of sickness." This I had never heard of before; but I was not disposed to try his remedy, for, although I have crossed the Atlantic on errands of duty many a time and oft, and have passed the greater portion of my life in smoking and chewing countries, there are no two roads to happiness I avoid with more care, than making one of a nice party of pleasure at sea, or of any party where a delightful cigar is to be of the number. Mrs. Dingle, perhaps with more judgment, advised a *leetle* brandy and water: she said it always did her good, and I verily believe she thought so, from what I saw of her performances in that line at dinner. Her fair friend advised my sucking some uncooked salt fish. However, I took none of their remedies, but had recourse to my invariable plan of lying down on my back, and giving my attention to a book, in such a manner as to abstract myself if possible from all disagreeable thoughts. Night came, and about ten o'clock the lake became quite calm again,—a delightful relief; so, remaining on deck until I was ready to drop asleep, I went again to the close cabin, and lay down as quickly as possible. Here the kicking was renewed, but at more distant intervals than the night before, so that I supposed I had come to the performance at half-play. Whether it was owing to the quantity of salt fish she ate at dinner (we had nothing else), or to some other cause, I know not, but it is certain, that, if the poor lady went to bed

with spurs on, she would be sometimes reminded rather painfully of her calcitrating propensity.

In the morning I arose at break of day, delighted to feel, by the steady hitch of the little schooner, that we were sailing on with a gentle and favourable breeze. Fortunately there was no swell; would that there had been no smell! but in the wretched confined little cabin, what with Mr. and Mrs. Dingle and Co., a parcel of salt fish, and frowzy old garments, it was almost intolerable. Having made my ablutions and fortified my unhappy stomach with some bad tea, dirty brown sugar, and stale bread, I betook myself again to the deck, determined to endure a little starvation rather than cease within the atmosphere of the salt fish again. In the night we came up with the light-house at Boisblanc, or Bobelo, and I wrapped myself up with the intention of remaining on deck until we reached Mackinau: but the wind unluckily fell again, so that I was obliged to retreat once more to my birth.

Happily the breeze revived before morning, and I was awoke soon after day by hearing some one hail the schooner, and hurrying on deck I found we were arrived at Mackinau; so, bidding an everlasting adieu to the schooner, I got a boat, and went ashore to seek for a lodging. After a short time I found and engaged a small but neat and sweet bed-room to myself, at a house of entertainment. Finding myself once more on *terra firma*, and revived by the fresh land breeze, I was seized with a prodigious inclination to make amends for the vile life I had led on board the schooner, and making inquiries about breakfast as soon as I had made my *toilette*, I was told it would be ready in five minutes. What was my satisfaction on entering the breakfast-room,

at seeing a clean table very respectably set out with tea, coffee, hot and cold bread, very nice milk and butter, and at the head of the table a most magnificent salmon trout, weighing at least 30 lb.! We were only four of us to this superb repast; and though I had not any very great love for them, I could not help wishing that the Dingle family had been there to partake of it, not only that they might enjoy the comfort of a good breakfast, but that they might be encouraged to try whether they could not do better than live upon brandy, tobacco, and salt-fish. Everything was good, and I passed at least an hour most satisfactorily, returning to the delicious salmon trout repeatedly, and retiring from it with regret.

Having now got into good train again, I called upon Mr. Schoolcraft, the Indian agent for the United States, whom I had formerly known, and found him residing in a very pleasant house, with a garden attached to it, in front of the lake. He received me very kindly, and introduced me to his wife, a half-breed, who had received her education in England, and whom I found a very pious, respectable young woman. She had one of her sisters staying with her, also a half-breed, and quite an agreeable person. From their house I strolled to an encampment of Ojibway Indians, on the shore of the lake, and amused myself for a while endeavouring to converse with them.

This island, which is the most enchanting little place of the kind I have ever visited, is a geological outlier in the lake, about 1100 feet high; and when approaching it from a distance, somewhat resembles a huge turtle: the Indians therefore have named it *Mitchi Mackinac*, or the Great Turtle. Nothing can be more pleasing than

its appearance from the lake; the beautiful bay, with the neat little town at the edge of the water; the respectable-looking fort, rising above the town on an escarpment of rocks; and the conspicuous remains of the old French fort, at a greater distance inland. All these pleasing features were accompanied by another, that always has great attractions for me, an encampment of Indian wigwams. Amongst other objects, Mr. Schoolcraft's very comfortable house makes a conspicuous figure, being well situated at the foot of the hill, with a good garden in front, and the fort, of a dazzling white, rising behind it a little to the west.

Michilimackinac is composed of a curious brecciated limestone, resembling, in some parts, a conglomerate; but it is only a very porous calcareous rock, the interstices of which being frequently crushed, the mass has taken the appearance of a breccia. This brecciated state of the rock appears to have been in a great measure induced by a violent movement; for there are beds of the limestone amidst the breccia, both vertical and horizontal, and large honeycombed masses are fished up in distant parts of the bay, shewing that the island has once been much more attractive.

Amongst the natural curiosities of this island, is one called the *Sugar-loaf*, and the other the Arched Rock. The first is a sort of pinnacle, rising to a considerable height above the general level, having resisted the general wearing away of the strata: like other portions of the island, it has quite a conglomerated appearance, and containing what I saw in no other part, a few rolled pebbles. The arch has been excavated by natural causes, and leads to an escarpment, where the rock can be conveniently examined. Owing to the extreme thinness

of the parietes of these very porous strata, and to their having given way so frequently, the surface of the island consists of innumerable knobs and depressions, which makes it embarrassing to travel either on foot or horseback, and in a carriage the jolting is perpetual. The island, however, is an exceedingly interesting place; and through the kindness of Mr. Schoolcraft, who drove me to various accessible parts of it, I had a good opportunity of examining it.

On our return, I was present at a speech delivered to him as American Indian agent, on the part of a band of Indians from White River, on Lake Michigan. The chief, who performed the part of their orator, was a fine-looking fellow, named *Mukoosbwayon*, or Little Bearskin. He delivered his speech in the usual manner, by phrases, which the interpreter rendered into English from time to time. It consisted of a statement of their wants, and was very artfully contrived to accomplish their object, which was to procure blankets, tobacco, ammunition, &c. Mr. Schoolcraft made him a cautious answer, which was in like manner interpreted by phrases; giving him to understand, without telling him so in direct terms, that he did not think him very deserving of assistance. The Indians were all squatted down on the floor with their pipes, and at the interpretation of every phrase of the answer gave a sort of dissatisfied grunt, which even I understood to mean, "It was not worth our while to come to hear this;" but when the interpreter concluded, by saying, that, "Since they had come from such a great distance, the agent had determined to give them some tobacco," they gave an unanimous grunt expressive of their satisfaction, and arose and departed.

The fact was, that these fellows had been begging of

the British agent in Upper Canada, who had liberally supplied them; and were now trying, by professions of attachment to the United States, to cajole their agent. It is probable that the agents of the two governments keep each other informed of the movements and proceedings of the different wandering bands, for Mr. Schoolcraft knew where these men had been, and what they had obtained. Upon such occasions they take care never to offend them, but dismiss them with some little present. The poor pagan Indian, since he has been compelled to lay down the character of a warrior, and to be dependent upon the white man for his wants, has become a very degraded animal. The interpreter, upon this occasion, was one of Mr. Schoolcraft's brothers, a very worthy and intelligent man.

I dined and passed the rest of the day very pleasantly with this excellent family. Professing temperance and a strict piety, they were, nevertheless, very cheerful and communicative. The Indian took a great deal of pains to give me information respecting the moral condition of the Indians of this district; and Mr. Schoolcraft's intimate knowledge of the Ojibway tongue and of the Indian country, made him a most agreeable companion.

The next morning, an officer of the United States garrison called, and most obligingly offered to take me round the island in a boat which he had: as no proposition could be more agreeable, I accepted it immediately, and we made the tour of the island, landing at various points to examine the rocks, and taking sketches on the way. We stopped at the Arched Rock, and inspected it from below: in the lower part, near to the water, I observed several rounded pebbles imbedded in it, which, if I had seen no other part of the island, would have

induced me to consider it a conglomerate; but it can only be considered an imperfect one, since, as has been stated before, there are calcareous beds lying undisturbed, and others which are vertical. Having examined all the escarpments, we prolonged our excursion, and made the circuit of *Round Island*, another outlier. At this place we landed to examine an ancient Indian settlement, near a pleasant well-sheltered bay, and which had been abandoned in 1763 by a tribe of Indians that had been connected with the surprise and massacre of the garrison of Fort Michilimackinac. There were a great number of graves, several of which, I am sorry to say, we disturbed. One violation ought to have satisfied us, for each of them contained nothing but bones and a few Indian trinkets, carefully wrapped up in a kind of cerement. If a party of Frenchmen had landed on the English coast, and had amused themselves by opening the graves in the church-yard, whilst the villagers were engaged in their harvest-fields, their conduct would not have been more absurd and irrational than ours.

For my portion of this body-snatching entertainment I selected a very antique-looking mound, standing on a steep bank immediately above the lake: the bank had already partly crumbled away into the water, so that my excavations were partly made to my hands. Having, with a little assistance, sufficiently opened the mound, we proceeded to plunder it, and I obtained for my share a noble skull with a remarkably fine set of teeth, without any marks of a pipe on them. This I destined for some learned craniologist; but if I had sufficiently counted the cost of all this desecration before I had engaged in it, it would have been more prudent; for in my anxiety to secure a number of Indian relics, that

some of the party presented me out of their spoils. I put them into my pockets, and the skull into my pocket-handkerchief; on reaching my lodgings, however, and disincumbering my pockets hastily, to go to a dinner, which was to conclude the day, I found my hands and my clothes so infected with charnel-house nastiness, that I could not endure myself; so, throwing off all my clothes, and sending them immediately to be washed, I spent more than half an hour scrubbing my hands in vain to purify them: the horrid stench was in my nostrils all the evening; everything smelt of a dissection-room; and I must say that I never was more uncomfortable in my life. As to my bones and relics, I had them all put, on my return to my lodgings, into a bag, and sent them to one of the party, who seemed to value them very highly; for if I had packed them up to take along with me, I should have passed for a resurrection-man wherever I went.

On awaking in the morning, the first thing I was conscious of was the infernal smell of my disgusting plunder; so I jumped out of bed, and armed with brushes and soap, and a bottle of eau de Cologne, went to the lake, where I exercised myself most vigorously for half an hour, and having got myself into a more comfortable state, returned to my hotel to breakfast; after which, I determined to give myself an airing alone on the summit of the island. It usually happens to a stranger, when he falls into the hands of a Cicerone, to be taken to see objects, and to hear a great deal about them, not very interesting to him. His friend is not disposed to forego the opportunity of patronising his intellects, and furnishing him with a set of opinions about everything he thinks it worth while to shew him. It is therefore

always advisable for the traveller, when he has gone through this ceremony in an interesting locality, to take a review of what he has seen alone, unembarrassed by another's opinions, and free to look for objects that another may not think it worth his while to pay any attention to. I have generally followed this plan, and not unusually without being satisfied with having done so. Wandering about at random in every part of the island, I passed the morning most delightfully, refreshing myself from time to time with wild raspberries, wild strawberries, and whortleberries, of which I found a great many quite ripe, though the strawberry season was nearly passed. Towards the west end of the island I found, near the farm of the Mission, a lacustrine deposit, containing immense quantities of planorbis. The island at this end slopes gradually to the lake, whilst at the eastern end the shore is precipitous, the bluffs being generally from 100 to 150 feet high.

On returning to my lodgings, I found another immense salmon trout waiting for my dinner, of which I made an excellent repast. These fish abound so much in the lake waters, that a profitable fishery has already been commenced of them, the produce of which is put into barrels and sent to the cities on the Atlantic. A Mr. Biddle related to me a curious fact respecting the large trout of this lake. Upon one occasion he caught one weighing 72 lb., which, when it was drawn up, had a large white fish (*Cerregonus albus*) in its throat, with its tail sticking out of the trout's mouth, whilst inside of the salmon were two more white fish, each weighing about 10 lb.: both of these fishes were lying with their heads downwards, and in this manner he had invariably found them when inside of a salmon trout. The voracity of

this animal must be great, if, not satisfied with three large fishes, he must dash also at the bait of the angler. Propensities of this kind sometimes lead others, who are not fishes, a little too far. An Indian, who was a very experienced fisherman, explained to my informant the probable reason why the white fish are found with their heads downwards. He said he had frequently seen from his canoe, when in still water, the salmon trout chase the white fish; and that whenever they perceived he was near them, they invariably turned round as if to look their danger in the face, and making no resistance, were taken head foremost into the jaws of their enemy. A curious provision of nature, unnerving the weak to feed the strong.

In the winter season the Indians cut holes in the ice where it is transparent, and contrive to drag their nets beneath it. They also spear the trout, using upon such occasions a painted fish as a decoy, which attracts the minnows. The voracious trout, perceiving that something is going on, now gets in motion, and the minnows, aware of his approach by the movement of the water, run off in a contrary direction; which apprizing the Indian of the quarter from whence he is making his approach, he adjusts his spear and transfixes him as he comes up. These large trout look very much like cod-fish; but in their huge gaping mouths are rows of excessively sharp teeth, indicative of their voracious nature. The white fish is a sucker, and is not, I think, as pleasant to eat as the trout. This last fish is very firm, and but faintly resembles the salmon both in colour and flavour; neither is it as rich, but it is very good, and is a blessed sight to set before a hungry traveller. The white fish, however, is preferred

by the inhabitants of Michilimackinac, who almost live upon it when it is in season.

Having visited all the objects which appeared to merit particular attention at this charming sequestered island, I devoted the remainder of my stay here to the acquisition of information respecting the Ojibway language. Having possessed myself of ample vocabularies, an excellent opportunity presented itself of acquiring from the natives the correct pronunciation of the words, and noting it in a permanent manner. I found Mr. Schoolcraft an invaluable assistant in this difficult inquiry, and always had recourse to him when I met with any embarrassment. The grammatical inflexions of the Ojibway, like those of all the Indian tongues I had had an insight into, are very curious and exceedingly complicated. It not only resembles the Hebrew and other Semitic tongues in the adoption of prefixes and suffixes, to express modifications of the verb by using one word instead of two, but goes further, by applying the inflective process to nouns, adjectives, and all the parts of speech, so as, in fact, to inclose the compound idea we express by many words into one syllabic frame or word, after the manner of written Chinese characters; a mode of communication which is neither more nor less than the forming of one united picture or character from a great many pictures, or fragments or representatives of them. And this pictorial arrangement of the Chinese no doubt produces, from long habit, as instructive and pleasing an effect upon the Chinese eye, as the cupho-syllabic arrangement of sounds does to the Indian ear. Perhaps it will be seen hereafter that this structure of the Indian tongues comes naturally to a barbarous people, and is not, as

has been supposed by some, the grammatical result of an ancient civilization, of which the Indians, who have no records but the limited traditions commemorated by their wampum belts, have preserved no other remembrance.

FORT MICHILIMACKINAC.

## CHAPTER XVI.

EMBARK FOR LAKE MICHIGAN.— VIOLENT STORM.— REACH NARAVINO.— FLUX AND REFLUX OF THE WATERS OF GREEN BAY.— FORT HOWARD.— PURCHASE A BARK CANOE AND ENGAGE A COMPANY OF VOYAGEURS.

On the 17th I was awoke early with the intelligence that the steamer Monroe had arrived in the night from Sault St. Marie, and was bound to Green Bay. Nothing could be so opportune for my plans; so sending my luggage on board, I hastily breakfasted, and going on board, had the pleasure of finding Mr. Schoolcraft there, who had also determined upon the trip. As we stood out of the bay, I was struck with the great beauty of the scene; the lofty island, the old French fort conspicuous in the distance, the American fort, of

a dazzling whiteness, just above the town, which is partly built upon the sloping bank of detritus at the foot of the escarpments, and numerous groups of Indians standing near their lodges to view the departure of the steamer, which moved on in gallant style with four Kentish bugles playing a lively air, concurred to produce one of those rare effects which a traveller sometimes witnesses.

We soon passed the site of old Fort Michilimackinac, upon a lofty bank of the continent to our left, celebrated for the treacherous ball-play and the massacre of the English garrison in 1763. Next we passed Wagushance, or little Fox Island, then Great Beaver Island, on the right. The Fox Islands further to the south presented themselves very beautifully, the southernmost having lofty cliffs, apparently of a light-coloured sandstone. Nothing could be more pleasant than our voyage hitherto, but at the close of the day one of the most fearful-looking storms I ever was in broke over the vessel. The clouds became gradually as black as night, and constantly gave out such vivid lightning, accompanied with astounding claps of thunder, that it appeared almost certain to many of us that the steamer would be struck. At length it became so dark that it was impossible to discern anything out of the vessel, and the rain came down in those incredible torrents which sometimes are poured from the terrible summer storms of North America, of which this was one of the first class. Our captain was an active and wary man; he said nothing to any of the passengers, but we observed his great anxiety; indeed, there seemed to be no inclination for conversation on either side, for whilst we were in the midst of the worst part of the

hurricane, we seemed all to feel as if the next crash would decide our fate. It was a fearful scene; the impenetrable darkness, which at frequent but irregular intervals was interrupted by corruscations that seemed to have set the world on fire, bringing to my remembrance Milton's fine line,

"The sudden blaze far round illumined Hell,"

and our too close propinquity to the sharp, loud, and angry cracks of thunder, appeared to have combined to prepare for us an exit of the most sublime character.

Suddenly the steamer was in a bustle: we were not very far distant from the strait which leads from Lake Michigan into Green Bay, in which there were some islands; and the captain, not deeming it prudent to attempt the strait in such a state of things, put the steamer about. This withdrew our attention in some degree from the storm, upon which all our nervous energies had been concentrated to the exclusion of every other influence; but the moment we relaxed sufficiently to feel the movement of the steamer in the immense swell that was upon the lake, we all became dreadfully sick; as to myself, cold, wet, and a perfect victim to the detestable motion of the vessel, I lay down on the deck, losing all apprehension of the elements, and feeling, as I have often felt before, that any change in my condition, however serious, would not be quite such a bad thing.

At daylight, the storm having abated, we got into Green Bay, keeping close to the east shore; and the water having become smooth again, the poor passengers, whose fine spirits of the preceding morning had long ago evaporated, made haste to adjust themselves a little.

The extended woody shores of this large bay — in itself a lake of no small dimensions—present a singularly verdant appearance, which has probably suggested the original name of "La Baie Verte." There is an uninterrupted line of trees growing from a fertile soil incumbent upon beds of horizontal silurian limestone, and the shore, as well as the islands in the bay, present strong bluffs of the rock. Towards the south end the bay becomes very shallow, and the channel, which is serpentine, meanders through low marshy grounds. At length we reached the southern termination of the bay, and stopped at a new American settlement called Navarino, separated from which by the Fox River, which empties itself into Green Bay, is a post of the United States, called Fort Howard. The best tavern at the place being full of guests, I got very indifferent lodgings at an inferior one.

Having transferred my luggage to my quarters, I sallied out to make some observations respecting a phenomenon which was observed as early as the time of Charlevoix. This was a flux and reflux of the waters of the bay, somewhat resembling the tidal action of the sea, although so extremely irregular as not to be explained in any manner by lunar influence. I had observed evidences, when at Fort Gratiot, of a varying level of the waters of Lake Huron; but as they did not differ from those which are frequently to be observed in large bodies of fresh water, I attributed them to the influence of winds on the surface of the water. Here, however, the change of level more resembled tidal action. I therefore placed some sticks at the edge of the water at 6 P. M., with the intention of visiting them during my stay, in order to acquire some accurate idea of the amount

of change to be observed. Wandering about until night, I returned to the inn, where some fellows by their dancing and orgies kept me awake until a late hour in the morning. But this was not the first time I had reached the extreme frontier of civilization, where man reverts without pain to his natural condition, which is to be a little above the beast of the field, and not much more.

Having breakfasted and called to see a trader, to whom I had been addressed as a person who would be useful in equipping me for the long journey that lay now before me into the Indian country, I visited my sticks at 11 A.M. The water had receded from them twenty-four feet since 6 P.M. of yesterday, which was equal to a little more than one foot in height in that distance. Various persons with whom I conversed about the phenomenon, said that it occurred every day, but not at the same hour. It was also said that the same thing takes place at Chicago, at the foot of Lake Michigan, and at Saginau. This is very probable, as any sensible change in the level of the waters here must be felt at other places on the lake. It is probably caused by local winds, that pack the waters up into Green Bay, the reflux taking place when the action ceases. A series of observations made at various places, accompanied by a contemporaneous state of the winds, would soon explain the subject. I had observed with regret that the American officers at their advanced posts seldom engaged in scientific pursuits, although I believe they have been much encouraged to do so by the superior authorities at Washington.

By a reference to the map, it will be seen that Green Bay is an arm of Lake Michigan, running nearly parallel to it, and about one-fourth of its length. Governor Cass,

who made observations upon this phenomenon in 1828, supposes that when the northerly winds are packing up the waters at the mouth of Fox River, the same wind tide will keep driving on to Chicago, and make high water at both places, though not at the same time. The level of the mouth of Green Bay, where it joins Lake Michigan, being thus lowered, an ebb will be produced from the bay into the lake, which will soon be felt at Fox River, even during the continuance of the wind that had caused high water there. And this would explain the reason of Charlevoix's surprise at seeing his canoe float off against the wind.

General Brooke, the commandant at Fort Howard, called upon me during the morning, and invited me to accompany him to his quarters at the fort. I therefore crossed Fox River to the garrison in his barge. Fort Howard is built on a very flat piece of land, of exceeding fertility, being a darkish-coloured sandy loam, composed of sand, vegetable matter, and comminuted shells. The extensive gardens attached to the fort are surprisingly good, and are filled with excellent vegetables. I never saw things grow more luxuriantly. The tomatoes were led over trellises, upon which they ran upwards of six feet high, and the plant being thus kept dry and exposed to the sun and air, produced fruit of a remarkably fine quality. All the other vegetables attained great perfection, and the profusion of them was so great, that the quantity was at least three times as great as the wants of the garrison required. Every thing that I saw at the fort convinced me that General Brooke was exceedingly attentive to the welfare of those under his command. Having a passion for horticulture, he had laid out extensive gardens, and turning his men into gardeners when they

were not on duty, had not only taught them a valuable art, but had enabled them to provide amply for their own subsistence.

I learnt at the fort that Fox River was affected to a certain distance by the rise and fall of the lake, and that in winter the river near to the banks froze to the bottom, being very shallow there, (tall grass was now growing in those places, covered with innumerable quantities of beautiful lymneas,) whilst there was always water under the ice in the middle of the river. When the wave of the lake, therefore, at that season, is put in motion and enters the river, it lifts up the ice and arches it, and when it retires the ice sinks down as the water recedes.

Having collected a good deal of information respecting what it would be expedient for me to do to procure the safe means of advancing into the Indian country, of carrying supplies with me, and making a secure return before the winter should set in, I found it would be necessary to procure a substantial canoe, and a crew of experienced *voyageurs*. This plan, therefore, I determined to adopt, and instructed Mr. Whitney, the trader, to inquire for a set of men deserving of confidence, and to send them to me with his recommendation. Meanwhile I lost no time in providing supplies of every kind — pork, biscuits, tobacco, blankets, tea, sugar, tin-ware, pots and kettles, knives and forks, and, above all, presents for the Indians. These things I was able to obtain at the different stores, but it cost me a great deal of trouble. An old Canadian, of whom I inquired for something which he had not, replied, "Non monsieur, nous n'avons rien ici. Nous sommes pauvres diables, nous autres; en effet, nous ne sommes que des enfans de la nature!" These *enfans de la nature*, however, knew how to ask quite enough

for their commodities, and a prodigious deal of trouble I had to *marchander* with them, the which if I had not done, I should have changed places with them, and become a *pauvre diable* in the most serious sense of the words.

Having provided myself with supplies, I next walked over to a small *bourgade*, a short distance from Navarino, called by the Americans *Shantytown*, principally inhabited by a few *anciens voyageurs*, who, having learnt the art of constructing birch-bark canoes of the Ojibway Indians, followed it now as an occupation. Here I found a *vieux habitant*, who had precisely what I wanted, both birch-bark canoes for sale, and a vast deal of curious information, being a *voyageur* of great experience. I remained listening to the yarns of this entertaining old man a long time; and he was so grateful to me for my patient attention, that I believe he let me have the canoe *au juste prix*. It was perfectly new, would carry eight people commodiously, besides a ton and a half of provisions and baggage, and he only asked me fifteen dollars for it, when I should, without hesitation, have given him thirty. I paid him the money down in hard silver dollars; and being thus become the proprietor of a canoe, had already half taken upon myself the *métier* of a *voyageur*. The last piece of counsel which the *ancien* gave me was respecting the management of the crew that were to navigate it. "Quand vous aurez engagé vos b——, tenez toujours une main de maître sur eux. La loi du bourgeois* dans un canot est la loi du pays; et surtout ne les donnez pas à boire." Thanking him heartily for his advice, I walked slowly back to my quarters. The banks of the river at this little settle-

* The trader or principal person in a canoe is always called "le bourgeois."

ment were about forty feet above the water, and were composed of sand and black earth; large primitive boulders were strewed about on the shore, probably derived from the country to the north-west.

After dinner I procured a horse, and rode about ten miles in a north-east direction, to examine the limestone bluffs and a ridge I had observed from the steamer. On reaching that part of the country, I found two terraces, evidently of old shores, analogous to those near Lake Ontario. This state of things exists in every part of the western country which I had yet visited, and is so obvious and general, as to mark two distinct epochs when the waters of this continent have retired to lower levels. All the lakes have extensive shallow shores, and the same may be said of the rivers, so that, when at any period the waters were let off either by a partial subsidence of the bottom of the ocean, or the elevation of the land, the part abandoned by the water would have the appearance of a terrace. These terraces perfectly explain an action of this kind.

Having tied up my horse, I rambled a long time about the neighbourhood, where were many strong horizontal beds of limestone, containing orthocera and other fossils characteristic of the lower silurian limestone. Between the ledges of limestone and the shore of the bay I saw other indubitable evidences of the ancient recession of its waters. Near to the water were immense quantities of valves of anadontas and unios, that had been the food of musk rats; and having collected some good specimens of these, I remounted my horse and returned to Navarino.

The succeeding morning found me with plenty of business on my hands, a great number of *voyageurs*, who had

heard of my projected expedition, presenting themselves to make part of my equipage. I had observed so much beastly drunkenness in the place, both amongst the men of this class and the wretched debauched Indians, both male and female, who had given themselves up to every vice practised by the whites, that I was determined to be very particular before I formed an engagement with any of them. Many of them were represented to me as "*mauvais*;" and a *mauvais voyageur* means a fellow who solemnly promises never to touch a drop of ardent spirits during his engagement, but who, unable to resist his propensity, will, when near a post where rum or whisky are to be obtained, abandon you without remorse, and remain beastly drunk from morn till night, as long as he can get anything to drink, parting with his cap and his clothes to the last rag.

There was another great difficulty to be met: all the *voyageurs, without exception*, were in debt to the *petits magazins*, for tobacco, liquor, clothes, &c.; and when going upon a new expedition, it was the established custom for a *bourgeois* to advance each of them money enough to satisfy their creditors, without which they were not permitted to go. Besides this, the *bourgeois* must leave authority with some one to advance a portion of their wages for the use of the families of those who were married, the amount to be deducted from their wages on their return. It would have been impossible for me to have made, without assistance, a fortunate selection out of such a set, and, if I had attempted to do so, I should most probably have been compelled to turn back. I therefore determined to do nothing without the sanction of Mr. Whitney, the trader, or rather to get him to select such men as he would have been willing to risk himself

with, as he knew them all pretty well, and the chances there were of my being able to control them.

Through his means I at length engaged five French Canadian *voyageurs*, all of them guaranteed to me as men of great experience in matters connected with Indian life, and trustworthy in everything except the abuse of ardent spirits, a point in which they were stated to me to have no control over themselves, and about which I must exercise a perpetual vigilance. For my first lieutenant I engaged *Louis Beau Pré*, a married man, with a family: he was to steer the canoe, and be responsible to me for the conduct of the men when I was not with them, and was to be paid accordingly. The rest were *Louis l'Amirant*, a dreadful drunkard, but when sober a resolute and useful fellow; *Jean Champagne*, a fellow as lively as his name; *Joseph Dumont*, a married man with a little reputation for steadiness; and *Germain Garde Pair*, a taciturn and rather heavy-looking man for a Frenchman, who turned out better than he looked. Amongst their other qualifications, I had required that those who were to accompany me should be well acquainted with the popular Canadian airs, and be able to sing them after the old approved fashion of keeping time with their paddles. This they all professed to be both able and willing to do. The next step was to authorize Mr. Whitney to become responsible to their creditors for a certain amount, and to furnish them with a limited quantity of rum, to be drunk by themselves and their friends before departure. The day before my departure, with a view to keeping my people as sober as I could during our stay, I directed Beau Pré to have the canoe put in order for the voyage, and to be ready with the men to take me over to the fort, where I was engaged to

dine with General Brooke. I was glad to see them all at the appointed time tolerably sober; and after making a grand flourish along the river side with their paddles, they worked the canoe across to the fort in admirable style, to the very popular air of "Et en revenant du boulanger," from which Mr. Moore took the idea of his Canadian boat-song of "Faintly as tolls the evening chime." After passing the day very agreeably at the fort, and taking leave of the officers, I returned in the evening to Navarino, giving orders for the canoe and men to be all in readiness the next morning to receive the lading and take our departure.

## CHAPTER XVII.

ASCEND FOX RIVER. — VORACITY OF THE VOYAGEURS. — DRUNKEN WINNEBAGOES. — EXPLANATION OF THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR A CANOE VOYAGE. — LAKE WINNEBAGO.

On the morning of the 22nd I rose with the break of day, and arranged everything for my departure. It appeared to me as if it would be impossible to stow away in such a small vessel the immense quantity of things I had from time to time purchased. I had been told that I should find my crew voracious eaters, and having had before some experience of men of their class, had provided accordingly. I had purchased a barrel of pork, two barrels of biscuit, two large bags containing hams, two containing potatoes, one bag of flour, boxes with rice, sugar, candles, tobacco, axes, powder and shot, and a variety of other articles, consisting of pots, kettles, frying-pans, tin-ware, plates, knives and forks, &c. In addition to all these necessary articles, were the tent, my luggage, and a case of books, and a small service fitted for my own use for breakfast and dinner. As the hour approached for the canoe to arrive, I became very much concerned which of these multifarious objects I should determine to leave behind, for it appeared to me impossible to take them all.

When Beau Pré made his appearance I communicated my fears to him, and was glad to find he did not enter into them. "Le porc, Bourgeois," said he, "se mangera bien vite; ces gaillards là n'en ont pas goûté depuis long-

tems; et pour les biscuits, ne craignez rien. Vous verrez comme les patates disparaîtront; on ne s'arrêtera pas à les compter, j'en reponds." A little after seven the men all made their appearance, and to my great surprise they did manage to stow every thing away in the boat, so that we were not obliged to leave anything behind. They contrived, too, to arrange plenty of room for the *bourgeois* in front of the steersman; so that I could either sit with my back to the trunks, that were covered with a large bear-skin I had purchased, or recline on a sort of sofa made of blankets. My books and portfolio were near me, and a commodious and handy place for my compass, telescope, and gun. When the last man stepped into the canoe, the water was within a few inches of the gunwale, and everything being ready, we pushed off from the bank amidst the salutations and good wishes of our friends; and my men, striking into a Canadian barcarole and chorus, plied their paddles lustily up the Fox River. In half an hour I had got accustomed to my situation, and was perfectly delighted at commencing my adventures under such promising circumstances.

The Fox River is about 1500 feet wide, with gentle sloping banks, which became higher as we advanced. Coming to a rapid, we all got out to lighten the canoe, the men walking in the water and conducting it by their hands through the most rocky parts. Near the banks I found unios in great abundance, especially those species inhabiting the waters which run to the Atlantic, all of them plain unpretending shells, without that brilliancy and beautiful nacre which distinguishes the unios dwelling in the streams which discharge themselves into the Gulf of Mexico. At fifteen miles from Navarino we came to a still more severe rapid, and again had to

lighten the canoe. At the head of the rapid we met some officers of the United States army, with a party of men, making a military road. At 12 P. M. I made the signal, and the canoe was paddled to a convenient place on the shore for the men to cook their dinner. They soon had their pot of pork and potatoes placed on a good fire, and leaving them to enjoy their meal, I wandered about in search of plants and land shells. On my return, an hour afterwards, I found them all enjoying their pipes and chattering away at a great rate; and proceeding to the canoe they all followed me, and having stowed away their *batteris de cuisine*, we again started.

As we advanced the river widened, and the country became strikingly beautiful, the banks, with fine trees here and there interspersed, sloping gracefully down on each side, as if the river was gliding through an amphitheatre. Further on the amenity of these slopes became strongly contrasted with the foaming of the most formidable of all the rapids on this river, called in the Menomminie tongue Kāwkāwnin, literally "can't get up." The rocks here are in such amazing numbers, and are so piled up, and the rapid is so strong, the fall being equal to about twenty feet per mile, that it is impossible to get canoes up it. The Canadian *voyageurs*, who ruin every Indian word they meet with, have called this place, whose Indian name is so significant, *Chocolo*, by which name it is universally known amongst them. Here, then, we stopped at the eastern end of the *portage*, it being necessary to unload the canoe and carry it and all our lading to the other end of the *portage*. Some drunken Winnebago Indians haunt this place for the fish that frequent the rapids, and to assist in carrying heavy loads, expending what they earn in rum and whisky at a low

dram-shop, which the traveller is sure to find at all such places where there are white men. The *portage* lay over a rich black soil lying on the horizontal limestone extending over this part of the country; and taking my gun and portfolio, I left Beau Pré in charge of everything, and directed him to watch the Indians whom he should employ to carry the *butin* across very closely, for I had always found in my travels that good luck and good look-out were very intimately connected together. This word *butin* seems to be a remnant of buccaneering times, and to have been applied to luggage and personal property of every sort from the time of the first French *flibustiers* or freebooters, and to have come from the Gulf of Mexico, up the Mississippi, the Ohio, and all the great water communications, for the Kentuckians and generally the Americans in the southern parts of the Republic have literally translated the word into *plunder*. I well remember my extreme astonishment, the first time I was asked by a stage driver, in one of the Southern states, "How much plunder have you got, mister?" as though my luggage had been stolen from some other person.

As I was proceeding across the *portage*, I met with three dirty ferocious-looking Winnebagoes, more than half-drunk, one of whom, called "the Blacksmith" by the whites, on account of his muscular frame, came and offered me his hand, which when I had taken he endeavoured with a jerk to drag me to the ground, not with an intention to do me any harm, but to show his strength. Seeing, however, by his drunken eye, that he meditated some trick, I was upon my guard, and shutting my fist instead of giving him my open hand, I slipped it out and gave him a knowing sort of a nod, which was perfectly comprehended, and his companions laughed heartily at

him. Nothing can be more deplorable than the state to which these poor Indians, once lords and masters of these forests, have been reduced by the drunkenness which they have been taught by the whites.

As soon as we had got our *butin* and canoe to a dry clean place at the west end of the *portage*, I had my comfortable tent pitched, all our lading placed inside, and a good fire made in front of the entrance. The next thing was to prepare my dinner, and having appointed one of the Canadians my cook, I stood over him at the fire, to see that he attended to his duty in a proper and cleanly manner. My dinner consisted of fried ham and slices of boiled potatoe fried along with it, and browned in the most satisfactory and savoury manner. To this I added excellent black tea, bread and butter, and some milk from a bottle with which I had provided myself, and I certainly never made a more hearty meal upon any occasion.

After a good deal of experience in travelling in Indian countries, I find that, with system, you can lay the foundation for a great deal of comfort, quite as much as that mode of life admits of. My rule always is, to make a hearty breakfast after travelling ten or fifteen miles, stopping at the most eligible place for that purpose, where wood and water and shade—if it is wanted—unite in inviting you. The moment breakfast is over, all re-embark, since that is not the time of day for *coureurs*. The *bourgeois* is the supreme head; the men look upon his word as their law; they obey his orders, and never question his reasons. If he wishes to go ashore, he informs the man behind him who steers; and when he requires them to wait for him at the place where he lands, they know that their business is to wait as long

as their provisions last; for they have nothing to do but eat and drink, and obey him, and have not the least objection to pass a few days at any one place in idleness. About three-quarters of an hour before night, on the order being given to land and encamp, as soon as the canoe reaches the shore, two of the men, selected for that duty, take out the tent and pitch it: the steersman's business is to see that everything is taken out of the canoe, and placed under the tent. Last of all, the canoe is taken out of the water, placed on its edge on a level piece of ground, and, being supported by poles, forms a canopy for the men to sleep under. Then comes the important business of preparing the *bourgeois'* dinner (I never eat but twice in the day) and their own. As soon as his tent is pitched, the two men whose duty it is to attend it cover the ground within with tender branches of the spruce fir tree, putting a double quantity where he is to sleep, over which is placed an oil-skin, and a bear-skin over that, with a blanket or two for covering. The rest collect fire-wood, and build immense fires—one before the *bourgeois'* tent, and the other before their own quarters, which they replenish during the night if it is cold.

Nothing can be more agreeable than this sort of life, if the people behave well; and when they do not, the best way is to be firm, and even arbitrary, especially with Canadians. Kindness, however, is not thrown away upon them, and very long journeys may be prosperously made with their assistance, by the aid of a little quiet management, encouraging them to sing, and joining with them in their choruses. They are, like the Indians, voracious eaters, and have so little foresight, that they really seem impatient to eat up all the pro-

visions as fast as possible. Fat salt pork is their delight: they do not get it when at home, where vegetables form their principal diet; and they like it so much, that they absolutely appear unhappy when they can eat no more. After stuffing to the greatest extent, they cover their heads and every part of their bodies with their blankets, and lie down with their feet to the fire, snoring away, as I have often seen them, with the rain pouring down upon them, and the steam reeking from their bodies.

This night, as soon as my evening's repast was over, I made the entrance to my tent fast, and, with my stores and luggage around me, lay down to sleep. A troop of drunken demon-looking Winnebagoes were bellowing around me till near midnight, but they could not get into the tent, and went to my men's bivouac; finding they could get nothing there, they at last retired, and we all got a few hours' refreshing sleep.

I rose at daybreak, and after making my *toilette*, went to an eminence, a little north-west from my camp, from whence I had a fine view of the river and surrounding country. It divides here, and forms a channel on each side of an island, which is almost round.

A group of wretched-looking Winnebagoes were lying about some nearly extinguished embers in the open air, not far from the bank of the river; one of them was quite naked, except his breech-clout; but being accustomed to this mode of life, they appear insensible to its inconveniences. Observing one of the squaws with a papoose, or child, about eighteen months old, I went to my tent, and taking a biscuit, gave it to her, telling her it was for the child. She smiled, and seemed very much pleased, but the papoose seemed not to care much about it, for I saw the mother a short time afterwards eating

it. Most of the Winnebagoes, who had been so drunk the preceding evening, were lying about, some of them without any fire: they all appeared very much dejected, and nothing could be imagined more miserable than they looked, for the dew had fallen in a remarkable manner during the night.

Finding there were more rapids ahead, I proceeded on foot by the bank of the river, after seeing the men off with the canoe, and walked in the long grass about six miles; but I was so thoroughly wet with the heavy dew upon it, that, after gaining the head of the rapid, I collected some wood and made a fire, which I found very comfortable, and had time to dry myself before the canoe came up, which was about 10 A.M. We breakfasted at this place; and feeling myself perfectly refreshed, I walked to some Winnebago huts, where there was a flag flying, built upon a hill, at no great distance: they were six in number, and one of them was twenty-four feet long. This was a settlement of Indians, that had been formed by the Canadian priests, and professed the Roman Catholic religion. It was a flag of the United States which was flying, with a cross in the centre. There was abundance of corn and pumpkins in the wigwams.

Nothing can be more filthy than these Indians in their persons: the wandering part of the nation live principally upon fish; and, as they neither wash their food nor themselves, are necessarily a frowzy odoriferous race. The French, who found them with the same manners and customs they have at present, gave them the name of *Puants*, a soubriquet they well deserve now. How they got the name of Winnebagoes I know not—they do not know the word. It seems to resemble Winnipeg, the

name of the lake into which Red River flows; but whether derived from it or not, it is certain that it has been given to them by others, and is another instance of the folly of distinguishing the Indian tribes by any but national names. Every one of them that I conversed with stated the name of the nation to be *Houchungerah*, from *houreh*, fish, and *wungerah*, man; they being a fish-eating tribe of the great Nacotah nation, further to the west, a dialect of whose tongue they speak, and having separated from whom, they settled in a lake country abounding in fish, which thus became their principal diet.

Making use of every opportunity to increase my vocabulary, I succeeded in getting more words than phrases. Beau Pré, my pilot, who had been a great deal amongst them, and knew many of their customs, encouraged me to suppose he could interpret for me; but he knew nothing beyond a few words, and these he pronounced very improperly. Whenever I desired him to ask questions of them, with a view to obtain their answer, and they did not comprehend him, he always laid the blame upon the Indians, and said, "Que voulez-vous Monsieur? Ce ne sont que des pauvres diables de Puants!"

From this village we had good paddling water for three miles, when I got out of the canoe again, and walked a mile and a half to *La grande Chûte*, a fall, where the river comes over a ledge of limestone rocks six feet high. Above this the stream became exceedingly beautiful; the banks of the river presenting on each side broad and gentle slopes; the trees growing park-like, and the wild grass being very high. Nothing could exceed the fertility of the soil, which is a black vegetable mould upon a deep red loam.

At a place called *La petite Butte des Morts* the river widened into a small lake. Here Mr. Whitney told me he had an agent, a Mr. Cottrell, to whom he had requested me to deliver a message: accordingly I left the canoe, and walked through the forest to his house. On approaching it, I perceived several Canadians and Indians in and about it most uproariously drunk, and very much disposed to be too familiar with me — some of them trying to take my gun away. After a long attempt to get an interview with Mr. Cottrell, he at length made his appearance, but intoxicated in so beastly a manner, that I was excessively disgusted. At first he insisted upon my stopping with him and "taking a drink," as he called it; but when he heard me say, that, "being a friend of Mr. Whitney's, I had promised to call and see how he was going on," he seemed quite as anxious to get rid of me.

I now hastened back to the canoe, lest these drunken fellows should get into communication with my own people, but I was too late; they had found them out, and were already pulling them ashore, to carry them off to the house to drink. I saw at once that my men desired nothing better, and that, if I permitted it, I should lose all command over them; so, entering the canoe, I ordered them to come on board, and said that I would leave every man behind who did not immediately obey me. Beau Pré behaved very well upon the occasion, and seconded me: all but L'Amirant sulkily got into the canoe, and I pushed off into the stream. Seeing that I was in earnest, L'Amirant, knowing that we should soon be out of sight, left his drunken companions, and taking a short cut through the woods, came to the water-side to get on board. I directed Beau Pré to steer the canoe sufficiently near to the shore to speak to him, and

told him I did not want a fellow that preferred being drunk ashore to doing his duty with his comrades; that I knew Cottrell would not dare to keep him there, but would turn him out of doors; and that when he got back to Navarino, Mr. Whitney would put him in prison for breaking his engagement. He now was very much frightened, and began to entreat me in the most piteous manner to take him on board; and Beau Pré and the men uniting with him, I consented as a matter of favour to them, though I was quite as anxious to have him back as he was to come, for he was a resolute *bon enfant*, and drinking was his only fault. I therefore took him on board, satisfied with the opportunity the incident had given me of convincing them that I was determined to be obeyed.

We now proceeded a mile and a half further to the foot of Lake Winnebago, a very extensive sheet of water, running north and south; and the day drawing to a close, I thought it not advisable to enter upon the navigation of the lake until morning: we accordingly made for a rich prairie flat on the right bank of the lake, where there were a few Indian wigwams, and there I directed the tent to be pitched. Beau Pré advised me to encamp nearer to the woods, on account of the fuel; but being desirous of talking to the Indians, and getting a few phrases from them, I overruled him, and committed, as I soon found, an error; for in the first place the men had to do three times the work to collect fuel for the night; and next, having gone to talk to the Indians after I had seen the canoe brought ashore, I found upon my return that the men had pitched my tent in a place where it was impossible for me to permit it to remain; the fact being, that these poor Indians, who had been a long time

encamped here, had shifted their bivouac from time to time, to escape the inconvenience of a practice which places them upon a level with the beasts of the field; and it had been my bad luck to get my tent pitched in one of their old nests, which I was not long in detecting. Dark as it was, with the aid of torches I selected a clean place, and immediately had the encampment removed, so that it was late in the night before we got settled: but the men behaved very well; and by the alacrity with which they completed all the arrangements, seemed to wish to compensate for their previous misconduct.

Almost all the night we heard a horrid yelling, kept up by the drunken party we had escaped from on the other side of the lake; and great was the satisfaction I felt at having extricated my party from them. Rivers, lakes, woods, and prairies, embellished and made attractive as they are by nature, would be sources of the most perfect comfort and the purest pleasures at all times, if it were not for man,—drunken and brutal man,—who sometimes comes and disturbs these enjoyments.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

DROLL DISASTER OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.—BUTTE DES MORTS.—REMEDY AGAINST MUSQUITOES.—IMMENSE FIELDS OF WILD RICE.

I AROSE at sunrise, and seeing the Indians stirring, went to them. The squaws were bringing in wood on their backs for fuel, whilst the men were squatted down on the ground with a dirty blanket thrown over their shoulders, grinning hideously, and looking as if the muscles of their faces had been trained to nothing but to express suffering. The women appeared to be resigned slaves, and the men clearly intended to keep them so. Such is man in the state of nature, or the point where civilisation has not begun; worse than the brute animals, in putting all the burthens upon the woman, for I have often seen the cock,—who ranks amongst the brutes,—when he comes from his roost in the early morning, picking up the matutinal delicacies, and laying them in the most graceful and gentlemanly manner at the feet of the hen.

The canoes of these Indians were in the water, close to their encampment, and I was desirous of engaging one of them to take me out upon the lake, and show me their manner of fishing; but I found the man whom I had engaged, and the canoe also when I had entered it, so indescribably filthy, and the stench so intolerable,

that I am sure, if I had gone upon the lake, I should have jumped overboard and swam ashore, so I gave it up; and as soon as my own canoe was ready, got into it, and pushed off into the lake to a small island about ten miles off, opposite to a Winnebago village. The west shore of the lake, as we coasted it, was low, and very fertile, as I could perceive by the fine trees growing there, with occasional lodges of Indians, all of them fishermen. We had no sooner reached the island, which was very commodious for our purpose of breakfasting, than the Indians began to cross over, bringing with them potatos and Indian corn, which we exchanged for a little pork, more for the purpose of keeping on friendly terms with them, than because we wanted them. And here a rather droll incident occurred. My tea-kettle was boiling at the men's fire, and the tea being already in my tea-pot, as soon as the kettle began to boil I took it from the fire, and hastening to a nice shady place where the oil-cloth was laid, upon which my breakfast things were placed, I tripped, the lid of the kettle came off, and I scalded my hand. But the joke came from another quarter. A fat, lazy old Indian, one of their chiefs, after very minutely inspecting my preparations for breakfast, had dignifiedly laid himself down with his face next to the grass, close to my oil-skin, and the boiling hot water — a considerable quantity of which came out of the kettle when I tripped — fell upon his nobler parts. Prince Bare-behind, who could not have the slightest idea that I was near him with such a thing as a boiling tea-kettle, and was probably half asleep, immediately took to grinning, kicking, and roaring, as if a set of angry bees had alighted upon his posterior, and jumping up, saw the fatal cause of his mishap in my hand. As I was not master enough of

his language to explain how the accident had happened, it struck me that he might think I was a sort of hot water Baptist preacher, and had done it on purpose; and as that was not the fact, and I wished to avoid a quarrel, I immediately took to kicking and grinning, and wringing my hand as if I had been injured as much as himself, though I had a great deal to do to suppress my laughter. Misery certainly loves company, for after he had made up his mind to believe that he had a fellow-sufferer, he called to one of the squaws, and giving some lamenting grunts, got into a canoe, and crossed over to his village. I called this place in my Journal "Hotwater Island."

Resuming our voyage, we made ten miles more by noon, to the reach which leads to Pawmäygun, an Ojibway word for Wolf River, about half-way down the lake, where upper Fox River comes into it. Immense quantities of *Zizania aquatica*, or wild rice, were growing here, which the French call *folle avoine*. The Indians who frequent the localities which produce this grain are called *Menomänies*, or "Wild Rice-eaters," a tribe whose language appears to have an affinity with that of the Miämis and other Illinois tribes. The Canadians, when speaking of these Indians, call them *Les Folles*.

At 1 P. M. we landed for the men to dine, opposite to the *portage* of the Fond du Lac, where there is an Indian mound, and proceeded as soon as that ceremony was over. Lake Menominey is a small expansion of the river, about a mile in breadth, on the borders of which great quantities of the wild rice were growing: it terminated in a serpentine channel, running between lofty plants of sinuis, 10 feet high, bearing a great crop of seed, not yet quite ripe.

After paddling a short distance, we came to *Butte des*

*Morts*, an eminence without any trees upon it. The stream here is so narrow as to bring the banks within rifle-shot. In the early part of the eighteenth century, when the Outagamies were carrying on a desperate war with the French, they occupied this position, and fortifying it, embarrassed their communication so much with the Mississippi, that the French formally invested it. But the occasion when the place received the name of Butte des Morts was, as I have been informed, as follows. Some Indians, in the old French times, established themselves here, and frequently prevented the French passing with their merchandize to the Mississippi, unless they surrendered a share of it to them. To remove this impediment to the communication, a French officer concealed a number of men in his boat under tarpaulins; and when the Indians rushed down to stop the boat, the men rose, and firing upon them, destroyed so many, that it then received the name it now bears. I have seen other places named Butte des Morts, or "Hill of the Dead."

As we passed on from this place, we met several canoes, with Menomoney Indians in them, all the men having their faces entirely blackened over with charcoal, which is their mourning for the death of a relative. They would not have been ill-placed in "Dante's Inferno." Where Wolf River comes into upper Fox River, there was a very broad area of sinania. Just beyond the junction we had a very tight canoe race, with a canoe containing three Menomonies and two of their squaws. They paddled with all their might for some time, both men and women; but after a protracted struggle my men left them behind, inspirited by one of their most lively choruses, at quick time with their paddles. Our men having

shown the Indians they could beat them, let them come up with us again, and we got into conversation with them. The men had very good teeth, and the women wore their coarse black hair in long, thick queues, such as some sailors were formerly seen to have, only that these were wound around with strings of white beads.

The river now became very serpentine, our course being sometimes W.N.W., and at others S. by W. A black-looking storm was gathering in the west of a serious character; and fearing lest it should continue into the night, and prevent my selecting a good encampment, in a country where the banks of the river were generally low and sedgy, I landed in the best place we could find, but where the wild grass and rizaria, mixed up together, were 8 and 10 feet high: this we had to cut down to the ground as close as we could, to make a tolerably even floor; and in doing this we dislodged such myriads of enormous-sized *wawegues* (musquitoes), as the Canadians call them, that there were one or two moments when they were near overpowering us, getting into our ears, our nostrils, and eyes, in a manner to render us unable to do anything. I was obliged to cover myself up, whilst the men built a damp fire to windward, and working away in the smoke, which is the only thing that conquers these insects, at last succeeded in pitching the tent, and collecting wood enough to cook our evening repast.

They had just handed me the boiling tea-kettle into the tent, when the storm came up with us in the most furious style of a truly American hurricane; but the tent being well pegged down, stood it bravely, and resisted all the attempts of the wind to get in. We had put the *batis* on the ground to windward, close to the edge of

the tent, in the inside, to prevent the catastrophe that such an innovation would have occasioned; for if the furious wind had made an entry, we should probably have never seen the tent again, or many other things that were in it, as they would have been blown into the river close by. Soon the rain came down in torrents, accompanied from time to time with such peals of thunder as are rarely heard in Europe. I heard my Canadians *swearing* and grumbling occasionally; but how they had disposed of themselves during this demonstration of the elements, I was at a loss to conceive, for they had not had time to get the canoe out of the water to shelter themselves under. In the meantime, having made a not very comfortable dinner, of mere tea and biscuits, and the storm beginning to abate, I prepared to lie down, and had nearly completed my arrangements, when I discovered that I was not alone in the tent by many millions, the inside of it being literally covered with the *mosquitoes* which we had disturbed, and which had got in whilst the men were tightening the pegs. There they were, quietly remaining on the canvas as long as the light was burning, but with the intention to regale themselves out of my veins, with that liquid animal food they are so fond of, as soon as it was dark. I had had long experience of these persevering and persecuting little creatures, and knew that as soon as the light was out they would all wing their flight to my face, trumpeting forth their triumph on the way. Perhaps there is no greater annoyance to a traveller, than when, preparing to sink to sleep after his day's labour, he finds himself in the dark, and in the power of an enemy it is impossible to subdue whilst he is awake, and to whose insatiable blood-sucking propen-

sities he knows he must serve as a grand banquet if he happens to fall asleep. But happily experience had taught me a remedy for which these tormentors were not prepared, and lighting a wax taper, I brought it in turns close enough behind each of them to make them feel its warmth, when springing back through the flame, they were either burnt up, or singed their wings off and fell to the ground, never more to rise. In about an hour and a half I cleared the tent, as I thought, of them, and being exceedingly fatigued with the operation, I lay down, and was just about falling to sleep, when, to my great surprise, an infant outside the tent set up a fearful squalling close to my head, and the Indian mother, to appease it, commenced a lullaby ten times worse than the noise which the child made. This lasted incessantly for two hours, during which, to complete my discomfort, I heard the war-cry of so many mosquitoes wheeling round my head, and tuning their tiny hostile pipes, that it seemed to me as if I had done little or nothing in the way of their extermination. Worn out with the excitement, and forming determinations never to encamp in tall grass again, I at length fell asleep, and became the unresisting prey of these little demons, who, I found in the morning, had amply revenged on my face the slaughter of their race.

In the morning I found that I had been indebted to our friends the Menominies, with whom we had run the race the preceding day, for the squalling of the mother and the child: they knew very well that where we bivouacked there would be something to eat, and coming quietly to my camp, established the squaws to the leeward of my tent, whilst the men joined my

people. They had had nothing to eat the previous evening, and I gave them some pork and biscuits, for which they thanked us.

At half-past 5 A. M. we got everything stowed into the canoe again, and pursued our way in a strong fog along the low flat banks of the river, filled with the zizania. Further on the country began to rise, and groups of trees to become more plentiful. At 9 A. M., having made about twelve miles, we landed to breakfast, and whilst this was preparing I climbed a lofty tree, and, the fog having cleared away, got an extensive inland view of the country, which was a perfect wilderness and nearly a dead flat, without any vestige of man or his labours, for the few Indians who frequent the country are all fish or rice eaters, or both, and seldom stray from the streams. The soil on the surface was a black vegetable loam, and beneath it nothing whatever was to be seen, as far as my opportunities went, but an incoherent whitish sand. Oak, ash, and elm trees, with many shrubs, grew in every direction. All this country obviously forms part of the immense area covered in ancient times with fresh water; and although the waters of the Wisconsin river, which I was now approaching, flow into the Gulf of Mexico, yet the elevation of the land which separates them from the Atlantic streams I am now upon is so trifling, that the Mississippi must have been comprehended in that area.

Having breakfasted we pursued our way cheerfully, the morning having become sunny and pleasant. A great number of large black water-snakes were basking on the muddy earth where the zizania grew; and as they heard the noise of our paddles, dropped into the water; but the young ones, who were yet without ex-

perience, kept their ground. I heard the *rail* frequently crying, and sometimes flushed them up. They appeared to me to be the same birds which abound near Newport, in the state of Delaware, where the zizania abounds so much. At noon the river averaged about fifty yards in breadth, and the banks rose twenty-five feet out of the water with a gentle slope to it. Here we came up with a mound about twenty feet high, where a famous chief of the Winnebagoes, called *Yellow Thunder*, is interred.

At half-past one P. M. we stopped for the men to eat and smoke a pipe in a country not very well wooded, open oak lands with low sandy bottoms, containing sedge, wild cane, and zizania. We were now about 100 miles from Green Bay, and a more perfect wilderness could not be imagined; nothing alive to be seen but black snakes, red-winged blackbirds, and the plaintive quail. Proceeding on our way we came up about 4 P. M. with two Menominey lodges, the people of which let us have six fish for some biscuit: the Indians called them *pushetāu*, and my men called them *chigon*, which was their imitation of the word *kēegon*, the general Ojibway term for fish. We passed several primary boulders in the course of the afternoon.

One of the greatest sources of satisfaction to a traveller who is attached to geological pursuits, is to be found in the circumstance of his meeting with rocks of any kind. In this uninteresting wilderness, accompanied by illiterate men, I should have felt as lonely as if I had been in the deserts of Arabia, but for the chord which these boulders struck in me; and the moment I perceived them, all that existed of my lonely feeling passed away. I went to them with the eagerness of

an old acquaintance, and having found out who they were, and informing myself as well as I could from whence they last came, I left them in a miners-logico-social pleasant state of mind, that lasted me for some time. It is one of the great charms of geological knowledge, that every rock, every pebble, every object on the surface of the earth and beneath it, forms an interesting link in that undefinable and rather awful world of existences to which they belong, and where man's intellect delights in roaming.

About half-past five, passed the *Shesheqnäth*, or Rattle-snake River, as an Indian we met informed me it was called. I do not find this word in my list of western words, but in one of the dialects of the Six Nations, or *Iroquois*, as the French called them, they formerly made fierce war against the Indians of these more western parts, and have probably left this word behind them.

At 6 P. M., having made by computation about thirty-five miles paddling against the stream, and perceiving the men, who had been harassed by the storm of the last evening, were watching for me to give the signal, I landed on a level sandy loam. The truth was, I was so much afraid of those Indians following us up, who had come to our camp last night, that I had pushed on rather too far, and the little daylight we had left was consumed in pitching the tent, so that all our grand preparations for frying the *chipon*, which had been the subject of much conversation, were to be made in the dark. I anticipated a great deal of satisfaction on my own part in this rare dish of fried fish that was to be produced, and being determined to make a good dinner upon it, had the largest, weighing about 4 lb., reserved for the

*bourgeois*, and consequently gave out no ham. It was my bad luck, however, to make a second bad dinner, for the *chigon* turned out to be so tough, dry, and good for nothing, that I abandoned it almost immediately, and had to take to some of the men's pork as a *pis aller*. When I had concluded my repast, I had to grope my way to the river in the dark to wash my greasy fishy fingers a second time, for the men were so happy bolting their food, and gossiping at the same time, that I was loth to interrupt them to bring me water again. The mosquitoes made another fierce attack upon me this evening, but I punished them severely, and did not lie down as long as I could find one with any wings to him.

We had our paddles at work again as early as 5 A. M., and as we were passing over a shallow sandy part of the bed of the river, I saw a unio walking in the water, and stopped a moment to observe him; his motion was slow but steady, moving with the umbones or heaviest parts of his shell foremost, having, according to correct principles, the bulk of his burden nearest to the power of traction. The river became very winding again, which made our progress in a straight line rather tedious. In a little more than an hour we reached the lodge of a chief called "the Sturgeon," but he was gone south with his band. These savages, as they are sometimes called, have one good custom, unknown to civilized men. When they go upon distant excursions, they leave their houses, containing what furniture, implements, and property belonging to them they do not wish to carry with them, with the doors unfastened, and frequently do not return until after an absence of several months. But the others never rob them or destroy their property in time of peace.

Having made about twelve miles, we stopped to breakfast, and were under way again before ten. Our course to Fort Winnebago was S. S. W., but the river twisted about so that we were often going N. N. E. At 11 A. M. there were no longer any banks to the channel, and we appeared to be going through an ancient lake grown up with reeds and zizania. About 2 P. M. we had struggled through all this tall grass, and got to a lake called *Apachquāy*, or "Lake of Rushes." Three Winnebagoes here came to us with a deer they had killed and a wild duck, but they refused to part with the whole deer; they would let us have a part of it when we got across the lake, they said; so we crossed it upon a south-west course, by compass, to an Indian trader's by the name of Gleeson. We never saw the hunters again, however. This Gleeson had a Winnebago wife, who had borne him several little urchins, that were running about like wild animals. Her husband was from home, and whilst the men were cooking their dinner I entered into conversation with his wife, who was very civil, and spoke English tolerably well. This was a good opportunity of enriching my vocabulary, and I availed myself of it. I also read over to her the words and phrases I had already collected, and she gave me the correct pronunciation, which I noted down with care, as I always did when I had good authority. Their national name, she said, was *Howchūngera*, the middle syllable having a strong nasal accent and being long, and the *e* penultimate being very short. A great many of their words have this nasal *ng*, as *wāsūngera*, a man; and the termination *era* is very common to their nouns. The distance from this house across the country to Fort Winnebago was only twenty-five miles, whilst by

water I was informed it was about sixty, owing to the serpentine course of the channel.

I left Gleeson's at half-past three P. M., and took to the lake again. Here we were obliged to paddle through an immense long field of zizania growing in the water. At half-past five we landed for the evening, and were obliged to encamp in the long grass, there being nothing else near us. I had a glorious scene here at sunset, that luminary lighting up with his parting beams several thousand acres of zizania, extending at least five miles in one direction and two miles in the other; the heads of the plant all waving gently about, as we sometimes see those of an extensive wheat-field do. When the grain parts from the head easily, the Indians enter amongst the plants with their canoes, and bending down the culminating part into them, thrash it out into the bottom as well as they can, until they have got as much as they can carry away. This must be a remarkable locality for the purpose. The grain was now generally formed, though not mature; the wild ducks concealed amongst the plants were quacking loudly, the red-winged blackbirds were issuing from them in clouds, and the night hawks (*Caprimulus*) were wheeling about and screaming in every direction. Take it altogether, it was one of the most rare and pleasing scenes I ever witnessed.

We had a heavy rain in the night, but when I rose in the morning, at 5 A. M., my Canadians, who had been muffled up in their blankets and exposed to the weather for several hours, were laughing and jabbering as if nothing had happened. They were good-tempered fellows, always gay, and only required gentle management and to be kept from temptation. They were very much

pleased that their *bourgeois* spoke their language and condescended to sing with them, having usually been in the service of traders, whose only object was to make the most they could out of their labour. Leaving the bivouac about 6 A.M., we soon got into the river again, which was about fifty yards wide; but the rain recommenced with so much force, that we were soon completely wet through; we therefore stopped at some sandy ground about eight feet above the river, and having with some difficulty got up a fire, boiled our kettle and set the frying-pan a-going, with the rain pouring down upon us.

In very long and heavy rains it is sometimes found difficult to make a fire at all, especially one sufficiently brisk to boil a pot; but these men proceeded with great address to accomplish their purpose, and I never knew them fail to succeed. If the rain came down ever so hard, they dispersed in the woods to find broken branches and logs of fallen trees hid beneath others, and which were sufficiently dry to burn. Of these they always were sure to find a sufficient quantity to set the fire a-going. Meanwhile one of them carefully examined the decayed trees, should none of the fallen stuff appear dry enough for the purpose, and from the side opposite to the storm generally extracted a sufficient quantity of dry woolly decayed fibre, and making a little nest of it under his hat, took out his flint and struck it until a spark was produced: this he permitted to spread awhile in the dry fibre, and then depositing it in a larger nest of the same material, gently blew it into a flame, feeding it with the driest branches until the fire became so strong as to dry all the other matter that was heaped upon it, and thus a roaring

fire was made despite of the torrent of rain that fell. I have often admired their ingenuity and perseverance in accomplishing this in the midst of a heavy storm of wind and rain.

This was one of those occasions when they got up an exceedingly fine fire in the midst of a deluge of rain pouring down upon us, and around which we all ate our breakfasts standing. As soon as we felt refreshed we started again. At half-past ten we reached a small lake, called *Lac le Bœuf*, about 500 yards broad, with pretty sloping banks, adorned with graceful trees. I observed some more boulders on the east side. The heavy rain prevented my stopping to look at some Indian mounds on each side of the lake, at the head of which was an eminence, called by my men *Fort Ganville*, probably the post of some old French trader. On leaving this pretty little lake, we found the river barely forty yards wide; and the rain ceasing, we pushed on as hard as we could, all of us paddling, to reach some favourable situation to build a good fire to dry our clothes, when suddenly the weather cleared up, and the sun came out so hot as to dry us in a short time, so that we deferred stopping until the hour for the men's dinner should arrive.

About 2 P.M., finding a commodious place, we landed, and as soon as the smoke of our fire arose, some wild-looking Winnebagoes came to us, all naked except their breech-clouts, and offered us wild plums and service berries. The first they called *chăngera*, the *ch* being a strong guttural; the other (*Sorbus am.*) they called *chăshera*, using the same guttural. I could get no information from these Indians: they seemed to be very poor; and as soon as I gave them some biscuit, they went away. My Canadians seemed to pity my simplicity in

asking so many questions; and finding that I was not a trader, were at a loss what to make of me. They literally cared for nothing but eating, and as to their knowledge of the Indian tongues, of which they boasted when I engaged them, it amounted to nothing at all. If I asked them the Indian name of the *night-hawk*, the answer was, "Ah; ce b—— là, c'est le mangeur de marengoins;" and a rail, "Ce n'est rien qu'un mangeur de folles," meaning the wild rice. In this they copy the aborigines, who attend to nothing but the operations of nature, and have no artificial knowledge whatever.

At 2 P.M. we started again, and the river became so winding, sometimes going N. W., sometimes E. S. E., and indeed upon every point of the compass, that we as often had the sun on our right as on our left. I was exceedingly amused with seeing the tringæ skip nimbly from one leaf to another, floating near the shore, to pick up the insects; they seemed to have remarkably fine sport. Having made by computation thirty miles, and feeling a little incommoded from sitting so many hours in wet clothes, I landed at a very nice spot, had a good fire built close to my tent, made a complete change of everything, and shaved for the first time since I left Navarino, now the sixth day. It was a fine evening, and there being nothing to prevent it, the frying-pan did its duty in a most satisfactory manner, and having made a comfortable repast, I lay down to sleep on a bed made of the straw of the zizania.

## CHAPTER XIX.

REACH FORT WINNEBAGO.—MEET WITH THE FIRST TETRAO.—SLIGHT ELEVATION OF THE LAND SEPARATING THE EASTERN AND WESTERN RIVERS.—EMBARK ON THE WISCONSIN.—HORIZONTAL SANDSTONES.—A SHOT TOWER EXCAVATED IN THE ROCK.—BEAUTY OF THE VALLEY OF THE WISCONSIN.—REACH THE MISSISSIPPI.

I ROUSED my men before 5 A. M., and striking the camp, proceeded onwards. In every direction the country was covered with long wild grass; the buffalo, that formerly used to keep it down, having been driven to the other side of the Mississippi. This state of things will not last long, for the American population will soon drive the Indians after the buffalo, and the cultivated grasses will take the place of the wild ones. The scythe of what is called "civilization" is in motion, and everything will fall before it. Ere long the poor Indian will have to bid a final adieu to those plains over which he has so long wandered, and to seek and obtain a better subsistence on the other side of the Mississippi, than the hips and haws he finds in his native but unproductive wilderness. How long the white man will leave him in peace there, is an affair of the future: at present the race is advancing with a giant's pace, eradicating everything in its progress, first the buffalo and next the Indians; substituting for the unpretending barbarity of nature, the artificial government of *meum* and *tuum*, with the improvements in fraud and vice that are attendant upon those reasoning powers which make him so superior to the naked savage. Alas! if men are to be held accountable for the use they sometimes make of their reason, the Indian, with his

tomahawk and scalps, need not envy the final judgment to be passed on his invader, who, planting himself here as his friend, has ended by exterminating him.

At 6 A.M. we passed some high sand-hills, called by Carver "small mountains."* This traveller, who passed through this country in 1776 in this direction, gives but a very meagre description of it thus far; and being one of the earliest European travellers in these parts of North America after the peace of 1763, I provided myself with a copy of his work, and took it in the canoe with me. Slight as his notices are, they are sufficient to convince me that he has been here. About half-past seven we passed the west fork of Fox River, said to be ten miles from the American post of Fort Winnebago. The stream had now diminished to about twenty yards in breadth. From this point we had frequently to struggle through the wild rice, which had all but choaked up the channel in various places; often paddling through the straw as if we were going through an inundated wheat-field. About eight I landed at a sand-hill, about eighty feet high, along which some boulders of primary rocks and limestone were lying. Ascending it, I observed several others in various parts of the country; but whether they have been produced by blown sand, or are the remains of ancient beds of incoherent sandstone, I could not ascertain: there was, however, an occasional appearance of stratification, which favoured the last opinion.

Here we breakfasted, and starting again about 9 A.M., got so entangled in the rice stalks, and canes ten feet high, that we could see nothing around us whatever. The channel was altogether obliterated, and the water became very shallow. Paddling became out of the ques-

* Carver's Travels, p. 41. London, 1778.

tion, and we all took to warping the canoe through, by hauling upon the tall stalks, upon a course by compass for Fort Winnebago. My fear was that we should work the canoe into an immense rice field, like that of the Lake Apachquay, and be very much embarrassed to extricate ourselves. Certainly, if night had overtaken us in this situation, we should have had to pass it in the canoe: but after two hours' hard work we got into clear water, and soon after 11 A.M. had the great satisfaction of seeing the American flag waving in a strong north-west breeze from Fort Winnebago. We now paddled away for the post, and reaching it soon after noon, I landed and presented myself at the quarters of Major Grant, the commandant, a very gentlemanly person, who received me with the kind hospitality with which American officers always receive travellers. This gentleman had been a long time on duty in the north-west country. The dinner went off very pleasantly; and when it was over, Dr. Foote, the very intelligent surgeon of the garrison, was kind enough to walk with me to some of the sand-hills I had seen in the morning. It was so long since I had seen any rocks in place, that I was rather at a loss about the geology of the country, and was exceedingly anxious to find out whereabouts I was. We had a very agreeable walk, during which we sprung several very large grouse (*Tetrao cupido*). These birds seem to flourish on this high dry land, for Fort Winnebago is most conveniently situated upon the dividing summit that separates the Atlantic streams from those that flow into the Gulf of Mexico; one of the first flowing at the foot of the fort, and the Wisconsin being distant only half an hour's walk.

The sand-hill we first reached was about sixty feet

high, and was formed of sandstone in place, rather incoherent, with the strata horizontal, and pleasingly coloured with streaks of red oxide of iron. The inspection of this outlier at once explained a great deal of what I had been observing for some days, but which I could not understand for want of the key. It was evident that an immense area of country had been, in ancient times, covered with a stratified arenaceous deposit, slightly coherent, and that this had been broken up and carried for the greater part away, when the waters had retreated in a violent and tumultuous manner. I found afterwards, that, although the Wisconsin empties itself into the Mississippi, passing the fort at a distance short of two miles, yet that the elevation of the ground betwixt the Wisconsin and Fox River was so slight, that once in six or seven years, when the flood in the Wisconsin is high, its waters overcome the difference of level and flow back into Fox River, so that a barge can at such times pass from one stream into another. I do not therefore hesitate to believe, that all the country, including the great lakes and the Mississippi, have, at a remote period, formed one great area of fresh water. One of the consequences of the removal of the ancient strata is the present depression of the surface of the country, the prevalence of wild rice marshes, and the deposition of sand over a great portion of the general surface. This loose sandstone reminded me so much of that which exists in the lead region of the state of Missouri, which I visited in 1834, that it struck me, for the first time, that the same formation might extend to the lead region of the Wisconsin territory, a fact that I should soon have the best opportunity of examining into.

Fort Winnebago, which, like all the American frontier

posts, is an exceedingly neat place, is built upon an elevated piece of land, with Fox River and the rice-marshes connected with it in front. To the south-west there is a range of hills, called Bonibou, which form an agreeable object. The fort is inclosed with a square picket, and contains two block-houses. At the period when this part of the Indian country was first occupied by American troops, the post was no doubt no more than adequate for defence against the Indians; but now that they are reduced to a state of insignificance, it would seem unnecessary to maintain a garrison here much longer. There is a military road, not yet completed, which passes near to the post, leading from Green Bay to Prairie du Chien: it is a wide path cut out of the forest, with the stumps of the trees razed close to the ground; and the streams are traversed by good bridges, this branch of the military service of the United States being always well performed.

Having got a comfortable night's rest in the fort, I rose at 5 A.M., and taking my towels, &c., went down to the river to wash myself, and see what my men were doing. They were all comfortably asleep under the canoe, except one man, who slept in the tent to take care of the *butin*. At seven I was called to breakfast with Major Clarke, and afterwards went to Dr. Foote's quarters, who presented me with a very large conch-shell (*Cassis* c.), taken by him from a very ancient and lofty mound, resembling those at St. Louis and on the Muskingum. These last appear to be the oldest monuments of this kind in the country, and have been attributed by some persons to a race of Indians that preceded the present red men: this shell, therefore, which I believe is not found at any point nearer than the Mexican side of the

Gulf, would seem to indicate the country from whence the men came that constructed the mound.

At 8 A. M. I bade adieu to the officers of the garrison, and turning my back upon the waters that flow into the Atlantic, I crossed the *portage*, and advanced to those that empty themselves into the Gulf of Mexico. The *portage* was a dead flat of black mud and sand; measuring exactly 2650 paces: it took me exactly twenty-eight minutes to walk across it. The canoe and luggage were conveyed to the shore of the Wisconsin in an ox-cart, and launched upon the river as soon as we reached it. It was a powerful black-looking stream, resembling the Arkansa, with broad sand-beaches, the whole breadth not appearing at the point where we struck it, on account of some islands which masked it; but it soon exhibited a breadth of 250 yards. After struggling so many days as we had against the current of Fox River, an exertion requiring so much care and labour as to keep down a great deal of enjoyment, it was exceedingly gratifying to find ourselves, on one of the most lovely mornings imaginable, carried down stream by a strong current of about three miles an hour, independent of our paddles; and all very much exhilarated, we went joyously and swiftly down the waters that are tributary to the Mississippi, roaring out our *chansons* as we shot rapidly past the picturesque islands and graceful banks of a noble river I had never been upon before,—a feeling of peculiar enjoyment to me. The banks at first were low and verdant, with overhanging foliage, as were the beautiful islands which frequently presented themselves; whilst often the river expanded into an uninterrupted sheet of water, of a reddish colour, marking the quality of the soil it had passed through. The river, however, was so shallow in

many places, that our canoe frequently grazed the bottom, and, going with unusual velocity, we more than once got so fast in the sand, that we found it difficult to force it back into deeper water. Upon such occasions, or at any difficult passes, the men never hesitated to jump out, knowing what frail vessels birch-bark canoes are, and that no time is to be lost. I never had men in my service more to be depended upon in emergencies of this kind.

About 10 A. M. we came up with sandstone strata, of the same character with those which I had examined at Fort Winnebago. At 11, the country began to rise, and became hilly in the distance. We passed a sandstone bluff sixty feet high, the strata still preserving that horizontal character which distinguishes the coal measures and the other intervening silurian beds I had left behind me, all of which laid above these rocks. The loose sand-banks of the river contained seams of red oxide of iron, shewing that they were derived from the strata the river had broken down, they being everywhere banded with red and yellow oxides. Our course being south-west by south by compass, we came up at noon with some pine trees, and a sandstone bluff on the right bank, 150 feet high. As a storm appeared to be rising in the west, I stopped here a short time, not wishing the men to eat their meal in so much discomfort as they had done upon other occasions; but we were soon off again, and got into a fine expanse of the river, free from islands, with lofty sloping banks, pleasingly interspersed with oak trees. At half-past 2 P. M. we passed an isolated ridge, standing a little back from the left bank, with a singular crest, rudely resembling walls and batteries, near 200 feet high. Every now and then we

passed heaps of dead valves of the unios, many of which, from their freshness, appeared to have been very recently dragged there by the otters and musk rats. I occasionally stopped to examine them, and sometimes obtained very beautiful shells, especially a large *U. vectus*, with a deep salmon-coloured nacre. The species generally resembled those in the Tenessee, Cumberland, and other western rivers, and confirmed my previous experience of the separation of Atlantic and Gulf species.

The day at length becoming cold and rainy, our musical propensities became dormant, and we went silently on anticipating the evening encampment and its comfortable fires, when we discovered that we had not exclusive possession of the country, a small canoe hoving in sight from below. On coming up with it we found it contained an old-looking Indian, his squaw and two young children: the squaw had some clothes on, but the man and the children were quite naked. They looked uncomfortable enough to be sure, but Indians are so accustomed to suffer in this manner, that they never complain. They are only really unhappy when they cannot procure food. I gave this poor family a few biscuits, and the woman seemed grateful.

At 4 P.M. we passed a picturesque-looking mass of horizontal sandstone, extending with some interruptions for about a mile, distant probably about forty miles from the *portage*; and at half-past five, observing a comfortable place, near to an ancient abandoned Indian village, I made, to the great joy of the men, the signal for landing. Whilst they were pitching my tent, I attempted to walk to an elevated ridge that appeared not very far from us, to get a look at the country, but I found it excessively fatiguing, the distance was greater

than I supposed; the wild grass was wet and often up to my chin; night was coming on; I was alone and unarmed, and when I reached the foot of the ridge, and looked at the ascent, I began to think the wisest thing I could do was to return without delay, and I did return, but be-draggled in a most extraordinary manner. After regaling myself with dry clothes, a comfortable repast, and a lounge at the cheerful fire, I shut myself in the tent for the night.

My rest was a good deal disturbed by the mosquitoes, who had taken possession of the tent; and although I was up early, we could not start for a dense fog that was upon the river. I therefore amused myself with looking at the deserted wigwams near us. They were formed with nine poles, about twelve feet high, fixed into the ground in a circle, about two feet apart from each other, and their tops bent to a point and fastened together. These poles were strengthened with others interwoven round them, and the whole covered with birch bark. An Indian house of this kind costs but very little labour, and with a small fire in the middle, is comfortable in the coldest weather, the smoke escaping through a hole where the poles meet. The fog began to clear away at 7 A. M., and we resumed our voyage. At 9 A. M. we reached a shot-tower belonging to Mr. Whitney, on the left bank of the river, and landed there to breakfast. Mr. Whitney had entrusted to my care a large bag of silver money, with some other funds he wished to remit to his nephew and agent here. I had been very reluctant to receive it, as it not only brought me under a responsibility I was desirous of avoiding, but was an object that might have roused the cupidity of my men, and got me into a serious scrape with them. Indeed, I positively declined

the proposition at first, but he had shewn so much obliging zeal in my service, that, upon his pressing me with some urgency a short time before my departure, I consented; and the treasure being put into the middle of one of my carpet bags, which contained some heavy fossils, was embarked. The men were so accustomed to see me bagging fossils and minerals of one kind or another, that they had no suspicion of this "*sacré sac*," as they called it, containing money. I had put this carpet bag under L'Amirant's care; it was his business to put it in the tent, and to stow it away again in the canoe. Upon these occasions, whenever he was about to lift it up, he always used to apostrophise it with, "Sacré vilain matin, que tu est lourd."

As soon as the canoe was fastened to the shore, I told L'Amirant to shoulder the sack, and away we trudged with it to the agent's house, to which the name of Helena had been given, where I delivered my charge and took a receipt. Mr. Whitney's nephew and his wife received me civilly, and insisted upon entertaining me with breakfast, which when I had despatched, I went to see what they called the shot-tower, where lead brought from the lead district of Wisconsin, not many miles off, is cast into shot of various sizes. This shot-tower was not one of the ordinary columns, that rise to a great height from the surface, but was a cylindrical excavation, ingeniously made in an escarpment of the incoherent sandstone, 200 feet in height. The lead was melted at the top, and afterwards poured down to a chamber below. The whole contrivance did great credit to the projector. From the top of the escarpment I had an extensive view of the Wisconsin, with the broad bottoms of fertile soil on each side of it,

forming altogether a rich valley, about two miles in breadth, once entirely occupied by this flood, in the ancient state of the river, and which had contracted itself into its present channel, either upon that last retreat of the waters of the country which I have before alluded to, or from its diminution by the gradual drainage of the country.

This phenomenon of rivers, with wide margins and terraces, is to be observed in every part of this continent; my attention was particularly drawn to it in 1807, on my first visit to Canada. In what is called the valley of the St. Lawrence, on the south side of that river, opposite to Quebec, there are abundant evidences of the water having retired from higher levels. This valley, which in many places is twenty miles broad, is bounded on the south-east by a more elevated country, once the right bank of the river. The strata, too, on each side of the valley appear, from mineralogical considerations, to have been once united; and the break in the continuity of the strata may have been produced by the retrocession of the river during long periods of time; though the difference of level does not appear in an abrupt form in the St. Lawrence, as it does in its tributary the Chaudière, at its beautiful cataract, the bed of the river describing an inclined plane to the first great rapids west of Montreal. In many parts of the Potomac and James River, in Virginia, there is also abundant evidence of the same state of things. Indeed, it requires very little reflection to perceive that the retreat of an immense body of water, spread over a great portion of a continent, must be followed by the formation of such valleys and rivers, and that these valleys and their rivers must be the effects

of such a cause. In treating, however, of these physical phenomena analytically, a distinction is to be observed. Some of the valleys may have been formed on the general retreat of the ocean from a continent on its first appearance, and some on the retreat of an inland sea of fresh water, such as that which has produced the valley of the Wisconsin, with its coves and dells coming into it at right angles, all abounding in natural and beautiful plantations of trees and shrubs. But whether these fine vales are owing to one cause or the other, it is evident that they have both been instruments in the hand of Providence to embellish that surface of the earth which was to be inhabited by the human family.

Mr. Whitney's agent informed me that galena was found within twenty miles of the shot-tower, and in examining some of the highest parts of the escarpment, I found a sparry calcareous rock, resembling that in which the galena is found in the state of Missouri, a fact which led to the inference that the galena of this district might also be inclosed in equivalent strata. I left Helena at 11 A.M. The morning was beautiful, and having made a good breakfast, I went gliding on and enjoying the scenery. Near 1 P.M. we came up with a mass of sandstone which had fallen off from an escarpment, about thirty feet in height, for about 200 feet in length; the water had underworn it, and being loose and incoherent, it had peeled off, leaving a smooth face. About 2 P.M. we stopped at a little cove to let the men dine, at a place where I found what I had not met with before, an industrious family, in a clean wigwam. There were two male Indians, and two women, with three male

children, the males being all naked except their breech-clouts. The men were at work weaving matting, and the women were making moccasins. Some corn was boiling in a pot, and some venison was roasting on a stick. They offered us money for some biscuit, and were evidently familiar with the ways of white people, being in the habit of frequenting Prairie du Chien, on the Mississippi. As we were approaching this place, where we could replenish our stores, I gave them a liberal supply of biscuit, and in return they presented my people with a very dirty thin piece of venison.

About half-past 2 P. M. we were afloat again, and soon passed a fine stream coming in from the right bank. The country here was remarkably beautiful, the slopes of the banks gracefully wooded, and occasionally interrupted by coves. For a distance of about three miles the escarpments were about 250 feet high, the rock every now and then jutting out and taking a castellated appearance. It was evident, from the manner in which the sections presented themselves on the banks, that the surface of the country in the interior must be very undulating. I observed, too, that the incoherent structure of the sandstone had been favourable to Indian talent, the figures of deer, men, and horses —sometimes well executed—being cut in it, and sometimes painted with a red bole. The swallows had availed themselves of the softness of the rock by picking holes in it, and building their nests there in innumerable quantities. This loose texture of the rock is to be detected also in the tops of the hills, which are gracefully rounded off, the incoherent rock having yielded to the action of the atmosphere. In these parts of North America the arenaceous beds are of immense

extent, and it goes beyond the power of man's imagination to form even a proximate idea of the ancient state of things which existed before the particles of sand, now so loosely combined, formed an integral portion of the hard quartzose rock, from which they seem to have been derived. How remote that period must have been from the present! About 6 P. M. we stopped for the night at a bold bank, up which the men had to carry the *butin* to a commodious encampment.

*August* 31.—On peeping out from my tent at 5 A. M., I perceived we were in the midst of a dense fog, and that the high grass was bent with the heavy dew; we, however, launched the canoe, and crept slowly along by compass until near seven, when the fog gradually rose, and again disclosed the beautiful shores of the Wisconsin. Soon after we reached Prairie de la Baie, where the scene was very pleasing, there being a fine level prairie to the south, terminating about a mile and a half from the river in gracefully rounded hills; whilst close to the edge of the shore were several Indian lodges, with the smoke rising from them; the departing fog, in the distance, creeping in a game-like substance along the flanks of the hills. The river here was studded with charming little islands; on our right the hills came down close to the water, and we had a beautiful cloudless morning, smiling on the most placid of streams. The picture presented one of the finest subjects for a landscape-painter, and I was tempted to stop a moment to enter a slight sketch of it in my portfolio. About half-past nine we stopped at the Rivière Bleu to breakfast. Here were some curious round hills, without any trees, with the sandstone strata cropping out from them, and fine slopes coming down to the river, covered with

high grass. I ascended to the top of the loftiest of these, about 350 feet from the water, whilst my breakfast was preparing, and found a regular bed of cherty calcareous rock, containing mamillary quarts resting upon the sandstone. I was perfectly satisfied now, that this calcareous rock was the equivalent of that in the lead region of Missouri. Here I gave chase to a snake of a large size, resembling the rattle-snake, but without any rattles: these are usually called moccasin snakes, and I believe this was one of the trigonocephali, or serpents that flatten their heads into a triangular shape when angry. He escaped me, however, into some fallen rocks.

Having made a hearty breakfast we got afloat again, and about 1 P.M. observed a small prairie on the right bank with some Indian mounds: they reminded me of the lesson I got in Lake Huron, when violating the deserted tombs upon the small island, and I was far from offering any disrespect to these. About 2 P.M. the river began to widen, and we were rapidly approaching the point of its confluence with the Mississippi. I could already perceive the lofty right bank of that famous stream at the end of the vista; and being desirous of letting the men dine, and of taking a sketch of the confluence of these two noble rivers, I landed for an hour. At half-past 3 P.M. we bade adieu to the charming Wisconsin, and to the enjoyment of floating upon a favourable current, having entered upon the broad surface of the Mississippi, where our course was changed to north-north-west, and all our force was wanted to contend against the force of the descending stream. The river appeared at this point to be about 900 yards across; its waters were clearer than those of the Wis-

cousin, having deposited much of their sedimentary matter during their long course, a great part of which is through primary rocks. We soon came in sight of Prairie du Chien, an extensive level bottom or prairie, closed in to the east by a strong rocky bluff, which was no doubt once the bank of the river. A new scene now presented itself; there was a respectable-looking military post, cattle grazing, a village, and evidences of a settled population, to which I had been for some time a stranger.

## CHAPTER XX.

REFLECTIONS ON THE POLICY TO BE OBSERVED FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF SOUTHERN NORTH AMERICAN COMMERCE, AND FOR THE PROTECTION OF OUR FRONTIER.

Having now fairly turned my back upon the lake country, I again suspend for a while the narrative of my tour, to introduce a few remarks which suggest themselves on reviewing the appearances presented by the territory left behind. And, first, as to those of a geological character.

Every observant traveller who passes along this line of country cannot fail to perceive evidences throughout its extent of the great modification of its surface from Michilimackinac to the Mississippi. At Michilimackinac the calcareous strata are broken up into brecciated masses. Further on, in the vicinity of Green Bay, are enormous outliers of those beds of sandstone superincumbent to the lower limestone near Navarino and at Kaw Kawaing, and which were probably once continuous through an immense area of country. Again, near the Apachquay Lake the same incoherent sandstone appears to have been broken down to form the present loose sandy soil of the adjacent country. There is, therefore, upon the whole, reason to believe that the denuding force which acted when the general water level was lowered, and which perhaps brought the primary boulders from the north-west, have carried away a vast extent of mineral surface; and that all the great deposits of loose sand in the country about Lake Winnebago, as well as

those in the valley of the Wisconsin, the coves and dells and *coulées* between the sand-hills, which now so much diversify the face of the country, are results of the same denuding force. These arenaceous deposits are of a character so totally different from those which form the surface of the district lying between the south end of Lake Huron and Lake Erie, that we must consider them as the results of the breaking up of the general ancient strata of incoherent sandstone.

But other reflections, of a perspective character, forced themselves upon me during my passage through the country, which perhaps will be thought to deserve more consideration by the British reader, since the existing political relations between Great Britain and the United States invest them with an immense importance.

The fertility and productiveness of the country I had passed through gave me the highest idea of its capacity for maintaining a great agricultural population. It seemed to me as if I had never been in a country where agriculture could be practised with less expense, or with greater success. The land was of an easily drained surface, exceedingly fertile, and without rock sandstones to impede the plough and other agricultural implements. The climate, too, tempered by such vast bodies of fresh water, is universally mild in the vicinity of the lake country, whilst the winters are severe enough to keep the insects within bounds. The population, already enumerated by millions, will soon be more dense than any other equal portion of the United States, and in less than fifty years may be estimated at twenty millions of people. Such is the future granary of America, capable of producing wheat, maize, and pork to any extent, for the occasional wants of Europe, and of absorbing its surplus manufactured articles, such as will be required for

the consumption of an immense population in easy circumstances.*

The question, therefore, as to the direction in which the commercial exchanges of so great a population are hereafter to be made must ever be an important one, and especially to British statesmen; for if the commerce of the lakes reached a value as high as one hundred millions of dollars, or twenty millions sterling, for the year 1844, which has been shown by a statistical report laid before the Congress of the United States, it must within the next half century quintuple that figure.

The Americans have long been aware of the immense resources of that fertile western country, and have already executed very costly internal improvements for the purpose of uniting it with their Atlantic ports by canals and railways, and securing to themselves the whole of the vast internal commerce of that region. Independent of the communications that have been successfully opened through the states of New York and Pennsylvania to connect the waters of Lake Erie with the Atlantic, they have constructed the important canal which connects Lake Erie with the Ohio river; besides the canals and railways, more or less finished, of the states of Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan, through which a large portion of their products are contemplated to be forwarded. And now, as if to monopolise the universal transportation to the Atlantic, they are projecting railway communications to connect the states of *Massachusetts, of New Hampshire*, and of Maine, *viâ* Portland, with the waters of the St. Lawrence, *through the province of Quebec!*

Greatly as this characteristic enterprise and commer-

* The immense fertile district here alluded to comprehends a great portion of the States of Kentucky, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. *Vide* map.

cial sagacity is to be admired, we cannot look to such a state of things, and to the facts also that the flour and provisions that reach the American Atlantic ports are charged with all the expenses of American labour, American transportation, and American navigation; and that the manufactures exported from England for the consumption of the western states are almost entirely conveyed in American trading vessels; without inquiring whether the commanding position of Great Britain, holding as she does a more extensive territorial empire in North America than even that of the United States, does not call upon her to secure a large share of these commercial advantages.

It is demonstrable that it is in her power to do so by adopting such internal improvements of her own as would not only secure the desired commercial advantages, but greatly contribute to the security of her colonies. We have in British North America Atlantic ports, and can connect them—as the Americans have already done theirs,—with our fine rivers, the St. John's, the St. Lawrence, and with the great western lakes, into the very heart of that fertile country which I have spoken of as the future granary of America.

A railway could be constructed from Halifax in Nova Scotia, or from the flourishing city of St. John's, on the Bay of Fundy, to the river St. Lawrence, at less than one-quarter of the expense that such a line would cost in Great Britain. From thence it might be continued to Montreal, to Kingston, and round by the north shore of Lake Ontario, via Toronto, to the Welland Canal, which is altogether in British territory, and connects the waters of Lake Ontario with those of Lake Erie. Or a railway communication could be carried

ried over land from point to point to the water communications, as, for instance, stopping at Kingston, and steaming across Lake Ontario to the Welland Canal.

Whichever of these modes of communication were adopted, it is evident, that, having advanced from the Atlantic by such a line to the western termination of the Welland Canal, an internal improvement would have been constructed all the way through British territory to the very central part of the United States; and at a point where we have a perfect right to be, since the frontier between British North America and the United States divides the great western lakes, giving to each country an equal right to their navigation.

I shall proceed to make a few remarks on the commercial advantages to be derived from such an enterprise, and then allude to those which are more immediately political, which I regard as important and certain.

And, first, as to the inestimable advantage of opening a practicable and secure communication through the British colonies to the great western lakes, with the view of *commanding the wheat and provision market* in the adjacent American states.

In peace or in war, it may be relied upon that the western Americans will be always ready to sell their products to whoever will take the trouble to go amongst them, and pay a good price; and that nothing is more certain than that the supplies from the western states necessary for the consumption of Great Britain, which under the present state of things reach us by the American communications, can even in war be securely diverted into those which it is now proposed to construct in our own colonies. This, which ought always to be a consideration of great importance, becomes intensely so

at the present time, when all the contingencies appertaining to an invariable supply of food for the British population have received so much attention both in and out of Parliament; and when a general conviction has been produced, that emergencies requiring a certainty of supply may be of such frequent occurrence, as to make measures of this character the first duty of the Government.

The political advantages which may be expected from immediately carrying out the communication now proposed are various and striking; and I shall first mention one which deserves great attention. It is obvious, that, in proportion to the establishment of a constant and profitable commercial intercourse with the people inhabiting those central western parts of the United States, would be their inclination to the maintenance of friendly relations with us. And this may be illustrated by what has been passing before our eyes.

In a republic founded upon universal suffrage, demagogues will always be found contending for power and emolument, seeking to become the leaders of the masses by flattering their cupidity and their prejudices. Without the support of the western people of the United States, Mr. Polk could not have been carried into the Presidency, nor without it will he be able to secure his re-election. It was to gratify them, therefore, that he held out such magniloquent declarations about the Oregon territory, which, lying towards the setting sun, has greater temptations for them than for the citizens of any other part of the Republic. This, of course, produced corresponding heroic declamations from western members of the Congress, to propitiate their constituents for their own re-election. But if the negotiations respecting that question had

brought into jeopardy any direct profitable intercourse that those constituents were accustomed to have with British capital, those orators, who, during the late congressional session, indulged so largely in the "Ercles vein," might have been counted upon as the most pacific and reasonable men in the national legislature. Happily, all men begin at length to perceive that commercial prosperity is the true basis of human contentment, and the effectual guarantee of peace to mankind.

Next in importance, perhaps, is the certain increase of prosperity which the execution of this measure would bring to Canada and the other British provinces. The Canadians, seeing their resources cherished by the foresight and power of the mother country, would have the strongest motives to entertain a loyal and good spirit towards her; and, becoming a prosperous people, would in time be in their feelings, as in their interests, a willing integral part of the empire of Great Britain.

Lastly, comes the great consideration of the security of our provinces.

It requires no argument to prove that a republican people, so notoriously unquiet as their geographical position and their democratical form of government have made the Americans, must always remain doubtful and dangerous neighbours, against whose future power every wise precaution should be seasonably taken. The prudent and the good of that country are without political power, and are becoming worn out with futile attempts to acquire it. Every generation being still further removed from the salutary examples of the founders of their Republic, it may fairly be assumed that power will hereafter, upon too many occasions, be placed in the hands of men, who, to promote their own ends, will indulge the

masses in any extravagance, however wild. The threat, openly made in some of the American newspapers, that hereafter no European power shall have authority in North America, and which has been in a qualified manner insinuated by their highest authority, is to me, who have watched so nearly the progress of popular power in that government, ominous of a general political cry of that character within the next ten years.

In this point of view, therefore, a combination of such internal improvements along our North American southern frontier, as would secure to our provinces the greatest amount of commercial advantages, and which would furnish at the same time an efficient and rapid communication through them for the purposes of their military defence, is much to be desired; for the establishment of an exclusive British line of communication from our North American Atlantic ports to the western lakes, *extending along our whole Canadian frontier*, would enable her Majesty's Government, upon great emergencies, to convey in less than twenty days reinforcements to those great inland seas, where future conflicts will find their field if, in time to come, our country is brought to so melancholy an alternative. It deserves attention, also, that the notoriety of the fact of our being perfectly prepared would greatly tend to preserve the blessings of peace.

In making these remarks, I have not thought it expedient to allude to any physical or statistical details appertaining to the operations contemplated by the execution of the measure: they are far from being discouraging, and all fall into the class of ordinary enterprises of this character. Having had opportunities of becoming familiar with the construction of railways, I can speak with

confidence on this point, of which I have thoroughly satisfied myself on traversing more than once the whole line which has been described from St. John's to Lake Erie, when all the physical difficulties which presented themselves to me were considered upon the ground.

These views were many years ago communicated to a few friends; but at that time no prudent man would have publicly proposed the investment of capital for such an object, lest he should incur the charge of being thought visionary. Until of late even New Brunswick has generally been considered a wilderness, possessing few or no resources that could aliment the capital necessary for the construction of a railway across the province. But in 1839, when it was the scene of my labours, as her Majesty's Commissioner in the dispute with the United States on the north-east boundary, I became satisfied that the project could be successfully carried out, and that it would soon be called for by a sound policy.

Whether such a line of communication betwixt our Atlantic frontier and the St. Lawrence should have its eastern termination at St. John's in New Brunswick, or at Halifax in Nova Scotia, it is of the first public importance that the line should be as *direct* as possible. The measure is of too national a character to be trusted altogether to private enterprise, which would be very likely to carry it by unnecessarily circuitous routes to serve private interests. But although charters from colonial legislatures are always exposed to such influences, the inconveniences attending them can be corrected by the Crown, which alone is competent to decide upon the true *direction* of the line.

## CHAPTER XXI.

KINDLY RECEIVED BY THE OFFICERS OF THE AMERICAN GARRISON OF PRAIRIE DU CHIEN.—AN ASSINIBOIN IRISHMAN.—TALENT OF THE INDIANS FOR IMITATING THE CRIES OF NIGHT BIRDS.

I HAD become so accustomed to the independent feeling of a traveller in Indian lands, carrying my own comforts and my own little world along with me, and sure of my own rude, but clean, bed at night, that I felt shy at communicating with this post at Prairie du Chien, where I was more certain to meet with some of the restraints of society, than to find greater pleasures than I knew how to procure for myself. The scene, however, before me was a pleasing one, and some of the officers of the garrison coming down to the beach to learn who we were, I landed, and was conducted by them to their quarters in an extensive quadrangle in the fort. Here I had a commodious room assigned to me; and almost immediately afterwards, that most respectable and gentlemanly officer, Colonel Taylor,* the commandant, called upon me and offered all the services in his power. It is impossible to express by words how much a traveller in these rude countries is touched by such attentions; and certainly it is due to the officers of the American army to say, that upon all similar occasions I have found them as hearty and as hospitable as men know how to be.

* Afterwards appointed to the command of the American troops destined to invade the neighbouring Republic of Mexico.

Having seen my Canadians encamped in a proper place, had my effects brought to the garrison, cautioned them against getting drunk, made my *toilette*, and supped with the officers at the mess, I paid a visit to the commanding officer, from whose quarters we adjourned to a small theatre, which had been fitted up to amuse the men and keep them from dissipation, where some of the histrionically disposed soldiers were that evening to represent the comedy of "The Poor Gentleman." Miss Emily was personated in a most astounding manner; such a monster in petticoats, and stick in feeling, probably never was exhibited before. The only three decent performers were an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotsman; the rest seemed to have neither sense nor feeling. It was a crowded house, and, from the applauses that were occasionally given, and the criticisms that I heard, I perceived at once the importance of turning the attention of common soldiers to intellectual exhibitions of this kind, which, besides affording much gratification, cannot fail to divert many of them from sinking into low debauchery. At this post I was fortunate enough to find letters from my friends.

*September* 1.—After breakfast, whilst I was occupied in answering my letters, Colonel T. called and sat an hour with me, conversing about the state of this part of the country, and the condition of the Indians. Being a Virginian of independent fortune, who chooses to remain in the army only because he is attached to the profession, his manners, like those of many of the superior officers of the American army, who are men of education, inspire great respect. Having accompanied the Colonel to his own house, I proceeded to the old French village to call upon Mr. Douceman, one of the most respectable

inhabitants there, who is one of the managers of the fur trading company; and having communicated to him my intention of proceeding to the sources of that important tributary of the Mississippi, the St. Peter's, he was kind enough to promise me introductions to his agents in the upper country. This important step being happily concluded upon, I determined to take a rapid look at the rocks in the neighbourhood, and lose no time in preparing for my departure.

Directing fresh supplies of provisions to be prepared for our voyage up the Mississippi, I walked across the prairie to the limestone quarries at the bluffs east of the garrison. The escarpment, which is near 400 feet in height, consisted of horizontal beds of non-fossiliferous limestone of a grayish-buff colour, laying beneath the incoherent sandstone we had just left behind, and abounding in cavities containing crystals of carbonate of lime and whiteish chert. Towards the top the slabs of limestone were occasionally made up of concentric circles of various sizes, some of which were two feet in diameter.

From this bluff I had a fine view of the Mississippi, upon which, as the season was passing rapidly away, I was greatly desirous of being once more. The whole valley, from the rocks where I stood to those on the other side, appeared to be about two miles and a half wide; the little prairie being near two miles of the whole, and the Mississippi contributing the rest. This, then, is the breadth of the ancient flood that rolled through these regions.

Having dined in a very agreeable manner with Colonel and Mrs. T., I walked in the afternoon to the French village, and amused myself with talking to the *habitans*, who seem to lead the same sort of idle and adven-

turous life that all the Canadians do,—perfectly happy when they have enough to eat, and superlatively so when they are drinking and dancing. I had made the acquaintance at Navarino of a Mons. Rolette, an "*ancien habitant*" of this place, who had been long engaged in the fur trade, and he arrived here this day. I found him a jolly, intelligent person, and a *bon vivant*. He gave me a good deal of information of the upper country, and insisted upon my taking up my quarters with him on my return.

The hard task now remained before me of collecting my men for our departure in the morning. I heard but indifferent accounts of them: they were acting more like wild men than tame ones, most of them being in a continual state of intoxication. Even Beau Pré had not been able to resist the fascinating temptations of the place; but he was not as bad as the rest; and upon my reminding him of his promise to be prudent, replied, "Monsieur, ce n'est rien du tout; vous trouverez votre monde ramassé demain à l'heure convenu."

*September* 2.—This morning, as I expected, the men were, most of them, very drunk, especially L'Amirant, and two of them were missing, which obliged us to run in every direction to ferret them out. Seeing some newly-erected Indian lodges at the northern end of the prairie, about a mile from the settlement, I went there to look for the delinquents; and upon reaching them, found that the people who inhabited the lodges had only just arrived from Pembinâw, on Red River of Lake Winnipeg. Amongst them was a wild dirty-looking fellow, who appeared from his countenance to have a little white blood in him; and taking him for a half-bred Canadian, I went up to him whilst he was conversing, in what I after-

wards found was a dialect of the Assiniboins, with a short Indian woman with a papoose at her back, and addressed him. He answered me fluently enough, but in a strange sort of French, that the squaw was his wife, that he had taken her to live with him three years before on the Shayanne, a tributary of Red River. They had left Pembinâw, as many others were preparing to do, because there was nobody there to purchase their produce, which had accumulated upon their hands. He said the soil was exceedingly rich, and that the settlers had grown a great deal of barley upon it, which had been wasted because there was nobody to use it. He now inquired of me if he could descend the river in his canoe all the way to "une belle ville dont il avait entendu parler, qui s'appelait Orleans, et où il y avait beaucoup de gens?" Having satisfied him of this, he informed me that he was going there "pour avoir des nouvelles de sa patrie." But the French he uttered was such a *barragouin* as would not be comprehended if it were put down on paper; and supposing he had lived so long amongst the Indians as to have almost forgotten his native tongue, I asked him what language he preferred, and he answered, "J'aime mieux parler avec ma femme."—"Well," said I, "were you born in the Pembinâw country, or in Canada?" To my utter astonishment, he answered, "Je suis né en Irlande." "What!" I exclaimed, "am I talking to an Irishman?" His English, in which he now began to speak to me, was about as bad as the French he had acquired by associating with the *voyageurs*; but I extracted from it that he had been an Irish sailor on a voyage to Hudson's Bay, and that about twelve years ago he had, after a great many incidents, reached Lord Selkirk's settlements on Red River.

This poor fellow had managed to run down almost to the zero of civilization; and beginning to feel an interest in him, I gave him some good advice. I told him he could encamp on the banks of the Mississippi all the way down to New Orleans, without being interrupted or without paying anything; but that when he reached the city he would have to give money even for the privilege of setting up his lodge; that he would have to work hard every day to maintain his family, and that in my opinion he had better return to Pembinâw, where he would be always sure of plenty to eat. He said he thought he would go to New Orleans first, for he had some skins to sell, and could always return if he chose. Finding him bent on proceeding, I told him he would find plenty of Irishmen at New Orleans; a piece of information which seemed to encourage him, for he spoke cheerfully to the squaw, who smiled and said something in return, so giving him a dollar, and advising him not to get drunk, I bade him "Good bye."

What with this Assiniboinised Paddy and my drunken fellows, it was noon before we got away from Prairie du Chien. These Canadians become very sulky when they are forced away from a debauch, as they love to keep it up for several days, and to be dead drunk at least once a day. I was obliged to be very rough with two of them to get them into the canoe; but a serjeant of one of the American regiments, a very respectable man, had, with the permission of his officers, obtained of me a passage to Fort Snelling, at the mouth of the St. Peter's, and I was glad of his presence upon this occasion, for after we had got matters sufficiently arranged to push out into the river, the serjeant and myself were obliged to hold L'Amirant by bodily force until we were in the stream; but the

moment we let go, the fellow attempted to jump overboard, and it was more than an hour before the fumes of the liquor had sufficiently evaporated to make him available again.

We passed Ferribaw's Prairie, an exceedingly pretty scene, terminated to the east with graceful green slopes, crowned with mural precipices resembling the castellated rocks on the Wisconsin, but more developed and imposing. The Mississippi here is more than a mile in width, including some very fine islands. The bluffs on the west side corresponded with the strata on the east, and consisted of limestone, alternating with sandstone and cherty beds.

Paddling against the current of the Mississippi we found a very different thing from descending the Wisconsin in the easy way we had done; and, as I thought the men would be all the better after their debauch for a long night's rest, I gave the signal, after making about twelve miles, to pull to a very charming-looking island, which offered a good encampment. I thought that at this distance from Prairie du Chien the men would hardly attempt to run back to their Cytheres, but determined to watch them closely. Just where we landed the islands were so numerous that it was impossible to see both the banks of the river: the grass was very high, and the mosquitoes very thick, but the same disadvantages presented themselves every where, and we made the best of our situation.

All the islands being upon the same level with each other, and with the prairies and rich bottoms on the river's bank, and the soil in all these situations being the same deposited vegetable sandy loam, it was at once evident that they were all portions of the general deposit

which constituted the ancient bottom of the river, when it flowed close to the bluffs on each side, and which had been cut through by the existing stream since the last great retreat of the waters of this continent, which has been before alluded to. The number of these islands is so great in this part of the country, that it is sometimes difficult to preserve the channel. Once or twice we got into a *cul de sac* during the afternoon, and only found out our error by discovering, as we advanced, that there was no current. Below the mouth of the Wisconsin the islands are much fewer in number, the increased volume of the Mississippi having worn a great many of them away after receiving that powerful stream; and south of the Missouri to New Orleans, its waters being greatly augmented by that river, the Ohio, the Arkansa, and other streams, almost all the islands which formed part of the bottom of the ancient river are washed away: below the Arkansa not one is left, all the vegetable loam being carried down to enlarge the delta, which extends into the Gulf of Mexico.

*September* 3.—The fatigue of the preceding day sent me to my leafy couch with a headache; and not having succeeded in destroying all the mosquitoes in my tent, I passed a disagreeable night, and was glad to get up at break of day. A fine, fresh, and fair breeze was stirring; so rigging a small sail, and getting my somewhat sulky men aboard, we started at 6 A. M., and made fine way against the current. We passed numerous transverse valleys coming into the Mississippi at right angles, about 1200 yards wide, all of them presenting mural escarpments like those on the banks of the Mississippi. The Canadians call these transverse valleys "*coulées*:" none of them appeared to run very far into the interior, though

some of them may be found to do so on inspection. As we advanced, I could perceive a long line of rocks jutting out from the escarpments, exactly upon the same level; the appearance was so unusual, that I landed to examine it, and found it was the siliceous and cherty beds I had seen at Prairie du Chien, which having resisted the degradation to which the lower and softer beds had been exposed, had become a sort of cornice to the whole line of the escarpments. This exceedingly curious state of the rocky beds is peculiar to this part of the Mississippi, and gives an idea of architectural design to the cliffs on each side of the river, as if some lofty wall had been constructed at the summit of the fine slopes which run down to the river.

About nine we stopped on the right bank to breakfast, at the foot of an elevated bluff, about 500 feet high, which I ascended. The top of this bluff was the natural summit level of the country; and although the traveller, when in his canoe, may think himself travelling between lofty mountains, as Carver and other early writers have expressed themselves, yet when he looks down upon the river from the summit level, he sees that the channel of the Mississippi, between bluff and bluff, is a trough which the stream has cut out of the main land, and that the two banks were once united upon the same level with that where he stands. The trough from the point where I stood was about two miles wide, of which the water occupied but a limited portion, the existing main channel of the river having a serpentine course from the east to the west side, sometimes keeping one side for several miles, whilst the rest of the width was occupied by low flat islands, divided by inferior channels, the whole width being about two miles. I could perceive that the bluffs

on the east side were occasionally intersected by lateral valleys a mile in width, all of them well wooded; these last being again intersected by minor valleys running parallel to the line of the river. Everywhere mural escarpments were to be seen, and the same siliceous cornice peeping out. It would be difficult for a geologist to look upon a rarer or more instructive scene.

We left our breakfast fire at half-past ten, and near twelve passed a fine cape, on the west bank, rounded at the termination with a mural escarpment, fronting the river, that seemed a work of art. The main channel was about 350 yards wide; and the wind veering round, we were obliged to take down our sail, and apply to the paddles again. We now passed a deep cove, between two remarkable capes, with truncated escarpments: one of these capes had been called Cap à l'Ail, from the circumstance of wild onions growing on the banks of a rivulet in the cove. At half-past two P. M. my men pointed out to me the mouth of Bad-axe River, on the east bank, a stream where the Sacs and Foxes, who under the Indian chief Black Hawk had taken up arms against the Americans in 1832, received the fatal blow which crippled them as a nation. Colonel Taylor and other officers engaged in this affair, had given me an account of it, which appears to have been badly managed both by the Indians and Americans, the latter of whom had nearly lost all their advantages from the want of a commissariat.

About 4 P. M. we got into a calm channel, about 100 yards wide, which wound about very tediously. Immense quantities of scarlet lychnis, in full blossom, were growing upon the banks of the small islands. This breadth of 100 yards continued for about ten miles, when we

again got into the main channel, about 250 yards wide. A heavy rain now fell upon us, and we soon became thoroughly wet through, and so uncomfortable, that we landed on the west bank; and having got our fires built, and the tent pitched, I changed my clothes, and had stakes put round my fire to dry my wet garments upon. Leaving them to take their chance between the rain and the fire, I supped and lay down, whilst torrents of rain were pouring down in one of the darkest nights I ever saw.

*September* 4.—The rain did not abate until seven in the morning, and we waited awhile to get our clothes dry. As we were breakfasting, a Canadian reached our encampment in a canoe from the north. He informed us that he had spoken with some Ojibway Indians at the mouth of Chippeway River, consisting of a party of forty warriors, who were watching the Sioux (Nahcotahs), to strike them. This was not pleasing intelligence to us, for we knew that some time ago a party of young Indians, being disappointed in meeting with those they intended to attack, fell in with a white trader and his companions, near to where we now were, and being determined to have some scalps, contrived to put the white men off their guard, and murdered them all. We were not without our suspicions that this Canadian had invented his story, for the *voyageurs* are fond of exaggerating trifles; but as the safe rule is never to run any risk by giving these treacherous marauding Indians opportunities, his account served to put me more than ever on my guard. According to him we had not yet reached Red-axe River; so that either he, my men, my map, or altogether were in error.

Leaving our encampment at 8 A. M., we pursued our way; but the rain returning in very copious quantities,

we went muddling on in it until half-past ten, when we stopped to breakfast in a very uncomfortable manner; and getting into the canoe again at twelve, continued on amidst a perfect deluge of rain, until all of us being done up with *ennui* and discomfort, I turned into a pretty cove, about half-past four, under the bluffs of the east bank, and we set to work at the old business of building up good fires. Whilst these were burning up, having plenty of daylight before me, I commenced the ascent of the bluff, which was here about 500 feet high. I had dressed myself this day in a new suit of patent waterproof clothes and leggings, for which I had paid a corresponding price: according to the theory of the thing, therefore, I had some right to suppose myself dry and tolerably comfortable. Of this I had some misgivings when I landed, and had not proceeded far through the tall grass, which was loaded with rain, when I arrived at a perfect conviction that I had never been more thoroughly wet through in my life. Soon after I reached the top the rain ceased, and the weather became clear. I enjoyed here another of those magnificent views which abound on the heights of the Mississippi. The valley betwixt the opposite bluffs was here near three miles wide, and I seemed to look down upon an immense forest, growing upon innumerable islands, among which various streams were gliding. Some of the islands were so extensive as to contain ponds of considerable extent, and large areas of the zirania, already frequented by the wild fowl, which had begun to arrive from the north in immense quantities. In every direction the same features were exhibited; the bluffs of the opposite banks were always of nearly the same height; shewing in the clearest manner that the valley before me was an immense

furrow, which had been worn out in the country by the long action of water. These scenes never satiate the eye and the mind; and I availed myself of every opportunity, when we landed, to renew the enjoyment of them. Whilst wandering about here, I sprung two beautiful broods of *Tetrao*, which immediately took to the trees. I could have shot several of them, but had not my gun with me.

Descending by a different direction, to examine a naked escarpment, I found the silicco-calcareous rocks alternated often with sandstone, with strong beds of sandstone of a rather compact kind at the base; but I could find no fossils in any of the beds. Having reached the camp a little after sunset, I hastened to relieve myself of my bedrabbed patent water-tight garments; and after a hearty supper, commenced the fatiguing business of drying everything by the fire, which occupied me until a late hour. Meantime, my people, who cared nothing about being in wet clothes, as soon as they had made their accustomed carnivorous meal, and enjoyed their noisy conversation and their pipes, wrapped themselves up in their blankets, and were soon all asleep. Left, whilst standing by my fire, to the uninterrupted action of a busy imagination, I was struck by the apparently intelligent manner in which the owls and other night-birds answered each other. Every now and then an owl to the north, not more perhaps than 200 yards from the camp, would put his questions in a rather startling and distinct manner, and after a measured interval of time, the response, equally distinct, would be heard from the south, very near to me; there being to me, who have a very nice musical ear, a sensible difference in the intonation and modulation of the two voices. I was very much interested in this; everything connected with natural history is pleasing to me; and

the effect was exceedingly increased by the locality, the adventurous life I was leading, and the hour of the night. But what, more than anything else, excited my imagination was the knowledge I possessed that the Indians are such exquisite mimics of natural sounds; and that one of their tricks, when hovering about a camp, is to imitate the cries of night-birds, to lull their intended victims into confidence, and to communicate to each other their observations and intentions. My men, too, before they went to sleep, had been loudly disputing about some murders that the Indians had lately committed in the upper country to which we were now going, upon white men. Several of these Canadians had passed successive winters in the service of traders amongst the Sioux and Ojibway, two nations always at war, were acquainted with their principal chiefs, and, espousing different sides, openly justified some of these atrocities. Even the serjeant who was with us had been a long time on service on the frontier, knew a good deal about the Indians, and spoke a few phrases, and could therefore take his share in these conversations. The noise therefore that these fellows had made, if any marauding Indians had been near our bivouac, would have completely revealed our situation. We were exactly in a position to be overpowered by half-a-dozen savages, intent upon plunder and scalps, for all my men were fast asleep, and upon a surprise would have been scalped before they could have stood upon their feet.

In this situation, whilst engaged in drying my clothes, with the notion in my mind that the owls might be wolves in sheep's clothing, sometimes the dull crackling of the fire at the men's bivouac, and sometimes an equivocal sound in the forest, made me more than once retire

to my tent, lest standing by the fire I should be too certain a mark for an Indian rifle. Having remained on the alert a sufficient time, as it appeared to me, to disclose any plan or stratagem, and having settled in my own mind what it was best to do upon every contingency, I retired to my tent, to rival the worst murders of the Indians, in an uncompromising destruction of myriads of mosquitoes; my satisfaction at seeing them jump back into the candle being equal to that of an Indian, perhaps, when he has torn the scalp from his enemy's head.

## CHAPTER XXII.

AN INTELLIGENT INDIAN AND HIS FAMILY.—KEACH WABESHAW'S BAND.—SCAFFOLDS FOR DEAD BODIES.—CARVER'S SUPPOSED FORTIFICATIONS.

*September* 5.—On putting my head out of the tent in the morning, I had the satisfaction of seeing that all my people were alive, with a tremendous deluge of rain pouring upon them. Almost nothing short of a tomahawk will awaken a Canadian *voyageur* who lies down after his day's work, with six or eight pounds of fat pork and biscuits within him. The torrent came down so incessantly, that we kept snug until about 10 A. M., when it began to abate, and striking the camp, we took to the river again. At 2 P. M. we met a party of soldiers in a canoe, going from Fort Snelling to Prairie du Chien with the mail. I stopped for the men to dine at a place where, upon some trees which the Indians had blazed or cut smooth on one side, figures had been painted in black, and were very tolerably executed. Two Indians were represented, each with a scalped prisoner, and two animals representing their *totem*, or the tribe they belonged to. A horse was extremely well done, and an Indian dog still better.

At 3 P. M. we came up with Prairie la Crosse, an extensive slip of low land, so named by the French from the Indians formerly resorting to it to play a game with racket-sticks, resembling very much the Scotch game of

golf. About 4 P. M. the sun came out, and we had a beautiful evening: this encouraged the men to get up a *chanson*, and having all got into good spirits after the constant discomfort we had experienced from the wet weather, I made the signal for landing a little past 5 P. M. at a beautiful slope, with a magnificent escarpment overhanging it. Just as we landed, one of the men knocked a large *Tetrao* down from a tree, which was cooked for my supper. This bird was not particularly good, and, indeed, was only made tolerable by the slices of ham that were fried along with it; however, I made a hearty supper, and reclining by my cheerful fire, was exceedingly amused in observing the gesticulation of my Canadians, their extreme eagerness about the veriest trifles; incessantly did the *sacres* and other profane expressions roll out of their mouths during the conversation which was carrying on betwixt those who were laid down and those who were standing up with their wet blankets spread over their backs to dry at the fire. Certainly a more careless, happy people can hardly be imagined.

*September* 6.—The rain began to come down in torrents again about 4 A. M., and peeping out of the tent, I saw all the people with their heads and bodies wrapped up in their blankets, profoundly asleep, and snoring as if nothing could awaken them. About 7 A. M. it cleared off again, and whilst they were striking the camp, the serjeant and Beau Pré killed five large birds like the one of the preceding evening. These birds are as yet so unaccustomed to man, that they sometimes permit themselves to be knocked from their roost. About half-past eight we passed a good-looking encampment of twenty Sioux lodges; but the band was gone for the autumnal hunt,

At 10 A.M. we stopped to breakfast within sight of what my people called "La Montagne de Trombalo," of which I had heard a good deal said. At half-past eleven we were in the canoe again. Before we reached Trombalo, we observed many Indian marks upon the white sandstone rocks, which were again becoming the predominant beds, and further on the name of *Catlin*, the artist, painted in large letters. I wish this enterprising and very clever person had left his portrait on the rock, which he might very conveniently have done, for at this place it comes perpendicularly down to the river. A fine mocassin snake was swimming about here, having perhaps fallen from the rocks; after several attempts I got him alive into the canoe, to the great horror of the Canadians, who have an unconquerable aversion to snakes. With the aid of the serjeant I got the snake skinned very neatly, and afterwards made an excellent specimen of it.

At 2 P.M. we reached Trombalo, and as this rock had attracted a good deal of notice, I determined to examine it carefully. It is not an island, as it has been supposed to be, but is an outlier of the sandstone and limestone bluffs, running nearly a mile and a half east and west, being separated from the west bank of the Mississippi, and not from the east bank, as some travellers have supposed; for the west bank of the Mississippi is distant from it only about 1200 yards, whilst the east bank is separated from it by a distance of five miles, the intervening space being occupied by an extensive prairie with few or no trees, and extending east and west about twenty-five miles, and north and south about five miles. In ancient times the Mississippi has covered this prairie, which has then been a lake or enlargement of the river. The loftiest part of this outlier is about 500 feet high,

and is separated from the bluffs by a shallow swamp, here covered with trees, through which, in a swollen state of the river, perhaps a boat might pass. From this outlier, or part of the bluff, thus standing as it were in the water, the early French travellers called it "La Montagne qui trempe à l'Eau," which is now corrupted to Trombalo.

Having ascended to the crest of this Trempe à l'Eau, I found it to be a non-fossiliferous limestone, only three or four yards wide, running from north to south about 200 yards, and falling off in a steep precipice to the west, with compact sandstone at its base. Whilst I was contemplating the magnificent view around me, I saw three Sioux Indians in a canoe approach our fire, and descending, I found the serjeant talking with them, and getting such information from them about the state of the upper country as the few words he possessed enabled him to do. Taking out my list of Sioux words, and pointing to the water, the fire, the trees, &c., they gave me the true pronunciation of the Indian names of these natural objects. I then asked them the name of the mountain at the base of which we were, and they answered "Minnay Chon ka hah,"—literally, as I afterwards found, "Bluff in the Water,"—than which nothing could be more descriptive.

We left this place about 4 P. M., and landed for the night at six, at a blacksmith's shop built by the United States Government, for the use of a band of Indians in this neighbourhood, but now abandoned. There was, however, a log hut, a blacksmith's shop, an anvil, some iron and steel, but nobody to take care of them. As soon as the tent was pitched, and our fires lighted, a very respectable old-looking Sioux Indian, who had espied us from an island in the river, crossed over to our camp in his canoe

with two children, a boy and a girl about nine and ten years old. He walked up to me as I was entering some memoranda in my note-book, and extending his hand, said "Capitaine! Capitaine!"—the only word he knew out of his own language. I now took out my vocabulary, and sending for the serjeant, we soon got into a way of understanding each other. About the names of things we had little or no difficulty, for he soon saw that I wanted him to give me the pronunciation, and when I pointed to anything, he would name it two or three times, and when I had caught the sound, and pronounced it to him from my book, he would give an approving grunt and smile. But when I wanted to ask him questions about their enemies, the Ojibways, whether any marauding bands of either nation were out, and whether I was likely to meet with any of them before I reached Fort Snelling, we got into a perfect colloquial bog. I knew nothing but the names of substantial things. The serjeant had pretended he could converse; but when he was brought to the trial, he stuck fast so repeatedly, first trying a French word, then an English word, and then introducing an Indian word, in such a preposterous manner, that we made very little progress, and it soon became so ridiculous as to make me laugh heartily. The *cheval de bataille* of the serjeant was the word "washtay," which signifies "good, pleasing, satisfactory," and according to the serjeant, must have had a great variety of meanings; for when he was in a difficulty, he often began with it, always ended with it, and generally when he was at a loss for a word introduced it, meaning always an appeal to the Indian, whether what he was saying to him was satisfactory, or, in fact, whether he understood him.

Having been some time on the frontier, the worthy

sergeant had had various little dealings with the Indians, had picked up a few of their words, and not a few of their ways, and, except in the particular matter of understanding their language, was, in fact, a very accomplished dragoman.

One question which I told the sergeant to ask him was, "Who was the maker of the moon?" which happened to be shining at that time. Pointing, therefore, to the moon, he began with "Washtay!" the Indian grunting assent, for it was exceedingly beautiful. Then he pointed to the little boy, and said "Washtay!" Next he took hold of the Indian's arm, and said "Papa washtay!" and there he left the question, to the great astonishment of the good Indian, who must have been exceedingly puzzled to find the moon, his son, and himself all put into the same pleasing category. As we obtained no results by this manner of putting the question, the sergeant suggested that I should send for one of the men who had passed two winters in the Indian country, and who boasted he could "parler sauvage tout comme le Français." Finding this Indian a very patient and good-tempered man, I really was desirous of coming to some understanding with him as to his notions of natural theology, and at any rate of ascertaining whether he had thought at all upon the subject. I therefore sent the sergeant for the man, who came scratching his head and grinning on finding he was going to be employed as an interpreter. Having received my directions, he propounded something or other to the Indian in a few barbarous words, which were perhaps some slang of the *voyageurs*, to which the Indian gave no answer, but by some low grunts. This fellow having had no better success than the sergeant, said to me, "Monsieur, c'est inutile; ce vieux b—— n'entend rien du tout;"

and believing that very likely to be the fact, I told the interpreter he might go back.

The old man remained very contentedly about two hours; I gave him a part of my supper, and biscuits and sugar for his children, which they were quite delighted with, the word "washtay" escaping them several times when they licked the fair white loaf sugar, which they put by after tasting it. When my supper was over, he rose, took his children to the canoe, and I saw him by the moonlight paddling over to the island. I now entered the tent and began my evening's work of bringing up my notes, at the close of which, hearing some unknown voices at my fire, I looked out, and lo! my Indian acquaintance, his two children, and two of his wives, each of them carrying a male papoose. I now understood why he had taken his departure so abruptly, without bidding me "Good bye;" the truth being, that, pleased with my kind treatment of him, he had determined to bring his ladies to my camp, and introduce them to the *Capitaine*. I received them of course very kindly, shewed them the tent, of which they expressed great admiration, and presented them with various delicacies, one of which had such an insinuating effect upon them, that they lost all their Indian reserve, ate everything that I placed before them, laughed as heartily as ever I saw women do, and seemed to be perfectly happy.

The irresistible elixir which unstarched these Indian belles was kept by me more as a medicine than as a cordial, for use upon extraordinary occasions, in various bottles inclosed in wicker-work to prevent breakage, for I never taste anything of the kind myself; and the form in which I administered it to these ladies may be

best described, perhaps, as a "glass of pretty stiff hot brandy and water, with plenty of sugar in it." Seated amidst them near the cheerful fire, under the brilliant moon, I could not but contemplate with interest the condition of these poor people. It was evident they were good-tempered, confiding, cheerful, and grateful, and might in time, by kind and judicious treatment, be raised from their degraded position. Beau Pré now came up and said that L'Amirant had passed several winters amongst the upper Sioux, and spoke the Yankton dialect pretty well. I was delighted to hear this, and sending for him, asked him if he really could converse with these people. Upon which he immediately addressed the man, and in a few minutes I found, to my perfect satisfaction, that he could interpret betwixt us.

The Indian now informed me that his name was *Ouapaytoo Wabee*, or Daylight; that he was brother to *Wabashaw*, a celebrated chief, who with his band resided at their village built on a prairie on the right bank of the Mississippi, which we should see as we passed up the river. *Minnay Chon ha hah*, the outlier we had visited in the afternoon, was in fact, he said, a sort of island, as there was an obscure passage round it. Finding I could now keep up a conversation with him, I asked him "where the moon went to when it set?" and he answered that "it went travelling on until it came up on the east again." I then asked him "who was the father of the two little papooses?" when he answered that he was. We now came back to the old question which the serjeant had so bungled, and I asked him "who was the maker of the moon?" when he immediately replied "*Wakŏn*." I asked him "who Wakŏn was?" and he said that every Indian knew that the moon (*wee*), the sun (*wee onpay-*

*too*, "sun day"), the lakes (*minday*), the river (*wāh-padah*), the trees (*shogn*), the sky (*mahpayah*), the stars (*weechāhpee*), were all made by *Wakōn*; and here he pointed to the heaven, and said that the Indians after death went to the hunting-ground where the sun rises, and afterwards to *Wakōn*. I asked him if they ever offered anything to *Wakōn*, and he replied that good Indians never forgot to offer to him; and said that it was the custom of his band to go to the top of *Minnay Chon ka kah* at the season for hunting wild geese, and that they made offerings to Mangwah* Wakōn ("wild goose god"), that he might be favourable to them in their hunting.

*Ompāytoo* seemed pleased to be talked to about such matters; he expressed himself like a sensible and rational man, and convinced me that the Indians entertained juster opinions of natural theology than they had credit for. When we parted I gave the women pork and biscuit, and they presented me with some teal in return. At the last moment I desired L'Amirant to tell *Ompāytoo* that all good white men believed Wakōn made everything as well as he did, and that they prayed to him to be good to them. That there was only one *Wakōn*; and, as he made both the Indians and the white men, they were

* The Indians are not polytheists: they believe in one Creator of all things, and when they speak of the *wild goose god*, it is only on the particular occasion when they pray to Wakōn to give them a good hunting season of wild geese. An experienced western trader told me that he was once with a tribe of the south-western Indians on a wild horse hunt; and that the chief, on the morning they went out, put a piece of bear's meat on a stake, and holding it up, said "I have always given you a share of everything I have killed since I was a man; but I am growing old like yourself now, and cannot hunt as well as I used to do. I hope you will remember that, and help me to catch a good lot of horses, and I shall always think well of you as a "*wild horse god*."

brothers, and *Wakŏn* was their father. That, therefore, we ought all to love one another, and that I hoped he would tell the Indians a white man had said so. He shook hands very kindly with me, and it was late in the night when they left my camp to go to their *westaŭ*, or island.

*September* 7.—A foggy morning delayed our departure until 7 A. M., when we got under way for *Wabeshăw's* Prairie. *Ompăydoo* had informed me last night that his brother was not at home, being gone on a visit to Roque, a Frenchman who traded higher up the river at the foot of Lake Pepin, and who had been many years married to a Sioux woman. The Indians had named this Roque, who had a red blemish on his face, *Wăh-justachăy*, or "Raspberry." I remember well *Ompăydoo's* words, when I inquired if his brother was at home: "Wabeshăw Wăhjustachăy teebee" "Wabeshaw is at Wăhjustachăy's house;" so I determined, on our arrival at the prairie, to make my *début* in the Sioux tongue in these very words, adding an interrogative tone to them. We soon reached it: it was one of those beautiful bottoms, or natural meadows, on the Mississippi, which are occasionally to be seen, about seven miles long in one direction, a mile and a half wide, and was bounded on the south by a bold high bluff. The village consisted of twelve large oblong wigwams, or teebees, covered in with bark, and two round lodges, made with poles and covered with skins. As we approached the prairie, a great number of men came to the landing-place, painted in the most hideous manner, one-half of their faces being rubbed over with a whitish clay, and the other side all begrimed with charcoal; not that they were going to war, but because they were in mourning for the wife of a chief of the second class, who had recently died.

Near the village several death-scaffolds were erected, formed of four poles each, about eight feet high, with a floor made by fastening shorter poles to them about seven feet from the ground, and the frail structure shored up by another pole extending to the ground. Upon this floor a rude coffin was placed, containing the body, and from one end of the scaffold a sort of bunting was flying, to denote the rank of the individual. Across the end of the coffin a part of the top of an American flour barrel was awkwardly nailed, with the words "steam mill" branded upon it, now covering food for the worms as it once did for men. An old squaw was standing near the scaffold of the defunct lady, howling in a most extraordinary manner. Around these scaffolds were numerous inferior graves, some of them containing full-length corpses, and others only the bones of the dead after they have remained too long on the scaffolds to hold together. This custom of only interring the bones in the ground has been very general amongst the Indians of North America, and, as has been shewn in another work,* gave rise to an opinion, from the shortness of the coffins, that a nation of dwarfs had once existed.

Great numbers of children were running about in every direction, almost all of them with their faces begrimed; and near one of the teebees a little boy, about four years old, was sitting down with a tuft of eagles' feathers stuck in his hair, and his face entirely rubbed over with vermilion. Finery is the besetting sin of these savages; any glaring colour, any feather that has adorned a bird, they think must adorn them. Poor creatures! they have not the means of procuring the gaudy contrivances that administer to the vanity of

* Excursions through the Slave States, &c., vol. 1. p. 180.

civilization, and they but avail themselves of what is within their reach to gratify the same passion. A great many of the bigger boys were amusing themselves with bows and arrows.

Whilst my people were engaged in preparations for our breakfast, I made the most of my time in strolling about the village. What most surprised me was the interminable number of narrow foot-paths that led from the village into the long grass, and supposing that all led to something or other, I entered several of them, treading however very cautiously, as I saw it was necessary to do, without at first suspecting what their immediate purpose was. I had with some difficulty got to the end of one, and seeing it terminate, and myself no wiser, I turned round, and the whole mystery became at length explained. A squaw came from the village, and entering the path where I was, squatted down, and having gone through some ceremony or other, arose and returned. Now it was just possible, since these paths were in the immediate vicinity of the graves, that this popping down of the ladies might have some smack of piety in it; but various *faits accomplis* I had cautiously avoided made me think otherwise; and remembering the state of our encampment when we first bivouacked at Lake Winnebago, I returned to the place where I was to eat my breakfast, to see that the men had not made their fire amidst some ancient Coprolites, and not liking the appearance of things, I had my breakfast taken to the canoe.

As soon as I had finished, being curious to see the interior of some of the *teebes*, I entered some of them, commencing with "Wabeshâw Wâhjustachây teebee?" which the women always answered in the affirmative, and

in a tone of great kindness; so that I began to feel great confidence in the acquirements I had made in the Sioux language. All the women I saw were intolerably ugly, and appeared to be old without exception. What with hard work and bearing children, those who are only thirty years old appear to be sixty: their shrivelled faces bore strong marks of suffering, and were as utterly without attraction as those of female baboons: even the youngest were so dirty, that they were not pleasing objects. Nothing could exceed the disgusting filth of this village, with the lazy brutal appearance of its begrimed inhabitants; and I could not but wish that my friend Mr. Cooper, the author of the "Last of the Mohicans," whose fine imaginative pen has delighted so many readers, but who, I believe, has never been amongst the Indians, had been with me to see how impossible it was for such a forty-horse power of sentimentality as he ascribes to Uncas and his Indians to grow up amidst such piggish filth as belongs to a wild people like these.

We left Wabeshaw's village about noon, just as a flock of pelicans were crossing the river. The valley of the Mississippi is here near three miles in breadth, and the main channel about a mile and a quarter, bluffs and coves presenting themselves in every direction, and everywhere beautiful. We stopped for the night, at 6 P.M., at a pretty wooded slope on the left bank; and I was not much surprised to find myself attacked with an incipient sore throat, accompanied by a little fever, from having so often been wet of late, and from sleeping in a wet tent. The weather, however, had become more promising, and confiding in it and the temperate life I led, I merely put a piece of flannel round my throat, and lay down.

*September* 8.—I rose at sun-rise, and felt much better. It was a beautifully clear morning, and about six we got under way. The wind had been so high in the night, that I sometimes felt apprehensive for the tent, which had been incautiously pitched near some trees that were to windward; and trees on these slopes having but very little hold of the soil, frequently blow over. A tent should never be pitched without well considering the state of the ground, the wind, and the weather. As we proceeded, we met a canoe containing a naked brawny Sioux, two women, and several children. The serjeant asked him if they were his wives, when he replied that one was, but that the other was his mother. Upon which L'Amirant, who had a good stock of impudence, said "How do you know she is your mother?" Putting his hand on his breast, the Indian answered, "Mamma utah" ("I fed at her breasts;" *utah* means "to eat"), and certainly no answer could have been more simple or expressive.

We stopped to breakfast about 9 A. M., and enjoying this meal much more than I did my dinner yesterday evening, I considered myself out of danger of an attack of sore throat, an enemy I have suffered severely from. Here we shot a great many wild pigeons, which being fat were a very acceptable addition to our larder. I observed also a great many grey squirrels about, but no black ones, which I have seen abound so much in Upper Canada.

I had read with some interest, in Carver's travels, an account* of some curious remains of fortifications, which

* One day, having landed on the shore of the Mississippi, some miles below Lake Pepin, whilst my attendants were preparing my dinner, I walked out to take a view of the adjacent country. I had not proceeded far before I came to a fine, level, open plain, on which I perceived, at a little distance,

he had seen "some miles below Lake Pepin," but I had not been able to find any one who could corroborate his account. We were now, by computation, very near the locality, and judging him to refer to the right bank of the river, although he does not say so, I frequently stopped, and either went or sent some one to take a look at the country from the top of the bank. L'Amirant having told me there was an extensive prairie not far

a partial elevation, that had the appearance of an entrenchment. On a nearer inspection, I had greater reason to suppose that it had really been intended for this many centuries ago. Notwithstanding it was now covered with grass, I could plainly discern that it had once been a breastwork of about four feet in height, extending the best part of a mile, and sufficiently capacious to cover 5000 men. Its form was somewhat circular, and its flanks reached to the river. Though much defaced by time, every angle was distinguishable, and appeared as regular, and fashioned with as much military skill, as if planned by Vauban himself. The ditch was not visible, but I thought, on examining more curiously, that I could perceive there certainly had been one. From its situation, also, I am convinced that it must have been designed for this purpose. It fronted the country, and the rear was covered by the river; nor was there any rising ground for a considerable way that commanded it—a few straggling oaks were alone to be seen near it. In many places small tracks were worn across it by the feet of elks and deer; and from the depth of the bed of earth by which it was covered, I was able to draw certain conclusions of its great antiquity. I examined all the angles and every part with great attention, and have often blamed myself for not encamping on the spot, and drawing an exact plan of it. To show that this description is not the offspring of a diseased imagination, or the chimerical tale of a mistaken traveller, I find, on inquiry, since my return, that Mons. St. Pierre and several travellers have, at different times, taken notice of similar appearances, on which they have formed the same conjectures, but without examining them so minutely as I did. How a work of this kind could exist in a country that has hitherto (according to the generally received opinion) been the seat of war to untutored Indians alone, whose whole stock of military knowledge has only, till within two centuries, amounted to drawing the bow, and whose only breastwork even at present is the thicket, I know not. I have given as exact an account as possible of this singular appearance, and leave to future explorers of these distant regions to discover whether it is a production of nature or art."—Travels through the Interior Parts of North America, in the Years 1766, 1767, 1768. By J. Carver, Esq. Pp. 57, 58. London, 1778.

from Roque's, on reaching it about noon I landed there, and ascending the bank, perceived, through some evergreen trees, unusual elevations about a mile and three-quarters off. Directing the boat to wait for me, I immediately walked across the prairie, a distance of about two miles, and on reaching them entertained no doubt that this was the remarkable locality seen by Carver. It certainly was a very curious place: the prairie was entirely level as far as these elevations, and the surface was completely composed of dusty sand, covering a black alluvial mould.

The first of these certainly had the appearance of an ancient military work in ruins: it had a steep sandy slope to the top, and resembled a very irregular work, entirely covered with drifted sand, consisting of something like three bastions and various salient angles. Inside of the work was a large cavity, and a slope of twenty yards to the bottom. There seemed also to be the remains of terraces. Outside was what might, perhaps, without exaggeration, be called a ditch, whether made by men or the wind, with a terrace of eight paces broad to the north-east. The inside of the cavity was about seventy paces in diameter, and the whole elevation was 424 paces in circumference. Distant from this about 700 paces south-south-east was a second, resembling it in form and size; and 700 paces east-south-east from this last was a third, the largest of the three, being 1100 paces in circumference, having, like the others, what represented bastions and salient angles, and being capable of containing 1000 people. Its walls appeared lofty when standing on the outside, and there was a deep ditch on the south side. Further to the south I counted six more. Nor was there wanting what

an observer might fairly call a communication from one to the other and to the river, for the ground was thrown up all the way to it. From the highest point at which I stood I could distinguish a line of similar elevations extending at least four miles.

At the northern end of this singular assemblage of elevations they most appeared to have been the work of art, whilst at the southern termination they gradually passed into an irregular surface, and became a confused intermixture of cavities and knolls, that I think might be satisfactorily accounted for by the blowing of sand. In this part, as Carver observes, were still a great number of straggling oaks.

It is possible that all this may have been done by the wind blowing a decomposed sandstone into these forms; but from the limited opportunity which I had of examining these appearances, I was far from being convinced of this. The substance of the prairie was a vegeto-alluvial deposit, having a light covering of sand upon it; and if it was the wind which had thus distributed the sand so evenly upon the surface, how are the raised lines which are continued down to the river, and the elevations which so much resemble fortifications, to be accounted for? The same wind could hardly at one time lay the sand equally upon the prairie, and at another build up structures so much resembling works of art. Those, however, who think so after personal inspection, are bound to satisfy themselves why the wind has not produced similar effects upon the surface in other parts of this extensive prairie? It is difficult to suppose a force of that kind proceeding uniformly to produce effects that so extremely resemble a line of defence constructed by a barbarous people. But after all comes the ques-

tion,—what were these fortifications intended to defend? Carver certainly talks somewhat extravagantly when he speaks of their being fashioned with the skill of a Vauban. I regretted not having leisure to dig about them; but the sand was so blown over the whole, that it would have required a great deal of time to clear only a very small space away. Hereafter, when this curious place becomes more known and investigated, if Indian antiquities should be discovered commensurate with the extent of the work, such as the stone instruments and weapons of offence usually found about Indian encampments, it would decide the question.

At 6 P. M. we arrived at what is called the Grand Encampment, being an alluvial bottom with some scattered trees. Perhaps it may have received its name from the contiguous elevations I have spoken of. A great number of Indians had temporarily assembled here; and as soon as our canoe appeared in sight, they came to the bank and followed us along shore until we had selected our bivouac, which I was very careful to do in a place where these gentry had not been before. They were rather troublesome to us, were too numerous for me to gratify them all with presents, and I could find no chief amongst them.

It was evident that I was getting into a part of the country very much overrun with the *Sioux*, and that I could not advance comfortably without a regular interpreter, through whom I could maintain a good understanding with them. As far as I could make it out, all the Indians we should now meet on the right bank of the Mississippi were bands of the widely-spread people who had received the name of *Sioux* from the French, a term now recognized by the Indians. On

the other side of the Mississippi the country was possessed by the *Ojibwoays*, a still powerful people; and betwixt these two races, only divided by the Mississippi, as fierce an antipathy existed as ever prevailed betwixt the two nations who inhabit the opposite sides of the British Channel.

Hastening to get my fire built, I retired to my tent to eat my supper, leaving the men to squabble with the Indians. The usual quantity of pork and biscuit—a pound of the first and two pounds of the other—for each man had been already served out, and the provision-bags replaced in the tent. I knew the Canadians would surrender no portion of their allowance to the importunities of the natives, and hoped that, finding they could obtain nothing, they would go away to their own fires, which at length they did, and we were left in peace. During the night I looked out to see if anything was going on, but the Indian bivouac was as quiet as our own. If they had had any whisky we should have had a mad uproar all the night; but the wise regulations of the United States Government preventing the introduction of ardent spirits amongst the Sioux, and which seem to be faithfully carried out, were made evident by the silence of the night.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

REACH LAKE PEPIN.—NEAR THE CATARACT OF ST. ANTHONY.—REACH FORT SNELLING.—ENGAGE MILOR AS A GUIDE, AND GET INTO VERY BAD LODGINGS.

*September* 9.—We got the canoe under way at the dawn, and plying our paddles, reached *Wajhustachay's*, or Roque's, at 7 A. M. The house of this trader was well situated at the south-eastern end of *Lake Pepin*, upon the edge of a high prairie fifty feet from the water, on the right bank of the Mississippi. It will make an excellent site for a town, there being a little stream emptying into the Mississippi, wide enough for boats to go up into the prairie some distance. On the opposite side of the Mississippi is Chippeway River, one of its most important tributaries in this part of the country, the sources of which are at a great distance to the north-east, not far from Lake Superior.

At this place I found Wabeshaw, the chief of the band I had visited the preceding day, with some other chiefs. He was dressed in a red-coloured garment, and acted and spoke like a person still conscious of possessing some authority. Roque was from home, but we found his wife, an active bustling Indian woman, who seemed to be a very good housekeeper, and from her I procured a supply of potatos and a bottle of fresh milk. She had two daughters by this Frenchman, one of whom I saw, a rather pretty half-breed girl, about eighteen; the other was married to a Frenchman, and lived with him in a small hut close by. I suppose M. Roque, like

many others of his countrymen, had shaken hands with civilized society, for everything about his house was perfectly Indian.

Wabeshaw was grave, and not communicative. I understood afterwards that he was dissatisfied with the proceedings of the agents of the United States, and looked with great anxiety to that much-feared moment, when he, too, would be called to a treaty of cession of his lands, and be compelled to move to some distant country. He therefore dreaded the appearance of white men. I had, however, some conversation with him of a general nature. He told me that they had no name for the Mississippi, but *Wāhpadah Tanka*, or "Great River;" and none for Lake Pepin, but *Minday Tanka*, or "Great Lake." Indeed, when we consider that this immense continent was occupied by various races of savage people, speaking different languages, and each of them before the arrival of Europeans in America inhabiting and hunting in particular districts, without issuing from them except when upon warlike excursions, we see the impossibility of the word "Mississippi," or any other word, having at any time been a general name for this stream amongst the Indians of North America. In many of the dialects of the Lenape, and of the aborigines settled upon the Atlantic coast, the word *sepee* meant river; and in the Ojibway, and even Knistenaux, which are northern branches of the same family, it means the same thing. The early French adventurers, as they advanced westward, appear to have carried this word with them, and adding the word "Missi" —not in any Indian tongue that I have any knowledge of—to it, we have thus obtained the word "Mississippi," which some writers, without authority, have stated to

mean the "Father of Rivers,"—a rather nonsensical interpretation, since, being a flood resulting from the confluence of many streams, it might with greater propriety have been called the "Son of Rivers."

Taking leave of Madame Roque and her guests, we pushed off into the lake, accompanied by two canoes, in one of which was a young buck of an Indian, with an eagle's feather stuck in his hair, and long strings of beads depending from a slit in his ears: in the other were two squaws, with long flowing black hair, and a little boy; the oldest woman sat in the stern of the canoe, and guided it with her paddle, whilst her companion and the boy worked away vigorously at their paddles. Each of the women had a petticoat on, and a jacket slightly fastened with a silver brooch.

About half-past eight we landed on a sandy beach, on the east side of the lake, to prepare our breakfast. I had purchased a fine cat-fish of the Indian in the canoe, and they were frying part of it for me when one of those north-west winds, which at times agitate this lake so fearfully, and which had been rising for some time, came down upon us with such force that we were in an instant covered with flying sand, and our breakfast preparations utterly ruined. This lake trends north-west and south-east, and being completely raked by these occasional high winds, is at such times very dangerous for canoes. On re-embarking we found our situation far from being an agreeable one; the waves of the lake were very high, and, as we advanced upon the broad lake, became tumultuous. It required the greatest dexterity on the part of Beau Pré to keep the head of the canoe in a proper position. It was evident that a slight mistake would immediately be fatal to our frail

machine. More than once I had my apprehensions about the result, for it being necessary for us to cross the lake to the right bank, we found an unexpected high sea in the middle, and not daring to steer in the trough of the waves, were obliged to keep the canoe's head to the wind. All our men were grave, none of them spoke, and all I said once or twice was, "Prudence toujours, Beau Pré." He was very prudent, and by taking every advantage of an occasional lull, we at length got into smoother water, under the lee of the right bank. Here my apprehensions being over, I became sea-sick, and upon reaching a point of land called by the French Pointe aux Sable, was glad to get ashore near the remains of an old French trading post. Nearly opposite to this place there is a bluff on the other side of the lake, distant about three miles and a half, of rather a remarkable character. It is an escarpment fronting the south-west, about 1400 yards long, lying between two well-wooded coves, with a vertical depth of horizontal beds of about 150 feet, and a wooded slope from it to the river. It is now called "The Lover's Leap," a story being attached to it of some Indian Sappho, which is probably an invention suggested by the perpendicularity of the precipice.

The wind having lulled a little, we re-embarked and got to the head of the lake about 5 P.M., which by computation appeared to be about twenty-one miles distant from the south end. There are two large channels at the head of the lake, and we took the one dividing the right bank from an island about twelve miles long, edged all the way by lofty and beautiful trees. We stopped at a very commodious camping place, upon the island, a little before six; and having got my tent pitched, I

sat down to a hearty supper of fried cat-fish, decidedly the best fish I have tasted in the western country.

*September* 10.—We struck our camp at the dawn, leaving our excellent bivouac, with its smooth, clean ground, and abundance of the best dry fire-wood. All were delighted at having exchanged the turbulent and dangerous surface of the lake for the secure amenity of the river. About 7 A.M. we stopped at an Indian village, consisting of eight large teebees erected near the bank of the Mississippi. On our arrival a number of Indians of both sexes, children, and dogs, issued from them. We had taken them by surprise, for they appeared all to have been sleeping when we came up, and were roused by the sound of our paddles. The principal chief was *Mähpayah Mäzah*, or "Iron Cloud"; there was also another chief, called *Mähpayah Mönee*, or the "Cloud that Walks." Some of the Indians at this place had come from a great distance, and being unaccustomed to see white people, were very curious. I wore a large Mackinaw blanket coat of a bright green colour, which attracted their attention; and being told I was the chief of the party, they followed me wherever I went. We were surprised to find the two canoes here which had left Roque's with us: they must have worked very hard to have outstripped us, one of them only having a pair of paddles; but the Indians are more skilful than the whites in the management of canoes, and we probably lost a great deal of time upon the lake. The maize they raised here appeared to be of a very good quality.

At half-past 8 A.M. we reached six lodges full of Indians, all busy drying their maize. The men were fine brawny-looking fellows, all, as usual, in excellent condition at the end of the summer months, and what

rather surprised me was to see them working as hard as the women. We stopped and had a few moments' conversation with them, during which they informed me we should soon reach a tributary of the Mississippi, called Hõhãng, or "Fish River," giving a nasal termination to the word, which reminded me of the Winnebagoes. All these Indians had very fine teeth. From hence we crossed to the left bank, which is low and rolling, and without those fine escarpments we had found below. At nine we stopped to breakfast, and were overtaken in a short time after by our Indian fellow-travellers of Lake Pepin, with some other individuals they had taken on board. There was a frightful-looking old squaw, with a little boy, a youth about twenty, with strings of wampum hanging from his forelocks, and his face all begrimed with charcoal, whilst his sister, a tolerable-looking young squaw, about nineteen, had only a black grimy spot on each cheek. The journey they were upon was connected with the death of a relative, and the party had gone into cheap mourning, which, nevertheless, amongst these simple and rude people, is the symbol of wounded affections. The old crone, as soon as she arrived, came to me and begged some gun-flints, and I gave her a couple, as well as some biscuits. They had got a quantity of half ripe sour wild grapes in their canoe, and were eating them with apparent satisfaction. I had repeatedly observed that they permitted their children to eat as much as they pleased of these harsh fruits, the consequence of which was, that they all had violent bowel complaints, of which many died.

About eleven, the wind coming aft, we rigged a sail and glided along very pleasingly. At 1 P. M. the banks became again about 300 feet high, the escarpments coming

down to the water's edge; and at half-past four we had nothing but round knolls on the left bank about 100 feet high, all well covered with grass. Here we came in sight of the *Hōhāng*, or as the French call it, the St. Croix river, which I suppose to be about thirty-eight miles from Lake Pepin. I left the canoe for a moment, and ascended the bank, from which I saw that this stream, about two miles from its mouth, becomes a lake, and that its left bank was low, and exhibited some beds of horizontal limestone. From this point the Mississippi became gradually narrower, diminishing to 250 yards, where there is a prairie on the right bank, and at length, after winding very much, becoming only 100 yards wide. Here I stopped at half-past 5 P. M. for the night, on the right bank, at a fertile bottom, where there was a small deserted house not far from our bivouac, once occupied by a trader of the name of Brown, formerly a discharged soldier. This Mr. Brown, the serjeant informed me, was a gay deceiver amongst the Indian fair. First, he married, after the Indian fashion, a half-breed young beauty, the daughter of a person named Dixon; then, becoming tired of her, he took another wife of the same degree, a daughter of a Mr. M'Kay. They had both of them lived with him at this place. But casting off the second, he had acquired such an exceedingly bad character for abandoning his women and children, having played the same trick with two or three white wives in the States before, that he had found it convenient to move away to a very remote part of the Indian country, where he was unknown.

Whilst the men were pitching the tent I heard a deep throbbing sound coming at intervals from a great

distance, which the men told me proceeded from the cataract of St. Anthony. The evening being fine for fishing, I took the serjeant with me, after I had supped, to an Indian lodge I saw at a distance, hoping to be able to borrow one of their canoes, our own having been landed for the men's bivouac. We found an old squaw, her son, and some young children at the lodge, but no canoe. I therefore promised the youth a piece of pork if he would go with the serjeant and bring a canoe, for we were very sure they had hid the one which belonged to them; but the little fellow refused to go unless he was paid first, so I told the serjeant to return to the camp and procure a piece. But now another difficulty arose; the old squaw would not let me stay by her fire until they came back, because she said her children would be frightened and would cry. All this distrust, as I found afterwards, was owing to the ill-conduct of the soldiers and other white men at Fort Snelling, who often took the canoes of the poor Indians without their consent, and did not return them. Indeed, I was sorry to learn from the serjeant that they were not famous for keeping their word with the natives at all. We procured a canoe at length, but had no success; and I retired to my tent rather late, listening to the throbbing sound of the cataract until I fell asleep.

*September* 11.—This being a place where we were very much annoyed with the mosquitoes, we were glad to pursue our course early in the morning. We found the river free of islands, and not more than 150 yards wide. On our way we met a canoe with Mr. Johnston, a half-breed brother to Mr. Schoolcraft, who had been serving as interpreter to a party of surveyors that had

been running a divisional line betwixt the Sioux and the Ojibways. He was an intelligent person, and gave me a great deal of information about the Indian country as high up as Otter Tail Lake, which I returned in news about his friends at Michilimackinac. Immense quantities of wild grapes, but of a very inferior quality, were growing in this part of the Mississippi. At 9 A. M. we stopped to breakfast, and were soon joined by five canoes with Indians, including the old mourning party of Lake Pepin. All of them were hideously daubed with black and white. In one of the canoes was a youth of a remarkably noble figure, most woefully begrimed and covered with dirt, with a ragged blanket spread over his shoulders; but notwithstanding these disadvantages, there was an air of superiority so strongly implanted in him by nature, that no filth could obscure it. I never before saw a human being that had such an imperial air, and so fine a carriage of his person. If it had pleased God to fashion all kings and princes after the model of this savage, men would never have doubted of royalty being of divine origin, not even in Portugal.

Having breakfasted and regaled our begrimed companions with a little pork, we all started again, and soon came up with another village, consisting of six teebees, where our Indians stopped. Beyond this place I landed to examine some rocks in place, consisting of a tough and contorted limestone; and a little higher up the beds became very cavernous, and contained concentric masses like those at Prairie du Chien: in some of them the laminæ undulated and often affected the concentric form, as if the mineral had a tendency to resolve itself into a globular state. The Mississippi was

singularly beautiful here, flowing in a stream of about 900 yards wide through its banks, lined with fine forest trees, vines, and shrubs, the limestone frequently showing itself near to the water.

At 4 P.M. we stopped a short time at the village of *Tchāypohāmonee*, or the "Little Crow" (all the villages go by the name of the chief). The Indian men were principally gone to hunt the buffaloe, but the women and children, a mad squalid-looking set, came running down to us to obtain pork, which, after I had distributed some amongst them, brought out an elderly man with four fine wild ducks, which he bartered with us as we were leaving the place. Two years ago this Little Crow band was almost destroyed by their mortal enemies the Ojibways, who, whilst they were hunting at the upper end of Lake St. Croix, surprised them in the night and massacred forty of them. About 5 P.M. we came up with a bluff of incoherent sandstone about 180 feet high, like that on the Wisconsin. The Indians say there was formerly a large cave here, but that the rock fell in and covered it up. I landed, and endeavoured to trace some vestige of the cave, but in vain, a talus of hundreds of tons of fallen rock covering the entire slope. We now crossed over to the opposite side and encamped.

*September* 12.—In the morning we were embargoed by a dense fog until near 8 A.M., but at length got away, and found the banks of the river for some distance flat and woody, the soft sandstone having evidently been removed. In the course of an hour we came abreast of another bluff, receding a little from the river, with a short ravine leading to it, from which issued a spring of good water. I landed, and following it about

200 paces to a cave, found it was a famous locality which some of the chiefs had described to me as *Wakŏn Teebee*, or "House of the Spirit." The ravine ended in a circular wall of soft sandstone, about forty feet high, to the right of which is the entrance to a very fine cave, about eighteen feet in height and thirty feet wide. After advancing a few steps the cave lost its dimensions, became six feet and a half high and ten feet wide. I entered it forty paces, when the stream which ran down the centre of it, and which was the one we saw on landing, overflowed the ground, and became too deep to walk. From hence I heard a rumbling sound of falling water within the cave, and throwing stones as far as I could, I could distinguish by the sound that they fell into deep water. Like many other caves, this appears to have a reservoir of water in it arising from springs, that in long periods of time have effected the excavations in the rock, which is so soft and incoherent as to be easily cut by a knife. I found many pebbles of primary rock in the cave, which must have been brought there by floods subsequent to its formation.* This cave is very well described by Carver, who mentions the figures which the Indians had cut in the rock, and which I also observed there.

Leaving this very curious cave, which I regretted not being prepared to explore, we recommenced our voyage, and passing the mouth of the *Minnay Sotor*, or St.

*In a communication made by me to the Geological Society of London, in 1826, a cave is described in the Helderberg mountain, in the state of New York, containing a thick bed of detritus, consisting of slate, limestone, and primary rocks, through which a stream flowing from a reservoir of water has worn a passage. This cave is many hundred feet above the level of the existing waters.

Peter's river, soon after 10 A.M. came in sight of Fort Snelling, the last American garrison in the Indian country. This imposing-looking post is situated on the top of a bluff on the right bank of the Mississippi, which fronts a water communication betwixt this river and the *Minnay Sotor*, the mouth of which being somewhat hid by a low flat island, was not observed by Father Hennepin when he ascended the Mississippi in 1680. This communication is, in fact, a *cut-off* or channel which the waters of the river have made into the St. Peter's, the current running in that direction. The bluff presents a fine section of the horizontal rocks, and I was very much struck with the noble appearance of the fort. Here we landed, and giving directions to the men to pitch the tent on the plain below, I commenced the ascent of the hill to pay my respects to the commandant, examining cursorily the limestone beds superincumbent upon the soft sandstone, in which were a great variety of fossils, such as *orthocera*, *bellerophon*, *fucoides*, *orthis*, and other fossils characteristic of some upper beds of silurian limestones. Upon entering the quadrangle of the fort, Major Bliss, the commandant, advanced to meet me: he appeared a straightforward soldierly sort of person, and very civilly said he would order my luggage to be taken to a room, adding that he would be happy if I would drink tea with himself and his lady in the evening.

I was now presented to some of the officers, and then permitted to stroll about and look around me; after which I returned to the fort at the dinner-hour, thinking it possible some charitable Samaritan might ask me to dine; but that interesting moment slipping away, I found Duke Humphrey was likely to be my

only patron. I determined, therefore, to lose no time in making arrangements for my departure, and, descending to the bivouac of my men, got into the canoe, and was paddled over the St. Peter's to Mr. Sibley's, the agent of the fur company, to whom I had letters of introduction, and upon whom I relied to procure me a good guide and interpreter to accompany me in my projected adventure to the sources of this fine stream, which rise at the Côteau de Prairie, a dividing ridge that separates them from the waters of the Missouri. The Indians in that part of the country had not hitherto mixed with any white men who were not traders; and it was essential to my safety and successful progress to take every proper precaution, and especially to be provided with a respectable guide and interpreter known to the Indians.

Mr. Sibley received me very kindly, and immediately offered me quarters at his house, which I certainly should have accepted, if I had not thought it might give umbrage at the fort. Having explained to Mr. Sibley my intentions and wishes, he confirmed me in the opinion I entertained of the expediency of engaging a guide, and was kind enough to say that he had a half-breed in his service who was exactly the sort of person I wanted, and that, if I approved of him after conversing with him, an arrangement should be made for him to accompany me. The man was immediately sent for, and soon after arrived. He was a fine Frenchman-looking Indian, about fifty-five years old, tall and active, and was, as he told me, the son of a French officer by a Saukie woman; "et c'est pour quoi, Monsieur," said he, "la compagnie" (the fur company) "m'a donné le nom de *Milor*." The *sequitur* was not

very clear, but the name was a very good one, and betokened some good qualities, of which Mr. Sibley said he possessed a great many, besides speaking the Sioux and other Indian tongues perfectly well, and having been familiar from his youth with every inch of the country. Being prepossessed with his appearance and pleased with his conversation, I immediately engaged him, considering myself very fortunate in obtaining the services of such a person.

Mr. Sibley's agency was well situated on the right bank of the St. Peter's, about three-quarters of a mile from its mouth, opposite the small island of alluvial soil called Terribaux, from a French trader, which lies betwixt the river and the channel at the foot of the fort. The St. Peter's from hence can be seen coming in from the south-west, winding through the country in a pleasant fertile vale of about a mile and a half in breadth, its banks having a general elevation of about 120 feet.

Having given Milor my instructions, and directed him to be constantly in attendance at the fort, that I might devote every leisure moment to the acquisition of information from him about the state of the upper country, where I now proposed to proceed, I returned to Fort Snelling in time to drink tea with Major Bliss and his lady, who entertained me hospitably and agreeably; but what with bustling about in the cave in the morning, the fatigues of the day, and the horrible atmosphere of tobacco smoke I had been obliged to breathe at the agency of the fur company, where all hands appeared to be constantly smoking, a nervous sick head-ache which had seized me became so violent, that I asked to retire. In such

a state of distressful feeling as I experienced, I longed for retirement in the comfortable room and nice sweet bed that I was sure were destined for me. The Major was kind enough to direct an orderly to show me to my apartment; so bidding them "Good night," I followed him, not up stairs, but across the quadrangle a considerable distance, to a door which was fastened by a padlock; having unlocked which, the orderly told me to enter, and shutting the door upon me, left me in the dark. From the confined air, and the villainous musty smell which prevailed, I thought the fellow had left me to obtain a light, and after waiting a short time and not hearing his footsteps, I opened the door and called out to him, but no one answered, and he never returned.

Fortunately there was some moonlight which enabled me to see my luggage not far from the door, and it appearing to me that this was likely to turn out to be the nice comfortable room my imagination had been indulging in the contemplation of, I determined to turn my ill luck to as much advantage as I could; and taking out the materials for procuring a light, and the lantern belonging to my tent, I soon was enabled to take a partial survey of my lodgings. It was an old dirty, ill-smelling, comfortless store-room, which had been assigned to me to sleep in: it appeared never to have been swept out, and the floor was covered with casks and boxes, and all sorts of unseemly things. No bed, no mattress, nothing, not even a light, had been provided for me. Not a rancho in South America ever offered less comfort to the weary traveller, for there the nights are warm at least, but here, to increase the discomfort, it was very cold. There was, however, an

old ricketty table in the store-house, so, placing my mattress upon it, I lay down, and drawing one of my buffalo skins over me, I entered upon the tedious occupation of hoping rather than expecting that I might get a sleep in such a place. I saw that I had committed a great error in not keeping my comfortable tent pitched for my own use, and was determined not to surrender it to my men upon another occasion, unless I had first made sure of something better. In the meantime I could not but reflect upon the contrast betwixt the very kind attentions I had received at the other American posts, and the want of them I experienced here. The reason was not very obvious. The commandant and his lady had entertained me with a very cheerful kindness, and knowing I was indisposed, could not have intended this sort of treatment for me. I therefore came to the conclusion that there was some misunderstanding; that the commandant might have thought the officers would take care of me, and the officers might have thought the same thing of the commandant. It was possible, too, that none of them might have a second bed, or indeed a room to spare. I had hitherto found all the officers at the different posts quite friendly and obliging, and I determined to shut out every thought from my heart that these gentlemen intended to be otherwise. Having got into this comfortable state of mind, I at length fell asleep.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

AN EVANGELICAL PRETENDER TO SANCTITY.—THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY.

*September* 13.—In the morning I awoke rather feverish with a severe head-ache, and having managed with some care to get off my table without breaking it, I hastened to open the door in order to let in as much air as I could, and going into a narrow corridor, found I was not far from the quarters of the next senior officer, who appeared to be entertaining his family with some very bad psalm-singing. Having found a person to procure me water, I made my *toilette* as quick as possible, with the agreeable prospect before me of having to trudge to the bivouac of the men, to obtain some breakfast, or to cross the St. Peter's again to Mr. Sibley's, where I was as sure of getting a hearty meal, as of getting plenty of tobacco smoke along with it. Just as I was on my way, the orderly made his appearance with an invitation to breakfast with the commandant; and as violent head-aches and long walks do not harmonise well together, and I was anxious to be on good terms with the worthy Major, I followed the orderly across the quadrangle again with more satisfaction than on the preceding evening. I was glad I did so, for I got an excellent cup of tea and some pleasant conversation out of the Major; and feeling

better, walked into the country to see a very pretty waterfall of about fifty feet, made by a rivulet twenty feet broad, on the right bank of the Mississippi, which by recession has cut out a small gorge for itself through the incoherent sandstone. I obtained a great many fossils from the calcareous strata overlying this sandstone during my walk, of the same kind with those found in the beds at the fort. On my return Dr. —— invited me to partake of his dinner, which, from the unaffected kindness of his manner, I am sure he wished had been better.

In the afternoon, Milor having called, I took a walk with him into the country, and found that he was a person in every respect suited to my purpose; he spoke French very fluently, was remarkably intelligent and active, and entered with zeal into my plans, which not only embraced a geological *réconnaissance* of the country, across the Côteau de Prairie, from the sources of the St. Peter, as far, if possible, as the village of the Mandans, on the Missouri, but as accurate a knowledge as could be acquired whilst he was with me of the Sioux tongue. He had been brought up amongst them, and told me he considered it as his native language: he knew almost all the distinguished chiefs personally; and from the many expeditions he had made amongst them in the service of various traders, was known to every band throughout their extensive country. He had all the prejudices of a Sioux against the Ojibways, had been engaged in many hostile affairs with them, and told me that being once pursued hotly by a party of them, he was compelled to fly on foot the distance of 100 miles within the twenty-four hours, to escape being tomahawked. I had therefore some guarantee for his vigilance and care of our party whilst conducting us

through the upper country. Before we parted, I told him that I should prepare lists of the names of everything in nature, as well as phrases, in the French language, and that when we were in the canoe he should act as my schoolmaster, and translate them into the Sioux, giving me at the same time the exact pronunciation, which I had the means of committing to writing. I also asked the great favour of him, as he would sit next to me in the canoe, to smoke as little as possible, as it always made me sick, and gave me a head-ache, to which he replied that he only smoked the *kinnekinnic*, which is a mild preparation of the inner bark of the willow, mixed with a little tobacco; "Mais pour vous servir, Monsieur, je ne manquerai pas de faire ma petite fumée seulement lorsque la journeé est faite."

With this capital understanding with Milor I dismissed him for the night, and returned to the fort, having engaged to drink tea with the Major and his lady. Before I went to their quarters, some of the officers came to see me in my store-room, and expressed their great dissatisfaction at the shabby lodgings which had been assigned to me. I now learnt the secret history of my ill luck. The commandant's lady had been for some time without a servant of any kind,—a state of things which must often occur at so distant a frontier,—and this was the reason why I could not sleep at their house; but the Major was ignorant that I had been put so unceremoniously into a cold store-room. He had told the second in command, Major L——, a long-legged, self-sanctified, unearthly-looking mortal, who was always singing psalms, and boreing the garrisons where he lived with temperance societies, pious exhortations, and puritanical factions, to assign me quarters. Now, unfortunately, I had brought

no letter of introduction to him from any of his brother saints, and being without their *shibboleth*, he took it for granted that I was in a reprobate state. Considering himself, therefore, as a living rod in soak to tickle up sluggish Christians, he condemned me to all the privations it was in his power to inflict before he had even seen me, and before I had even heard that such a "burning light" as himself existed. It was at his quarters I heard the psalm-singing in the morning. I soon learnt that he was universally despised, and besides being a shabby sordid person, was considered but as being a pretender in the sanctified line he had selected for himself. I perceived, however, that notwithstanding he had lost every trace of respectability by his absurd affectation of piety and purity, that it would not be prudent for me to express any dissatisfaction with his uncharitable and inhospitable conduct, since Major Bliss, being a manly soldier-like person, the very reverse of this mundungus, might have resented his conduct, and an unpleasant disagreement might have been introduced into the garrison in consequence of my arrival. I therefore determined to keep my quarters, and make the best I could of them.

The evening passed very pleasantly at the commandant's: himself and his lady were full of kind attentions to me. They had a fine young boy, an only child, greatly in want of education. I could not but admire his mother, her strong affection for him, and her self-devotion to the comfort of the only two beings in the world she seemed to love: and when I told her that so fine a youth must not be permitted to vegetate at a military post on so remote a frontier, where there was nothing good or useful for him to learn, I found

that I had touched a string which made them both very grave. We afterwards resumed the subject; and so much was said about the great duty of parents giving their children a good education, that she admitted she must part with him some day, but said she felt so unhappy when she thought of it, that she had not the courage to dwell long upon the subject at a time. I left them a little after nine, and crossing the quadrangle alone, regained my musty and melancholy store-room, and having obtained a light, mounted my table once more.

*September* 14.—I arose at break of day, and feeling much better, went down to the bivouac. The men were all snoring in the comfortable tent, which was redolent of tobacco. I roused them and ordered the canoe to be ready in an hour to take me to the Falls of St. Anthony, and returning to the fort breakfasted with the commandant and his lady, and receiving their willing consent to take their son with me, sent an invitation to the doctor and a young officer of the name of D—— to accompany us. They soon joined us, and we walked down to the canoe and embarked. We had between eight and nine miles to go against the current, which made our progress very slow. The bluffs had the same character with those opposite to Fort Snelling, but diminished in height as we proceeded, being about eighty feet high, coming down to the river with occasional slopes and bottoms of low land, the river averaging about 100 yards in breadth. As we advanced but slowly, we landed on the left bank, and ascending to the top of the bluff, got upon an extensive and beautiful prairie. We had not gone far before we started a prairie wolf, a small fox-looking animal of a reddish

gray colour. This little vulpine burrows in the ground, and is become, as it is said, so sagacious, that when it hears the sound of a gun it peeps out of its hole, anticipating a feast from the offals of the buffalo. I also killed a large snake of the mocassin kind, like that we had found in the water when ascending the Mississippi.

After a short walk we came in sight of the Falls of St. Anthony, which perhaps look best at a distance; for although upon drawing near to them they present a very pleasing object, still, from their average height not exceeding perhaps sixteen feet, they appeared less interesting than any of the great cascades I had seen in North America. Father Hennepin, the first European who visited them, assigns them a height of from fifty to sixty feet, exaggerating them as he had done the Falls of Niagara, which he stated to be 600 feet high. Carver, who visited them in 1766, says, "they fall perpendicularly about thirty feet;" but Colonel Long, of the United States Service, a person remarkable for his scientific accuracy, made an actual admeasurement of them, which gave about sixteen feet.

The line of the cascade, like that of Niagara, is interrupted by a small island, and, including it, has an irregular curvature of about 650 yards from bank to bank, the river contracting below the falls to about 180 yards. The current above the cascade is very strong, and comes dashing over the fractured limestone of this irregular curvature, where it recedes and advances with great variety of plays, so that in its details this is a cascade of very great beauty, its incessant liveliness contrasting pleasingly with the sombre appearance of the densely wooded island, and presenting to the observer that element in motion which has so much modified the whole

channel of the Mississippi. But as, under this view, the Falls of St. Anthony furnish a remarkable illustration of the natural method by which interior lakes of great dimensions, and marecageous districts of great extent, are drained, and their surfaces rendered fit habitations for man, this subject will be reserved for the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XXV.

ON THE ANCIENT STATE OF THE MISSISSIPPI AND OTHER AMERICAN RIVERS, AND THE MANNER IN WHICH THEIR PRESENT CHANNELS HAVE BEEN MODIFIED.

This cataract, like the more celebrated one of Niagara, belongs to that class of waterfalls, where the rivers being projected over compact mineral beds supported by soft shales or incoherent sandstones, these last are loosened and washed out, and the superincumbent strata losing their support, fall down from time to time, whereby cataracts in long periods of time shift their places, and finally, by this kind of recession, cut gorges of great length towards their sources, and thus effect the drainage of immense continents. In mountainous countries composed of primary rocks the process is more slow, the excavation of the channels of their rivers not being accomplished by this subtracting or undermining operation, but by a molar or grinding process, whereby pot-holes or cylindrical cavities, in great numbers and of large dimensions, are drilled or ground in the face of the rock, until its cohesion affording insufficient resistance to the increased volume of water during the periodical floods, immense masses are precipitated below one after the other. Of this method a beautiful illustration will be exhibited in the second volume.

The spectacle which the channel of the Mississippi presents illustrates in a remarkable manner the ancient

state of the country before this drainage took place, and the manner in which it has been effected. From the Falls of St. Anthony to the mouth of the river in the Gulf of Mexico, the distance may be estimated at 2300 miles; for the first 1200 miles of which southward, the broad valley, as has partly been shewn in the preceding pages, in which the river flows, is generally from two to three miles in width, and is bounded by escarpments of calcareous beds resting upon loose sandstone, from 200 to 400 feet in height, with slopes coming down to the river; being, in fact, a talus formed of the ruins of the strata, now covered with a sod, and in many places wooded down to the water. From the summit of these escarpments the spectator sees beneath him an immense trough, which has been excavated out of the general level of the country, and which from some distance north of Lake Pepin to Prairie du Chien is almost filled by well-wooded islands, some of them ten or twelve miles long, amongst which the waters of the Mississippi meander in various streams, the main channel shifting its course occasionally from one bank to the other. Here and there lateral valleys are seen coming in through the escarpments at right angles to the river, and connected occasionally with extensive alluvial plains running into the country for several miles. Descending into the trough he finds all the islands upon the same level with each other, and with the alluvial bottoms he had before noticed. A further investigation shows him that the soil of all these alluvial plains and islands is identically the same, being a light vegetable sandy loam, containing many remains of decayed freshwater shells; so that at length his judgment becomes satisfied that all these islands and bottoms are portions of a general deposit

effected at the period when the voluminous river occupied the whole breadth of the valley from escarpment to escarpment, and when the alluvial plains, as well as a great portion of the upper country, were under water.

The solution of the whole physical topography of the river now presents itself; the observer perceives that there has been a great reduction of the volume of the ancient river, and that the present stream, when compared with it, is but an insignificant rivulet, that has worn for itself a channel in the old muddy bottom that was deposited in very remote periods, but which, since its desiccation, has been converted into fertile islands covered with luxuriant forests, and plains or prairies bearing a rank herbage.

Nor does the fact of the total absence of alluvial islands in the last 500 miles of its course south of the Arkansa, and the comparative scarcity of them from that point to Prairie du Chien, militate against this opinion. We have seen that for some distance north of Lake Pepin, as far as where the Wisconsin joins the Mississippi, islands are very numerous; but from the moment this last is increased by the ample volume of that stream, they become comparatively rare, because the increased aqueous force acting upon the loose texture of the old muddy bottom, especially during the periodical floods, has greatly diminished them both in number and size. Further to the south, after the river has received that mighty flood the Missouri, scarce an island is to be seen; and when it has been joined by the Ohio, the Cumberland, the Tenesse, the Arkansa, and Red River, nothing exists in the form of one,—everything has been swept away; the waters spread over the whole surface of the valley, and hasten to the Gulf of Mexico, to enlarge that delta which

is the offspring of the ancient deposits of the Mississippi and its tributaries.

There is, however, an exception to this state of things on the line of the Mississippi, which deserves to be noticed. In the midst of that part of the channel where the islands are most numerous, Lake Pepin, which is only an enlargement of the river for twenty-one miles in length, is without islands, being a sheet of water covering the whole space from escarpment to escarpment for three miles in breadth, representing as far as it goes the ancient state of the river. That there should be no islands for twenty-one miles is an anomaly, the solution of which upon first consideration is not very obvious. Is it that the violent north-west winds which prevail have kept the waters in a turbid state, and thus prevented the deposit of that alluvial matter of which the islands in other parts are formed? and has not the great volume of the Chippeway river, which joins the Mississippi at the south end of the lake, so dammed up the water as to cover the partial deposit which has been made, and thus prevented the growth of trees and shrubs? Some cause —if indeed the lake is not much deeper than any other part of the channel—has certainly prevented sedimentary matter from forming here as it has done in other parts, and winds and high waves suggest themselves with some plausibility.

But the evidences of the state of things which has been described are not confined to the channel of the Mississippi. There is not one of the large Atlantic rivers which does not furnish proofs that at some previous period its volume was several times larger than it is at this day, and that there has been a great diminution of the fluviatile waters of the continent of North America.

As we ascend the St. Lawrence and approach the city of Quebec, we perceive on its right bank an alluvial plain from fifteen to twenty miles in breadth, bounded by cliffs that were once the ancient limits of the river. In the villages and solitary cabins of the Canadian peasantry, now erected upon that plain, not a well has been dug which has not furnished conchological proofs of that fact. Proceeding onwards, instances of a like kind, but more limited in their extent, are to be observed in various localities before the traveller reaches Lake Ontario, especially on the course of the tributary streams. At Lake Ontario the ancient banks of the water are found at great distances from its present shores, both on the north and south side. Reaching the neighbourhood of the Falls of Niagara, we find fresh-water shells of the kinds which inhabit the modern streams, on conspicuous heights of land in the vicinity of Lewiston, as well as upon Goat Island, above the level of the existing river. The same proofs are repeated in the vicinity of Lake Erie, on the south shore of which a flat alluvial plain presents itself, extending several miles inland from the banks of the lake, which are themselves from 50 to 100 feet high. From the wells, also, dug in this plain unios, anadontas, melanias, and other fresh-water shells are frequently thrown out; whilst to the north, on the isthmus separating Lake Erie and Lake Huron from Malden to the shore of this last lake, a distance of seventy miles, we have, as has been before stated, a level alluvial country, containing quantities of decayed fresh-water shells, proving that the whole region once formed a large lake, and that the land there is an ancient lacustrine deposit.

Continuing westwards from the waters of Lake Huron to the sources of Fox River, which empty into that arm of

it called Green Bay, we find that these last are only divided from the waters of the Wisconsin, which flow into the Mississippi, by a narrow slip of level land not two miles broad, across which, so slight is the difference of level, boats even now pass when the waters of the Wisconsin are high. Thus we trace a freshwater communication of ancient times from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, embracing an immense portion of the present dry land of the continent, and have the evidences before us of an extraordinary diminution of the fluviatile waters in those monuments it has left behind, the margins of the lakes and rivers, the terraces they have abandoned, and the rich alluvial deposits which now form part of the most valuable lands of Upper Canada, and of adjacent parts of the United States.

It seems impossible to admit the facts which I have noticed, without subscribing to the opinion, that in ancient times the lakes and rivers of North America were of much greater magnitude than they are at present: indeed, the proofs which have been adduced of that fact are in an equal degree repeated upon the course of the other great American rivers; for whether examining the St. John's, in New Brunswick, the Hudson, the Delaware, the Susquehannah, the James River, the Ohio, the Tenessee, the Arkansa, or Red River, I have invariably noted corresponding modifications of their channels.

We can gather from this truth, that, in the computation of any period, which, according to some writers, may be reasonably assigned for the change of place of any cataract, the existing state of rivers ought not to furnish the only data, since the progress of degradation would necessarily be greatly accelerated during a state of things when the dynamic force of the acting agent was per-

haps ten times as great as in modern times. The Falls of St. Anthony well illustrate this. The observant traveller who ascends the Mississippi from the point where the escarpments first appear, sees in them the results of an operation of one and the same kind; and when at length he overtakes the cataract, he sees in it the powerful natural agent which has excavated the valley he has followed so great a distance. But if, desirous of computing a period within our own chronology for the accomplishment of so stupendous a work, he were to assume nothing beyond the force now in action, he would find himself baffled beyond all hope of extrication. Father Hennepin found these falls 164 years ago at the same place, as far as we can understand him, where they are now. Carver, who visited them in 1766, now seventy-eight years ago, speaks of the small island near the centre of the cataract, though rating its dimensions, as he did the height of the fall, very inaccurately. So that we are, perhaps, within bounds, when we suppose that the cataract has not receded more than twenty yards in the last 100 years, and probably not more than 400 yards in the last 2000 years. If the waters of the Mississippi then had never been more powerful than they are at present, how many millions of years must have elapsed during the accomplishment of this long excavation, especially if we make allowances for the height and breadth of the valley south of the Falls of St. Anthony, which exceed fourfold those at the point which the cataract has now reached!

It would seem, therefore, to be a vain attempt to assign any portion of the mysterious past for such a work as the excavation of the channel of the Mississippi. Neither is it necessary to the progress of science that we should engage in such an unsatisfactory under-

taking. The observer of nature finds ample scope for the fruition of his intellectual powers, in considering the details of these operations, and referring their results to the great class of providential arrangements for the benefit of the human family; since, without them, the lakes and marecageous surfaces of continents would be unfitted for the habitations of men. In our own island those portions of gorges which are to be observed of a character similar to those of the Mississippi, are not to be traced to their sources, as we can do those of an extensive continent like North America, since our island is but a fragment detached from the European continent, of the ancient extent of which we can now allege nothing, and the sources and courses of whose ancient rivers, of which these insular gorges are but an insignificant part, are for ever obliterated.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

EMBARK ON THE MINNAY SOTOR.—REFLECTIONS ON THE RUIN IMPENDING OVER THE INDIANS.—THE PROPER NAME OF THE SIOUX, "NAHCOTAH."—THE GROSMES, OR MUS BURBARIUS.

With the aid of the current we returned to the fort in an hour, accomplishing in that brief period what it had taken three hours to do when ascending the river; and after making a hearty supper with my kind friends the Major and his lady, I retired to my quarters. In the morning we had cold stormy weather, but Milor was punctual, and came to my den soon after daylight, with a report that the provisions and other things in preparation for our expedition would be ready in the course of the day, advising me, however, not to start until the storm had abated, which he thought was likely to last a day or two. As soon, therefore, as breakfast was over at the commandant's, I took a walk of half a mile to see the agent for the Indians on the part of the United States, a gentleman from Virginia of the name of Taglia-ferro, which the Americans pronounce Tollaver. He was living in a tolerably comfortable house with his lady, who had a very fair share of personal beauty. The Sioux have translated his name literally into *Mahzah Baksah*, or "Iron-cutter." I remained here an hour, trying to pick up information, but Major T. appeared to have less information at the service of a traveller going amongst the Indians than any person I had yet met with occupying

his official situation. He told me, that if at any time during my journey I wanted assistance, it would only be necessary for me to mention his name. Others, however, who knew him, told me afterwards that it would be of no use to me, so it was to be hoped I should never stand in great need of those talismanic words. From the agency I crossed the St. Peter's, to consult Mr. Sibley about some matters, and to see some Indians who had just arrived from the upper country.

I have before observed, that one of my motives for ascending the St. Peter's was to examine a locality of some celebrity amongst the first French travellers who penetrated into this part of the country, and of which the Indian tribes there might be supposed to have some knowledge. From Charlevoix's "Histoire de la Nouvelle France," and from some old inedited French authorities, it appears that Monsieur le Sueur had discovered a mine of green cupreous earth near the mouth of the largest tributary stream of the St. Peter's river, distant from the mouth of this last about forty-five leagues; and asking, through the Count de Frontenac, the Governor-General of Canada, permission of the French court to open the mines, he went to France in 1697. Having received a commission to that effect, he returned to America with thirty workmen, and reaching the mouth of the Mississippi in December, 1699, ascended that stream to the mouth of the St. Peter's, which he entered the 19th of September, 1700. Advancing up it about forty-five leagues, he came to the Rivière de Terre Bleu, its principal tributary, near the mouth of which, in north lat. 44° 13', he built a stockaded fort, and named it Fort l'Huillier, after an enterprising patron of his, who was a *fermier-général* under the

government. Charlevoix states the copper-mine to have been only three-quarters of a league above this fort, and that in twenty-two days they obtained 30,000 lb. weight of the ore, with the greater part of which having reached the mouth of the Mississippi again on the 10th of February, 1702, about 4000 lb. weight of the best ore were selected and sent to France. The mine was stated to be at the foot of a mountain ten leagues long, that seemed to be composed of the same substance.

From the subsequent silence of French and other writers on this subject, a fair inference was to be drawn that there had been a great exaggeration in the account of this affair, and that either M. le Sueur's green cupreous earth had not corresponded to the expectations he had raised, or that the whole account of it was to be classed with Baron Lahontan's "remarkable voyage upon the Long River, to the country of those imaginary nations, the *Gnacsitares* and the *Mozamleeks*, which last were clothed like Spaniards, and had thick bushy beards." *

It was improbable, however, that the whole story was an invention. I had seen many indications of cupreous veins since I left Michilimackinac; the river Terre Bleu was well known to exist, and its name might be derived from the admixture of its waters with some mineral colouring matter. I had determined, therefore, to investigate the point, and settle it once for all. Milor

* Lahontan had really descended the Wisconsin to the Mississippi, in 1689, and having there got an imperfect account of St. Peter's river, the sources of which rise very near to those of some of the tributaries of the Missouri, he founded a fable upon it, which to every one who has explored that country bears intrinsic evidence that he never ascended the Mississippi as high as St. Peter's, which is his "Riviere Longue." Of his talent for exaggeration it is sufficient to say, that, after seeing Niagara, he describes the cascade to be 700 or 800 feet high, and half a league broad.

had never heard of a copper-mine up the Terre Bleu, but one of the Indians, an elderly chief, who had just reached Mr. Sibley's from the upper country, stated that there was a place near the mouth of the Terre Bleu to which the Indians resorted to collect a green earth which they used as a pigment to paint themselves, and that he had seen it himself in place. I therefore desired Milor to obtain from him the most exact details of the locality, as it was probably the one alluded to by Charlevoix. The weather continued exceedingly wet and stormy, as it frequently is on the eve of the equinox; and re-crossing the river in the evening, I went to my disagreeable den, hoping it would be for the last time.

*September* 16.—In the morning the cold rain continued to fall heavily, and left little or no prospect of my being able to get away during the day. Milor came over and advised our remaining, as he said it would be impossible for us to get everything stowed away conveniently, and the country would be so deluged with water as to make the camping places uncomfortable. Having breakfasted as usual with the commandant, I retired to my quarters to get a lesson in the Sioux from Milor, who gave me an addition to my vocabulary of 200 words, with their pronunciation. The weather clearing up at noon, I walked to Major Taglaferro's to bid him adieu; and being pressed in a kind manner to pass the evening with them, I remained. We had a cheerful fire, and a comfortable cup of tea; and when night came, and I had to walk over the wet cold prairie to my dirty store-room, I felt rather loth to exchange so much comfort for the dingy receptacle that was to harbour me for the night. This, after a comfortless walk, I reached once more, and upon opening the door, the damp confined air occasioned by the wet

weather was so oppressive, and smelt so horridly, that I was almost upon the point of returning to Mrs Taglinferro's to ask permission to sleep by her fire-side; and I verily believe I should have done it, but for an apprehension of hurting the feelings of the commandant. I therefore reluctantly mounted my table, and drawing my bear-skins over me, fell asleep whilst forming determinations, that, under any circumstances, this should be the last time this old filthy warehouse should number me amongst its articles.

*September* 17.—Milor entered my den soon after day-break and announced a fine morning; upon which cheerful intelligence I told him to go to the commandant's, and ask for assistance to take my luggage to the canoe, and then to make everything ready for our immediate departure. The orderly soon made his appearance, bringing me water, with a message from the commandant that breakfast was waiting for me as soon as I was ready; but before I had left the store-room the worthy Major himself came, and seeing for the first time what abominable quarters had been assigned to me, expressed his regret in very strong terms, saying that it was altogether contrary to his directions. I felt well assured of this, as it had been told me in confidence the day before that the proceeding was entirely owing to his second in command, who, if I would have attended his insane ravings and psalm-singings, and made him a handsome present into the bargain, would have given me a bed at his house. And this was the punishment he had inflicted upon me for not doing so; such pitiful and spiteful devils men sometimes become, whilst they are fancying themselves so very good.

Having breakfasted and taken my leave of Mrs Bliss, with many sincere thanks for her attentions, I walked to

the river, accompanied by the commandant and several officers of the garrison. He here repeated his regrets, and desired me on my return, if I did not cross the country to the Missouri, to send my luggage to his house on my arrival, and establish my quarters there. I now bade them all adieu, and stepping into my canoe, the men set up a barcarole and chorus, and paddled over to Mr. Sibley's to take in Milor, whom I found waiting for me. Here we had another set of adieus to make, and having established Milor near to me in the canoe, we started our paddles upon the St. Peter's about 9 A. M., with a fine sweet fresh breeze, and a world of adventure before us, in a region unvisited by civilization, and in advance of all the frontier posts of the United States.

The morning was bright, and our spirits were buoyant. The very thought that you are in a region where you depend entirely upon your own exertions and prudence, where the laws and regulations of society have no control over you, where everything is new, and where every hour may be pregnant with adventure, makes you at once bold and cautious, thoughtful and gay. I know not when I have felt more happy than upon this occasion; and it increased my satisfaction to see my men so sober and in such fine spirits, and so much delighted as they evidently were to have Milor with them.

The course of the St. Peter's was very serpentine; as we advanced, we found it about 125 yards wide, with low fertile bottoms on each side, and gracefully wooded slopes leading from them to the uplands. We went nearly south by compass; the great bend of the St. Peter's, where the turn is made to the north-east, being in about 44° 12′, whilst the source is in about 46°, and the mouth in 45°. About half-past 10 A. M. we reached the Indian

village of *Wâhmuckâe Tanka*, or "Great Eagle," consisting of six teebees on the right bank, and some lodges on the opposite side. The band was from home, on the prairies hunting buffaloes.

The reflections which I had before made on the condition of the Indians again occurred to me. Indeed, at every step a traveller makes in this country, he sees more distinctly the ruin that is impending over them. Before the white man invaded them they possessed all the country, could command all the game in it for their subsistence, and use their skins to clothe themselves with. The Indian could conceive of no wealth beyond this, for there was the certainty of animals being always plentiful, the population, from causes inherent to the condition of the aborigines, not increasing after the rate of that of an agricultural people; but white men have taught them to abandon the use of furs, and to substitute blankets for them; they have now acquired wants formerly unknown, such as whisky, tobacco, arms, and powder. To acquire these, the Indian must make long journeys, must kill all the animals he meets with, not to subsist upon, for the flesh for the greater part is left to rot on the ground, but to carry the skins to the trader to discharge his debts, knowing well at this time that an unpunctual Indian gets no more credit. Already game is becoming scarce; by and by there will be no skins to be obtained in these regions; the trader will abandon them; and thus the Indians will discover that there is no one to supply their wants, and that their dependance upon the traders has led to their ruin. This state of things would cause their immediate extinction, but for the policy of the American government, which, before the extreme point of want overtakes the Indian, seizes,

under the form of treaty-bargain, all his land, and drives him to a more distant region.

At half-past eleven we reached another small village, about three leagues from the fort, the residence of a chief who is known to the French traders by the name of Penichon: this also was deserted by the band. The river a little beyond this contracted to about eighty yards in width, the banks being very low. We stopped for the men to dine at a stream, very narrow at its mouth, which comes in on the right bank, called *Kâhkahéshkahâh*, or "Where the Elk was put," from some tradition of the Indians, and pursued our course afterwards along the beautiful sloping banks, covered with wild grass, and crowned at their summits with fine trees.

I found Milor intelligent and anxious to oblige: he had the physiognomy of a French gentleman of the *ancien régime*, and a good deal of the polite manner of one. He told me that he did not know exactly how he had obtained the name of Milor; that he had always been told that his father was a French officer; but added, "Il se peut, Monsieur, que ce fut un Milor Anglais." No doubt he got the *soubriquet* from some circumstance or other when he was very young. The national name of the numerous Sioux tribes, he informed me, was *Nâhcotah*, and not *Dahcotah*, as it has been hitherto supposed to be. Nâhcotah, he said, meant "the connected people," just as Lenni Lenape means "the original people" with the Delaware Indians. Dahcotah is a name given to them by other Indians, who claim kindred with them, and means "mes parens," or "my relations." But the confusion which prevails respecting the proper names of the Indian tribes, the frequency with which names given to them by their neighbours are substituted

for the national names they recognise themselves by, and the consequent adoption of them by the white people, is a subject which ought to be discussed apart; and for the present I shall continue to call these tribes by their universally received appellation of "Sioux," which is an abbreviation of the name given to them by the old French writers, of "Nadowessioux."

The Indian name of the St. Peter's is "*Minnay Sotor*," or "Turbid Water;" the water, in fact, looking as if whitish clay had been dissolved in it. At half-past 3 P. M. it widened to about 100 yards, with beautiful high grassy slopes. I landed at one of these gentle lawn-like slopes, and, ascending to the summit, had an immense extent of prairie-land before me, covered with wild grass; and advancing a short distance, sprung a large brood of heavy grouse (*Tetrao cupido*), which flew but a very short distance. This incident brought the moors of Yorkshire and the days of my youth vividly to my memory; indeed, the resemblance was perfect.

At a quarter past four we passed a village called *Shăk-pay*, or "Six," the name of the chief of the band: it consisted of seventeen large teeboes, all of them closed, the band being gone to the Shayanne to hunt buffaloes. This is called nine leagues from the fort. The teeboes were on the left bank, and the burying-ground, with some scaffolds, were on the opposite side of the river. About 5 P. M. two young Indian girls rushed from the left bank from amidst some bushes, and, jumping into a canoe, paddled with desperate energy to get away from us. They were evidently terrified at our appearance, thinking perhaps we were those Ojibways they had been taught to dread so much, or perhaps entertaining an equal dread of white men, for the soldiers of these frontier posts are not

scrupulous. Our men frightened them still more by shouting after them, and striking their paddles in the same direction; but I immediately ordered them to turn the canoe in an opposite direction, to convince them we intended no harm, for the young things paddled so desperately, I was afraid they would overset their canoe and be drowned. For more than a mile, however, they continued their exertions, nor relaxed until they felt sure they were out of our reach. A little further up we came to the village to which they belonged, consisting of half a dozen lodges on the right bank, with a great many children playing about them. We stopped there a moment, and when the women saw Milor, whom all seemed to know, they came to the canoe, and greeted him with salutations and smiles. I desired him to explain to them that the little girls had nothing to apprehend from us; and when he had told them who we were, and how friendly our intentions were to them all, they seemed very much diverted with the fears of the children; so, leaving them some pork and biscuit, we parted very good friends with them. Milor, by his own account, had had several wives; and when I asked him how many children he was the father of, he answered, "C'est difficile à dire, Monsieur; les femmes savent mieux que les hommes qui sont les pères des enfants."

At half-past 5 P. M. we landed on the left bank to encamp for the night, establishing our bivouac on a high bank, amidst a profusion of wild grass, six feet high, which the men had to cut out with their bush-hooks; so that when the *emplacement* was in order, and our fires briskly burning, we occupied an area surrounded with lofty grass; amidst which the dense smoke and the crackling flames, that made a singularly loud

noise in the wild inclosure, assisted to make the scene quite melo-dramatic. I made an excellent supper of my good tea, bread and butter, fried ham and eggs, taking especial good care to eat these last out of the frying-pan. On leaving Navarino, it was thought one frying-pan would suffice for the party—an economy which had produced great inconvenience to myself, as I was obliged generally to surrender it too soon for the use of the men. Having now one for the parlour, and another for the kitchen, I was quite independent of the rest of the party, and I am not acquainted with a more desirable dish for a hungry traveller in the Indian countries than ham and eggs, soaked biscuit and sliced potatos, all nicely fried together, and eaten hot out of the pan. Of these I made a stupendously satisfactory meal; and, rejoicing that I should no more have to retire to the musty and detestable store-room of the evangelical major, I lay down on my clean pallet in my neat tent, and soon composed myself to sleep.

*September* 18.—I was up with the earliest dawn, and rousing my men, we got under way amidst a most magnificent sunrise. The additional provisions I had laid in for my voracious party at Fort Snelling, and the enormous quantity of potatos, cabbages, and onions which Major Bliss had permitted my Canadians to take from his garden, had, on our departure from the fort, brought the gunwale of the canoe to within four inches of the water; but our maxillary powers had received an important reinforcement in Milor, and I thought I could perceive that we already floated a little higher in the water. To be sure, we were too deep for rough water, and, loaded as we were, never could have crossed Lake Pepin safely in fresh weather. Milor, to whom I mentioned my appre-

hensions on this account, told me we had no lakes to encounter on our way to the sources of the river, and that the water would be always smooth, except where the rapids were, which were several days distant. "Ne craignez rien, ne craignez rien, Monsieur," he said; "je vous reponds pour ce danger-là. Un canot léger fait peur plus qu'un canot pésant."

The river now wound through a rich bottom, and was about 100 yards wide. We passed a small prairie on the left bank, estimated to be twelve leagues from the fort, the edge of which is only twelve feet above the river. At nine we stopped to examine a stream on the left bank, with a strong current not more than twenty feet broad. Its waters were low, but, from the height of the banks, it was evident that the volume of water is large in the season of floods. Milor said the Indians called it *Dododôah*, or the "Singing of War," from the Nahcotahs once assembling to sing the war-song there. It is the same distance that Carver assigns to the river which he has given his own name to,* and I suppose it to be the same.

In the narrative of Major Long's interesting expedition to Lake Winnepeg, &c., Carver is slightingly spoken of, and I think great injustice done to him. It is true, that, like many travellers, he has fallen into mistakes when venturing to give a detailed account of wild, unexplored countries, which had not fallen under his immediate notice; but he certainly visited the countries he has described, and must have been a person of great energy and courage, to attempt the journeys he performed at that particular period. I have great pleasure in saying, that, having followed him to the extent of his journey, with his book in my hand, I can express my confidence in him.

* Carver's Travels, 1778, p. 74.

A short distance from *Dododōah* another stream came in, about thirty feet wide, from the right bank, which Milor had no Indian name for, but called it Le Grand Grès, and here we stopped to breakfast. I afterwards learnt that it had its source near a very remarkable outlier or pillar of sandstone, about thirty miles from its mouth. This pillar is situated on what is called the Big Prairie, and can be seen for a distance of twenty miles, somewhat resembling a church with a cupola; the lower part being a huge column, sixty feet high, and

twenty-five in diameter; and the upper part being thirty feet in height, and varying from two and a half to fifteen feet in diameter. This curious obelisk of sandstone is one of the proofs of the ancient continuity of strata, and of the general reduction which has taken place of the mineral structure of the country. For these particulars, as well as for the accompanying outline of Le Grand Grès, I am indebted to a traveller who had visited the locality and made a sketch of the pillar.

Pursuing our course, we came to some rapids, about

half-past eleven, which were exceedingly strong; but keeping close to the right bank, and holding on to the bushes, we warped ourselves through in a very short time. About 700 yards further up we met with other rapids, and then sandstone in place. About 1 P. M. we came to *Weeahkötoe*, or the "Sand Hills," where there is a village, the inhabitants of which, Milor said, were gone to some lakes to collect wild rice. The sand-hills now began to rise very high. At 3 P. M. we stopped for the men to dine at a slope on the right bank, up which I ascended; and after struggling for 100 yards through the matted bushes, entangled with wild peas and vines, I reached the top, and found a very spacious prairie, thrown up into myriads of hills, made by what have been called prairie dogs. These interesting little animals have been called so probably from the indistinct sort of barking they make, for they have no resemblance to dogs, either in their appearance or habits. In size they are like a large rat, about ten inches long, with a reddish-green fur, and sit upon their hind legs like a squirrel on the top of the hillocks they have thrown up; from whence, on the approach of danger, they quickly retreat into their burrows. They are short-legged, and have sharp crooked nails to their anterior feet, for the purpose of burrowing. Nature has curiously provided them with deep pouches, opening externally from their cheeks, and enlarging the sides of the head and neck. The first specimen which was produced had these pouches turned inside out, as though the animal had a bag on each side of the head, and in this odd manner it is figured in the Linnæan Transactions, and in Shaw, vol. 2. Rafinesque gave it the elegant name of *Geomys*, and Shaw, of *Mus bursarius*.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

FORT CHAMPKEBOUTA.—TREES TAKING THE AUTUMNAL TINT.—TRAVERSE DES SIOUX.—TREMENDOUS ABUNDANCE OF BOULDERS.—REACH THE MANKATON.—LE SUEUR'S COPPER MINE, A FABLE.

From the brink of this prairie I had a fine view of the line of the river and the country around. The stream had a graceful serpentine course, and the trees on its left bank were beautifully distributed in natural clumps and lines, and everything assisted in the perfect and general embellishment of the scene; even the uninterrupted solitude of the prairie was full of enjoyment. The wild man, who is killing the geese for the golden egg, has abandoned it, after frightening the buffaloe away, and a country containing every requisite for human welfare is vacant of industry. Perhaps this state of things is to be as much attributed to the folly of the Indian as to the cupidity of the white man: the simple and ignorant savage, if he had not surrendered himself so easily to the artificial habits he was lured into, might have maintained his empire here a long time. It is impossible to look around one of these desolate and deserted prairies, without thinking of the quick ruin that has overtaken this unfortunate race; and the traveller re-peoples them in imagination, with the same ardour as when, contemplating the graceful solitude of Rivaulx Abbey, he would wish to see the venerable monks re-appear in their mouldering cloi-

tera. To me these walks from the canoe to the upper prairie were always sources of pure enjoyment.

We got under way again at 3 P. M., and soon after killed three grouse from the canoe. The banks of the left side here were very beautiful; the hills were conical, and about 100 feet high; whilst the coves, or *coulées*, that separated them, resembled amphitheatres covered with verdure, and crowned at the top with graceful trees. At 4 P. M. we came to *Kāhtamēiwah*, or "Round Prairie," a lofty level about 100 feet high, with a fine slope covered with grass. The Indians have given it this name because it is nearly encircled by woods. A storm threatening from the north-west, I stopped a little before 5 P. M. at a clean and commodious place for the night, and as soon as the tent was pinned down, and the fires were crackling, had the grouse transferred into a pot, and covering them up with rice, a pillau was brought to my tent in about an hour, that placed me for the moment on a par with the most distinguished living gastronomer. Milor, to whom I gave one of the birds, weighing upwards of two pounds, and a dish of the rice, said, when he came to assist me with my vocabulary after supper, "Que ce potage magnifique lui avoit fait du bien, et lui avoit disposé a manger son souper de tout son coeur;" so that the pillau did not seem at all to have prejudiced his performances with the men at the boiled pork and potatoe, for this is a dish which the voyageurs stick to until their mouths, what with eating and talking, can do no more duty.

*September* 19.—I rose at 5 A. M., and everything being carried on board, we resumed our journey, and, paddling along, came about seven to a village on the right bank, belonging to a chief called Wakondoānka, or "Lively

Spirit," but better known to the *voyageurs* by the name of Le Bras Cassé, on account of his having had an arm broken. About 7 A. M. the river was only about sixty yards wide, and the banks very low and woody. We passed some poles belonging to Indian lodges, standing a foot deep in the water. Some Indians had encamped on a sand-bar, near upon a level with the stream, and, the river suddenly rising, they had escaped and left their poles: this was a lesson to us. About eight we reached the *Chayahcezota*, or "Free-wood River," coming in on the right bank, and soon entered an extensive forest from which that stream takes its name, through which the St. Peter's wound and turned for several miles. The forest is said to extend from twenty-five to thirty miles on each side of the river, and the district consisting of low, swampy land, in which deciduous trees grow, the Indians have called it "free wood," in contradistinction to the wood that is evergreen and tough.

About nine we stopped to breakfast at a place where immense quantities of small wild beans were growing; and here I perceived with regret that the trees were beginning to assume the autumnal tint—Nature's universal signal to the wanderer in these regions to be diligent before the winter surprises him. A little further on a new feature appeared in the banks of the river,—a tenacious blackish clay, with primary gravel. At 1 P. M. we passed a small stream on the left bank, which Milor said extended far into the country. It is called *Wetah Wahitah*, or "Tall Island," from having its source in a lake containing an island standing high above the water. Upon all occasions the Indians appear to name localities from natural circumstances or incidents, and never to adopt arbitrary or fancy names. About 2 P. M.

we got out of the forest, and came upon a very handsome bend of the river, changing the scene from the sunken forest to high bluffs of land and clay, beyond which a charming prairie appeared on the left bank. Passing this, we came up with a stream on the right bank, with a great deal of primary gravel in its bed, which, in addition to other observations I had made, led me to anticipate a change in the stratification of the country. A short distance beyond this stream some calcareous rocks were in place, containing thin beds of fawn-coloured limestone, partially vesicular. The mineral structure of these beds resembled that of the galeniferous rocks of Missouri so much, that I think it not at all improbable galena may hereafter be found in this part of the country. In the course of this morning I met with some new varieties of helices and other land shells.

At 4 P.M. we reached the village of Wähmundee Indöotah, or "Red Eagle," situated on a prairie on the right bank, but the band was out on their autumnal hunt; we, however, got some grouse here, and pursuing our journey, stopped at half-past five for the night at a clean dry place on the right bank, and the bivouac being in order, concluded the evening by a capital dish of grouse pillau.

To-day, the weather being fine, with a cool elastic north-west wind, the men paddled with spirit, and we made by calculation about thirty miles against the current. The owl of this part of America is a very gossipping bird: every night numbers of them commence a general hooting, which they continue to a late hour. Milor had told me the first evening that this was a sign of rainy weather; but I imagine it is merely a social noise they make, for I have often observed, that

when a single owl hoots in the night, if you mock him tolerably well, he is sure to enter into conversation with you. I have also heard them hoot by day when the sky is much overclouded, the light being then much more agreeable to them than that of a bright sun.

*September* 20.—After a comfortable night I rose before day, and got under way before sun-rise, leaving our blazing fires behind us as though they were standing guard over our abandoned bivouac. About 7 A. M. we passed *Wŏistcoh Wahpahtah*, or "Rush River," a stream about forty feet wide, which comes in from the left bank through prairie land. At eight we passed another small river on the right bank, called *Chagn Keebotah Ocinkah*, or "End of the Free Wood." This is computed to be ten good leagues from the beginning of the free wood district. At half-past eight we stopped to breakfast at the foot of an extensive ridge about 150 feet high, running N.N.E. and S.S.W.; and whilst the men were preparing our meal I went to the top, where I found a very extensive dry prairie resembling an English moor, occasionally diversified with clumps of trees; the grass was low, being destroyed by the geomys, which had thrown up countless myriads of their little hills. The view from hence across the river was very beautiful; the St. Peter's wound through the country, shining like burnished metal, and I observed a stream enter it from the north-east, traversing the prairie, and occasionally enlarging itself into considerable lakes.

It had often struck me that in magnificent solitudes like this, a man, but for his affections, might come near to realizing the thought that he was alone in the world; yet, when turning his thoughts to those he loves, how soon he peoples the world again with beings

present to the fancy, though separated by thousands of miles. How readily and rapidly the thoughts fly to the most remote points! The velocities the body is capable of, cease to astonish us when we compare them with the telegraphic operations of the mind. Every where around the soil appeared to be fertile, indeed nothing seemed wanting to make it a farmer's paradise at some future day. Grouse were abundant, and rose booming and screaming in every direction. I picked up a fine elk's jaw here, and having taken the teeth out, finished my agreeable ramble and returned to our fires.

Arriving there wet through in my lower garments from the heavy dew, I learnt, to my profound vexation, that my private tea-kettle, and some other things belonging to my *batterie de cuisine*, had been left at our last night's bivouac, owing to our coming away before daylight. Upon this occasion I gave my Canadians to understand that I could "Peste!" and scold as glibly as any of them; and not knowing what excuse to make, they at last proposed that L'Amirant should be crossed over in the canoe to find his way to the bivouac on foot and bring them back. But it was becoming rainy and cold, time was precious, and I was afraid something might happen to the fellow, so, after some reflection, I determined to go on without them. The water could be boiled in an open tin vessel we had, and, at any rate, that important instrument the frying-pan was safe. If that had been amongst the delinquents, L'Amirant would certainly have had to trudge.

At half-past one P. M. we came again to rocks in place on the right bank, at a locality called by the Indians *Mgo Shuk*, or "White Rock," where there is an escarpment

of fifty feet, consisting of forty feet of clear granulated sandstone, with occasional flinty concretions, capped by ten feet of fawn-coloured limestone, being a sort of repetition of the beds on the Wisconsin river. At the junction of these two beds there is a narrow seam of greenish-blue silicate of iron, which Miller said was a kind of pigment the Indians valued much to paint themselves with. Here I observed several nests of the cliff swallow, built against the face of the rock. This species is said to be gradually advancing from the distant parts of the western country. At half-past two we passed the village of *Wahgonahah*, or "Big Leg," the band inhabiting which were gone to gather wild rice. About 4 P. M. we reached a place called Traverse des Sioux, and passed a trader's on the right bank called Preston. The Sioux, who in old times came from the south to trade with the French, used to cross the river here. A little further on I landed at a prairie, and walked to an agent of Mr. Sibley's, of the name of Le Blanc. I found him at home with his Sioux wife, and some very nice little children. Having made him acquainted with my misfortune, he very obligingly offered to repair it by lending me an iron tea-kettle; and finding it would not deprive them of any comfort, his wife having another, I returned to the canoe with it in my hand. As I approached the men, I heard one of them say "Voilà le bourgeois, qui est content."

We left this place at 5 P. M., and soon after passed a stream on the right bank, called *Wee Wee*, or "Moon Creek." Its serpentine course is divided so equally into curves, that the Indians, who always name things from nature, have called the curves moons. With the Nahcotahs the word *wee* is used for both sun and moon; in fact,

it means luminary, for they say *cuspistoo wee*, "day luminary," and *keeydytoo wee*, "night luminary." At 6 P. M. we stopped for the night.

*September* 21.—The morning was fine, but very cold; we, however, started as the sun was rising, and soon came up with a long bluff of sandstone, capped with a thin bed of limestone, on the right bank. We computed our distance of last night from Fort Snelling to be about 126 miles. The river was now about 100 yards wide. At 9 A. M. we landed to breakfast at a high bluff called by Milor *Mahdsee Ouse*, or "White Earth." Having contrived to reach the top, I found an extensive prairie, presenting an odd and picturesque appearance. From the bank it stretched several miles back into the country, without a tree, and then rose into an elevated terrace bounded by woods. But that which gave it a very peculiar character was the tons of thousands of huge boulders scattered about in every direction, looking like petrified buffaloes. Upon walking to examine them, I found that a great many of them were granite, but that the greater portion were blocks of limestone, that had been torn up from the strata with great violence. These were the first granitic boulders I had met with on the St. Peter's,—many of them would weigh from 50 to 100 tons,—a circumstance which indicated the vicinity of granitic beds. To the south was a low prairie with a lake, and to the west was another beautiful prairie, bounded by elegant wooded slopes on the left bank of the river. From the top of one of the boulders I made a hasty sketch of this pleasing scene. Milor had warned me against extending my walks too far; observing, that wandering bands of Sioux were sometimes prowling about, who did not hesitate to scalp any one they met.

who was unarmed and without assistance. I was, therefore, habitually cautious, and, as I could command the whole country around from my position, felt very secure. To be sure, it was barely possible that Indians might be hid behind some of the boulders; but I could always make a good run for it to the river, and, by shouting, could soon draw Milor and the men to my assistance. Reflections and precautions of this kind always gave an additional interest to my walks.

After a hearty breakfast, I left this interesting place, and about half-past eleven passed an island about 400 yards long, the largest we had yet met with: a little beyond it was a well-wooded bluff on the left bank, with the sandstone down to the water's edge. The river here was about ninety yards broad, and the current very strong, a sure indication of our not being very far from the Blue River. At half-past twelve we passed some bold grassy bluffs on the right bank, with numerous large boulders on their slopes. Immediately beyond them the *Chasadahu*, or "Fort River," came in, so named by the Nacotahs upon the occasion of a fight between them and the Hăhatŏna, or "People of the Falls," a name they give to a band of the Ojibways who reside principally near the falls on Chippeway river.

At 2 P. M. we stopped for the men to dine, whilst I collected some fine unios in the river. From this point the bluff becomes very strong again, especially on the right bank. At five we stopped for the night, as we wanted an hour's daylight to repair the bottom of the canoe, the gum of which had peeled off, as it is apt to do in frosty weather, and caused several leaks. We had killed some fine fat plover in the course of the day, and I had them boiled for my supper, a method of cooking those birds not greatly to be recommended.

*September* 22.—I found it very difficult to keep myself warm during the night, which was very cold, and was glad to leave the tent at 5 A. M., and go to the fire. The wind was sharp from the N.W., and Fahrenheit's thermometer stood at 34° in the tent; but on going to the river I found a still more unwelcome symptom, ice having formed at the edge of the stream. We had, however, a fine sun-rise, and soon got away. At 7 A. M. we passed a low bluff on the right bank, which Milor said was called Mȳhākes Sāka, or "Black Bluff." The maple trees had already got their bright autumnal tints, and the dogwood and sumac had become purple and scarlet. Milor observed that my excursion should have been commenced a month earlier, but that the autumns are usually very fine in this part of the country, and a great deal of ground might be got over yet in season. About eight we came to a fine reach of the river, with a rich wooded slope on the left, where the sandstone bluff was 150 feet high. Milor said that a very black-coloured rattlesnake abounded there. I had met with a great many moccasin snakes without rattles, but had not met with one snake that had rattles since we left the Wisconsin.

Soon after 8 A. M. we came to the mouth of the *Mākhatok*, or "Blue Earth River," a word composed of *mākhak* ("earth") and *tok* ("blue"). This was a bold stream, about eighty yards wide, loaded with mud of a blueish colour, evidently the cause of the St. Peter's being so turbid. It was not far from the mouth of this river that M. le Sueur was asserted to have discovered in 1692 an immense deposit of copper ore. No traveller had ever entered the river to investigate his statements; I therefore directed the head of the canoe to be turned into the stream, the entrance into which lay S. 10° E.

The current was exceedingly strong, and my men had to struggle very hard with their paddles to overcome it. Having ascended it about a mile, we found a Sissiton family established with their skin lodge upon a sand-bar —a fortunate rencontre, as it gave us an opportunity of asking for information respecting the object we were in search of. The head of the family immediately told Milor that the locality where the Indians collected the blue pigment was up the right fork of the river, and that we should reach it in an hour and a half. He added that he had killed a deer the preceding evening, and if we would give him some pork he would give us venison in exchange. All this was joyful news, so I landed upon the sand-bar and went to the lodge. The party consisted of three stout men, two women, and four children. The skin of a fine buck was spread out to dry behind the lodge, and some of the meat, in small pieces, was drying upon sticks near the fire.

It certainly looked very uninviting; and I told Milor to inform the women that I wanted a large joint, and not little smoked pieces, upon which one of them replied that there was one in the lodge. Accordingly, putting aside the skin curtain, we entered this Indian larder to look at it, when it turned out to be part of the breast lying on the ground all bloody and dirty, upon which a little naked boy was squatted down on his haunches. I looked at this delicacy more than once, and then told Milor I could not eat it, and therefore should not have anything to do with it. His answer was, "Mais, Monsieur, c'est bien bon lors'qu'il est cuit." Reflecting, however, that my scruples might not be quite so strong when I was hungry, we finally accepted it; and the Indians, who had not had any pork in a very long time, were highly de-

lighted with their bargain. These people constantly asserted that they knew of no remains of any old fort or stone building in that part of the country; so that Le Sueur's fort, if he had ever built one, must have been constructed entirely of wood.

Whilst we were negotiating this exchange it began to snow for the first time this autumn, a not very pleasing incident to us, for snow upon these excursions is the precursor of many discomforts, interfering seriously with bivouacs, and offering many other impediments. Pushing on, we passed a singular conical grassy hill on the right bank, which commanded all the vicinity, and appeared to me to be a likely situation for the site of Le Sueur's fort. We stopped to breakfast about ten on the left bank, the men appearing to be very much worried with the snow, and unwilling to leave their comfortable fire when they had done. I got them away, however, about eleven, and we hastened on.

The Mâhkatoh appears to form about half the volume of the St. Petur's, and is a very rapid stream. The Sissitons we had met told us it forked eleven times, and that the branches abounded in rapids and shallow places. About twelve we came to a fork or branch coming in on our right, about forty-five yards broad, and we turned into it, having a well-wooded bluff on the right bank about ninety feet high. The stream had very little current, owing to the main branch, which we had just left, rushing down with great velocity, and making backwater here. We had not proceeded three-quarters of a mile when we reached the place which the Sissitons had described to us as being that to which the Indians resorted for their pigment. This was a bluff about 150 feet high on the left bank, and from the slope being very

much trodden and worn away, I saw at once that it was a locality which for some purpose or other had been frequented from a very remote period. We accordingly stopped there; and I told the men to make a fire and warm themselves whilst I examined the place.

As soon as I had reached that part of the bluff whence the pigment had been taken, Le Sueur's story lost all credit with me, for I instantly saw that it was nothing but a continuation of the seam which divided the sandstone from the limestone, and which I have before spoken of at the Mŷah Skăh, as containing a silicate of iron of a blueish-green colour. The concurrent account of all the Indians we had spoken with, that this was the place the aborigines had always resorted to to procure their pigment, and the total silence of every body since Le Sueur's visit respecting any deposit of copper ore in this or any other part of the country, convinced me that the story of his copper-mines was a fabulous one, most probably invented to raise himself in importance with the French government of that day. Charlevoix having stated that the mine was only a league and three-quarters from the mouth of the Terre Bleu, made it certain that I was now at that locality, and the seam of coloured earth gave the key to the rest. Le Sueur's account of the mine being at the foot of a mountain ten leagues long was as idle as the assertion that he had obtained 30,000 lb. of copper ore in twenty-two days, for there is nothing like a mountain in the neighbourhood. The bluff, to be sure, rises to the height of about 150 feet from the river; but when you have ascended it you find yourself at the top of a level prairie, so that what might to an inexperienced traveller appear to be a mountainous height, is nothing but the summit of the gorge which the river has cut out.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

ASCEND THE MAKATOH AGAIN.—THE VOYAGEURS UNWILLING TO PROCEED.—MILOR'S GOOD CONDUCT.—MINDAY MANOWAH, OR SWAN LAKES.—PAHKAH SKAH, A BEAUTIFUL HALF-BREED, ABANDONED BY HER FATHER.—GAMBOR'S GRAVE.—MILOR'S ESCAPE FROM STARVATION.—GRANITE IN PLACE.

Finding the copper-mine to be a fable, I turned my attention to the possibility of getting from hence across the country to the red pipe-stone quarry on the elevated district called the Côteau du Prairie, which divides the St. Peter's from the waters of the Missouri; and I walked into the interior about two miles, in the expectation of getting a glimpse of some spur of the Côteau; but nothing of the kind appearing, I returned to consult Milor. He dissuaded me strongly from attempting it, urging that we should have upwards of 150 miles to walk, carrying every thing with us; that little or no game would be found, water being very scarce in that direction. He said there was not a hill of any kind betwixt us and the Côteau, but that the country gradually rose to its summit; that, if there had been any copper-mine in the country, he must have heard of it, having frequently crossed betwixt the St. Peter's and the Missouri; and that, if he had heard of one, he certainly would have gone to see it. Objects of this kind, he assured me, were remarkably well known to the Indians, who wandered about in every direction, and who always attributed a mysterious importance to conspicuous natural objects. He added that the locality upon the Côteau, where the

Indians obtained the fine red clay of which they made their pipes, was very curious, but was not connected with any metal whatever.

Seeing there was nothing to be obtained by advancing further in this direction, and the low state of the river, and the impediments presented by the numerous rapids, rendering it almost impossible to ascend the Makatoh much farther, I turned my back upon this romance of Le Sueur's Rivière Verte, and passing swiftly down the current, got into the St. Peter's again. The moment we got into the water of this last river, where it is not mixed with that of the Makatoh, we found it exceedingly limpid, and altogether distinct from the turbid state of its tributary; a certain indication to me, that we should soon find the St. Peter's running through a primary country. There was no sensible current for some distance, owing to the backwater made by the Makatoh, the channel was about 100 yards wide, and the country extremely beautiful; the prairie occasionally coming down to the water's edge, whilst at other times bold bluffs arose with well-wooded slopes, interspersed with graceful clumps of trees.

About half-past five P. M. I landed for the night at one of the loveliest encampments I had yet met with; charming slopes, with pretty dells intersecting them, studded with trees as gracefully as if they had been planted with the most refined taste; everything indeed around was inviting. I could not but think what a splendid private estate could be contrived out of so beautiful a territory, A mansion, built on one of those gentle slopes, backed by thousands of well-formed trees, decked in their autumnal colours; thousands of acres of the most fertile level land, with the river in front, and a world of prairie in the rear, abounding with grouse. Yet with all this, how much nearer would a man be to happiness without

society! This reflection, with other considerations, determined me to leave it to others to build houses here, and to content myself with making use of these pretty corners of the world, merely as amusing spectacles that gratify the taste for the moment; and to seek for happiness only where the welfare of those we love can be promoted, and which the most obscure corners are often better fitted for than the most enviable domains.

I was sorry to discover at night that my men were not proceeding as cheerfully as usual. I had apprized Milor, when I determined to leave the Makatoh, of my intention of pushing on to the sources of the St. Peter's. This he had communicated to them, but they were unwilling to go further to the west: they were well fed, yet the nights were beginning to be very cold, and they thought I ought to have provided a tent for them. These fellows, when on their Indian expeditions, had lived principally with the Ojibways, and had strong prejudices against the Sioux. To go to the sources of the St. Peter's, it would be necessary to pass Lac qui Parle, about ten days higher up. Some savage murders had been committed lately upon the Ojibways by other Indians, and the perpetrators had all rendezvoused at Lac qui Parle. Some of the reckless fellows called pillagers were said to be there, with other bad characters belonging to the Yanctons, Assiniboins, and other bands bordering on the Missouri. Having listened to all these stories, I asked Milor's opinion, who stated that we were perfectly safe if the men only acted prudently, and that their fears were very much exaggerated. I had no choice now but to turn back or face the savages, whose very wildness, so untamed by intercourse with white men, made me anxious to see them; but, as I did not wish to give

up the idea of crossing the country from the sources of the St. Peter's to the Mandans, on the Missouri, I told the men that I should act with the greatest prudence, but that nothing should change my purpose of advancing, until I got an opportunity of crossing to the Côteau du Prairie: that my life was as valuable to me as theirs could be to themselves; that Milor was known to all the Sioux; and that we should be quite safe amongst them, if they only acted discreetly; and that, if they continued to act as cheerfully as they had hitherto done, I would give them marks of my friendship when we parted. Finding that I was of good heart, and that Milor derided their fears, they assented to go on, and said, "Le bourgeois fera comme il voudra."

*September* 23.—We passed a cold night; the thermometer was as low as 32° in the tent, and ice had formed at the edge of the river; we had, however, a fine clear sun-rise soon after we got under way. Immense primary boulders appeared now in every part of the country. About 7 A. M. we passed a broad trail quite fresh—the trees and bushes being blazed and otherwise marked. The men did not like these appearances, and shewed as many apprehensions as if they were in an enemy's country; but Milor explained to me that this was the trail of a band of Sioux, that had crossed the river here on their way to the south. The St. Peter's was now only about fifty yards broad, and was becoming shallow. A great profusion of unios were lying in the sandy bottom, buried to their umbones; the species called *fasciatus*, with singularly beautiful nacres tinged with a brilliant carnation, being the most prevalent. I made a good collection of these shells, none of which were decorticated. About nine we stopped to breakfast,

and built a rousing fire to warm ourselves; when, having got into good spirits, we resumed our paddles, and about half after ten passed a large mass of sandstone in the middle of the river. At noon we came abreast of *Minday Mangwāh*, "or Swan Lakes," about a league from the left bank. *Mangwāh* is an imitation of the cry of this bird.

Milor computed the distances to Lac qui Parle as follows:—From *Mĵa Skah*, or "White Rock," to the *Warhajōo*, or "Cotton-wood River," which we were approaching, thirty leagues: from thence to *Chagn Shĵahpay*, or "Red-wood River," forty leagues: thence to *Pahĵēetah Zezēehah*, or "Yellow Medicine River," fifteen leagues; and thence to Lac qui Parle, twenty-five leagues; so that we had at least eighty leagues to go amidst the windings of this stream, before we should reach the latter place.

At 3 P. M. I stopped to let the men eat, but took occasion to tell them that the days were getting very short, and that we should save a great deal of time, if they would make their principal meal at the close of the day, as I did. The proposition was not well received, and I thought it wise not to press it, as Jean Baptiste likes to make every meal a principal one, and they were evidently going on contrary to their inclinations. At this place the banks of the river consisted of about twenty feet of an ancient lacustrine deposit, containing great quantities of planorbis, anculotus, &c., of which I made a collection.

The men only remained half an hour eating, and when we were under way again, got into one of their cheerful lively humours, favouring me with some of their best barcaroles. They liked Milor, and I perceived that he had been talking to them. At a quarter-past four P. M. we passed some bluffs of red earth with numerous boulders

on the slopes. From this colour of the earth, an approaching change in the rocks appeared probable; but the banks continued the same until past 5 P. M., when all of us being fatigued with vigorous paddling, and the canoe leaking again, I selected a tolerably good encampment, and we commenced the usual preparations for the night.

*September* 24.—We got under way very early, and before 8 A. M. came to some rocky bluffs on the left bank, of a peculiar appearance; and, on landing to examine them, I found they were a hard, compact red sandstone—the lowest beds being a fine-grained stone, of a brick-red colour: on the surface were numerous pot-holes, some of them a foot in diameter, and quite deep. The rocks appeared to have been very much water-worn, for they were as smooth as metal, and in some places rather difficult to stand upon. At some distance from the bank, immense masses were lying about close to each other, as if they had merely been loosened in their situs. We seemed now to have got beyond the calcareous strata. At 9 A. M. we reached the *Warhajõo*, and I made an attempt to ascend it a short distance, but we found it too shallow to proceed far; and continuing our way up the St. Peter's, we soon passed another broad trail, and a Sissiton village, but without inhabitants. Our distance from the mouth of the St. Peter's to this place was computed by Milor to be, by the windings of the stream, about 210 miles.

Making a hasty breakfast in the neighbourhood of the village, we pushed on, the river becoming 100 yards broad again; and at 11 A. M. came to *Eepah Haska*, or "Long Point," a narrow isthmus, which runs three-quarters of a mile into the river, and is not more than fifteen feet wide. Here I observed a great many trees of the sugar maple (*Acer saccharinum*). After coasting

this point, the river stretched near the distance of a mile N. 30° W., with a fine breadth of about 110 yards, the water being perfectly smooth, and a prairie on the right bank. About noon we came to another long point of a similar character, and found the Zizania abounding in the neighbourhood. This was a hot day; and having stopped to refresh the men at half-past one, we proceeded and passed a fertile bottom, with a beautiful open wood growing on it. Nothing can be more pleasing than this portion of the St. Peter's, which, sometimes holding a serpentine course to one bank, and then taking a graceful curve to the other, always when it approaches a bluff, leaves a pleasing prairie on the other side. Sometimes, for a considerable distance, the river and the bottoms occupied a space equal in breadth to a mile and a half. The general amenity of the country put us all into high spirits; and just before 5 P. M., whilst we were paddling away, and screaming a Canadian boat-song at the top of our voices, we suddenly came up with several canoes on the left bank, fastened to the bushes, with a lodge containing four stout men, several women and children, and a very beautiful young half-breed girl, about seventeen years old, with fine flaxen hair. They had heard our screaming before we came in sight, and were not a little flurried; but the appearance of Milor calmed them, and they came to the water-side to speak to him.

We stopped for a short time, and missing the flaxen-haired beauty, with whose unusual appearance, so much contrasted with the coarse, black, wiry hair of the others, I had been very much struck, I told Milor to ask where she was, when they pointed her out to me hiding herself behind one of the trees. Perceiving we were white men, and knowing she was the daughter of a white man, a

modest feeling, which the others seemed to be strangers to, had taken possession of her, and she was evidently reluctant to show herself. Upon inquiring into her history, I learnt that she was the daughter of an American trader named Robinson, who had lived some time among the Nacotahs, by an Indian woman, who had lived with him as his wife. Having collected his debts in the Indian country, he left his family under pretence of business at Prairie du Chien, and had never returned to them. This beautiful creature, being thus abandoned by her father, had been brought up as a savage; but ignorant as she was of the ways of civilization, the modesty of her demeanour betrayed the consciousness that she was connected by blood with the white race. Upon being informed of these circumstances, I was exceedingly touched with the hopelessness of her condition, for independent of her beauty, there was a gentleness and shyness of manner about her which seemed to implore the protection of the race she had sprung from. Before we left the place, I sent her by Milor some pork and biscuit, and a new silk handkerchief, a somewhat extraordinary present, to be sure, to a young beauty of seventeen, but she received it very pleasingly; perhaps, after all, she may be less miserable here than if her father had taken her with him. The head man of this little band was called *Chas kās keeah*, or "First in Age." This being the season for musk-rats, as the traders call them, they had taken an immense number of them, which they had skinned, and the carcases, which they are very fond of, were drying on sticks over a slow fire. In twenty days they had taken 1200 of these animals. Some of the traders at Prairie du Chien told me that these creatures increase in number now that the foxes and other animals are diminishing.

The *siskepoy*, as the Nacotahs call the muskquash* or musk-rat of the traders, is much larger than the common rat; it has a reddish-grey fur resembling that of the beaver, and in common with that animal constructs itself a conical mud house, where the situation admits of it, above the surface of any body of water where a root grows, which it subsists on during the winter, and to which it has access by a hole in the bottom. I have occasionally seen skins of this animal of a fawn colour. Besides this famous supply of musk-rats they had a large pile of wild ducks and teal which they had shot, together with a fine heron. All the Indians looked strong and hearty, in consequence of the abundance of animal food at this season of the year.

As I was stepping into the canoe to depart, some of the women came and told Milor that if I did not give them also some pork and biscuit, "it would not be me"—an oblique piece of flattery intended to provoke my generosity. I told them that I had given some to the young girl because she belonged to my race, but that I would give them also some, and begged they would always be kind to her, as the poor girl had lost her father. They answered that white men came amongst them and took wives, who thought of nothing but taking care of their children and their goods when they were travelling about the country; and that when they had collected all their skins they took everything away, and never came back again. That this was what Robinson had done: he had told his wife he was going a journey, that she must take care of the little boy and the little girl they had, and he would soon be back and bring them all new clothes; that

* This word is corrupted from some dialects of the Lenape, and means "red."

he never came the first winter, and when their old clothes were worn out he never came with any new ones; that he never came for fifteen winters, nor ever sent her a message; that *Pähkah Skäh*, or "White Hair," was now seventeen years old, and her brother was a very good hunter. I desired Milor to tell them that perhaps Robinson was dead; but they said that Milor knew better, for he had seen him two years ago at Prairie du Chien. Upon which I answered, that there were bad men amongst the whites as well as amongst the Indians, and that good white men loved their wives and children, and took care of them as long as they lived. They laughed, and asked Milor if I was going to stay in the country, and intended to take a wife? I answered that I was afraid the white men had got such bad characters that I should not be able to get one; when they all laughed and exclaimed with one voice, that, if I wintered in their neighbourhood, I should have Pahkah Skah!

A great deal more has been written about the austerity and reserve of Indians than is true. If you are uniformly kind to them, and generous when it is convenient to be so, they are as open-hearted and merry a race as ever I travelled amongst. These were a remarkably good-tempered, pleasant set; and we had become so well acquainted, and it was drawing so late, that at one time I thought of pitching my tent here; but on looking round, I saw many reasons against it, so we bade them "Good bye;" and paddling on a couple of miles, made our bivouac in a charming, clean, open wood on the right bank.

*September* 25.—After a comfortable night's rest, we hastened to get everything on board, and were on the water at sunrise. At eight we passed a place on the

right bank, where Milor buried his bourgeois, a Mr. Cameron, in 1811. He was an enterprising, sagacious Scotchman, who had amassed a good deal of property by trafficking with the Indians; but with him, as with many others, the word "enough" meant a little more than what he had got, and whilst upon one of his expeditions he was taken ill in his canoe, was landed, and died in the woods. Milor told me, upon this occasion, how nearly himself and three others in the service of Mr. Cameron had been starved to death; and as it illustrates well the privations which those who engage in these trading adventures are sometimes exposed to, I shall give a sketch of his narration.

The winter was advancing fast upon them, and they had delayed so long collecting their packs of skins, that the ice formed one night too strong to permit their descending the stream in the canoe. There was, however, some hopes of a thaw, and they kept waiting from day to day until their provision, of which they had but a slight supply, was exhausted. They had nothing left now but to leave their packs of skins under the canoe and take to the woods, in the hope that Cameron, who was at a distant trading post below, seeing the state of the weather, would send relief to them, and that they should meet it on the way. The snow was too deep to enable them to carry any burden, and with their last meal in their pockets they commenced their journey. They met with no game of any kind for the first two days; and on the night of the second, having nothing whatever to eat, they were reduced to the necessity of stripping some bark from a tree to masticate. In the morning the severity of the weather increased, and no alternative presented itself but stopping to die on the way, or making the most desperate effort to

extricate themselves. On the evening of the third day two of the men became weak, and frequently urged the others to stop; but as it was always found a difficult task to persuade them to go on again, Milor always opposed these delays. These poor fellows were gradually losing their judgment; they knew that delay would be fatal to the whole party, yet the sense of present distress took away all reflection from them. Milor, who was ahead of them all, came before night to a place somewhat sheltered from the wind, which was very piercing, and seeing some signs of the bushes having been disturbed, he stepped aside to look, and found a dead Indian beside the remains of a small fire. He had no provisions with him, and had probably been crossing the prairies to join some band, and the whole country being covered with a deep snow, had lost his way.

Milor now shouted to the men to come on, and they, hoping for good news, hastened to the place. Pointing to the dead Indian, he told them that would be their fate before morning if they stopped. Being somewhat frightened at this, they kept up a pretty good pace until a late hour; and Milor being in a part of the country he was acquainted with, took one of the most active of the men with him, and, after great exertions, they had the good luck to catch two musk-rats. With these they returned to the men, who had built up a good fire, and having eaten one of the animals they lay down to sleep, and rested very well. In the morning they ate the other before starting, and, as they felt a little more cheerful, Milor told them, that, if they would walk like men, he would take them to a place where there were plenty of musk-rats, and that, as soon as they had laid in a supply of them, they would strike across the country to Traverse des Sioux, where they would be sure to hear of Cameron and get food. For

two days, however, they caught nothing more, and all began to be sick and to despond. On the sixth day they caught one musk-rat, which raised their spirits a little. on the seventh they caught another, but that night all three of the men fell sick, and in the morning he could not persuade them to stir. Uncertain whether to abandon or stay by them, he went to the river and tried several places in vain for musk-rats. The weather, however, became more mild, and he returned to the fire to tell the men they were going to have fine weather, and that he was sure Cameron had sent somebody to meet them with provisions: this encouraged them a little, and they agreed to go on.

They had not been marching an hour, when Milor, looking attentively to the south-east, declared that he saw smoke in that direction, and that there must be a fire: this, as Milor said, had the effect of a glass of *eau de vie* upon them, and they went briskly on for two or three hours; but this cheering sign disappeared, and the men were beginning to despond again, when the thought struck Milor, that, if any party was coming to their relief, they would naturally be keeping a look-out also. He accordingly directed the men to build up a fire, and to put a quantity of wet bark upon it to make a heavy smoke, whilst he would go to the top of a bluff and observe if the signal was answered. In less than half an hour after he had gained the bluff, he saw a thick column of smoke arise to the south-east, and not more than three miles distant. He immediately waved his cap, shouted to his companions, and set off in the direction of the expected aid. It was indeed the relief they expected: two men, each with a pack containing pork and biscuit, had been despatched from Traverse des Sioux, and Cameron, with three others, were to leave it in a canoe if an expected

thaw admitted of it, and at any rate were to start with an additional supply. Milor having refreshed himself, set out to meet his comrades with the reinforcement. "What did they do when they saw you?" I asked Milor. "Ces gaillards-là ont commencés à danser, Monsieur," was his answer.

This incident in the adventures of Milor is very much to the credit of Cameron, who made so resolute an attempt to relieve his poor *engagés*, when the chances were so much against his succeeding. It was during the same winter that a band of 164 Yanctons, seeing that all their families would be starved to death if they did not make a great effort to obtain some provisions, started with the snow three feet deep, in search of the buffaloe, which were said to be between the *Shayanne* river and *Minday Wakon*, or "Lake of the Spirit." The unfortunate savages never met with the buffaloe, and, with the exception of three or four of their number, were frozen to death—the deep snows making it impossible for them to extricate themselves.

A little after 10 A. M. we came to a mass of granite in place, which Milor estimated to be fifteen leagues from the Warhajõe. Hereabouts then was the junction of the sandstone I had so long kept company with, with the granite; for it appeared to me that the peculiar red colour of the sandstone of yesterday was derived from its contiguity with the granite which had altered it. Huge masses of this primary rock were scattered about on both sides of the river: here was, no doubt, the original situs of the boulders I had passed below. The river now contracted to about fifty feet. At half-past 11 A. M. we came to the trading post of a Mr. Moore, on the right bank of the river, then encamped in a tent, but who was building a small house, consisting of

two rooms—one for himself and family to sleep in, the other to contain his goods. His wife, a middle-aged bustling Indian woman, seemed to be heartily engaged in the work. Their children were very Indian in their faces—small eyes and large cheek-bones; the half-breeds appearing always to show more of the Indian than the white man. Mr. Moore was a thin, good-looking man, about forty-five years old, but intelligent, and gave me some interesting information: he said that the Côteau du Prairie was about fifty miles west of his post; and not more than ten miles distant from Big Stone Lake: adding, but I thought erroneously, that it consisted principally of sandstone and limestone, the beds of which extended to the Shayanne River. He stated also that he had seen fragments of coal on Lake Traverse, and that I might proceed in full confidence that I should find the Indians peaceably disposed. The winter, he observed, rarely set in until the end of October; but that it gave very little notice in this part of the world—extremes of mild and severe weather taking place within twenty-four hours. Indian corn, he informed me, ripened very well where he lived; and that next year it was his intention to plant both corn and potatoes. The fact of maize ripening well is a sure guarantee for a great increase of the white population here. Where this valuable grain comes to maturity so far north (44° 30′), all other grains flourish; and the ground here is exceedingly fertile.

We now took leave of Mr. Moore, who, I learnt from Milor, had been a great many years in the Indian country, and had taken to wife the half-breed daughter of a Mr. Hart, another white trader. Moore had formerly been connected with an American fur company, but was now established as an independent trader—an annoyance which these companies are not slow to rid themselves of. Milor

informed me that Mr. Sibley intended sending up a barge with goods very soon, and establishing a trading-house opposite to him. This competition, as long as it lasts, will be greatly in favour of the poor Indians, who at present are obliged to pay as much as sixty musk-rat skins for one blanket.

We shot three cormorants on the wing this morning from the canoe, to the great joy of the men, who make no scruple of putting every thing that falls in their way into their pot to boil with the pork. The navigation of the St. Peter's, as we approached its sources, had many embarrassments in the great number of sand-bars and snags, which the *voyageurs* call *chicots*; but they shew great skill and prudence in their canoe management, seeming to know, from the appearance of the water, whether they ought to go slow or quick: they had already brought our frail but well-constructed bark vessel about 900 miles, and it was as sound as when we first started. At half-past two we had granite in place on the right bank, and lofty upland in front. I landed here, and went to the summit, where I found a boundless extent of prairie, without a single tree, on each side of the river. The valley was about two miles in breadth, consisting of beautiful fertile bottoms, through which the narrow stream meandered, looking, at a distance, like a bright silvery riband. Upon the slope of the banks a great part of the wood was dead and black from the fires of the preceding year; and I observed that the men always preferred to encamp in similar situations, because the wood burnt briskly, and took them less time to collect. About 5 P. M. the masses of granite in place extended almost across the river, and finding a convenient situation near them, I made the signal, and we encamped for the night.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

HOW TO COOK A RACOON. — MAKE A CACHE OF OUR HEAVY ARTICLES. — A GRANITE COUNTRY. — PROWLERS ABOUT OUR CAMP. — THE GRAND PORTAGE.

*September* 26.—Having roused the men at 5 A. M., they proceeded to gum the bottom of the canoe, which had suffered a little amongst the shallows and snags of yesterday, during which time I collected some fine unios. We started soon after six, and passed a rapid with a fall of about twelve inches. Having got into still water, the men, who had gorged themselves to a late hour the preceding night with the cormorants and pork, seeing a racoon running on the shore, set up the cry of "*Chat sauvage!*" and, pulling away for the shore, all jumped out without "By your leave" or "With your leave"—Milor and myself, who had not seen the cause of this general animation, remaining on board. A small *coulée* came into the river close by, and, the animal taking that direction, the men followed, making as much noise as if they were contending with a stag. We now jumped out, and fastening the canoe, hastened to the *coulée*, where, after a long search, the poor animal was at last detected and immolated. He had been to the river-side looking for craw-fish, which the racoon in this part of the country is very fond of; so that the avengers of the craw-fish came upon him at an unlucky moment.

The weather was beautiful to-day, warm, sunny, and serene, with a slight haze, resembling what is called in

North America the Indian summer. We made a hasty breakfast upon a *battue* or beach, and pushed on again, all anxious to make the most of this pleasant season. I had frequently heard this periodical serene part of the autumn attributed by persons living on the Atlantic to conflagrations of the dry grass on the immense western prairies of the Indian country; but I now found the same phenomenon in the prairie country without a fire of any kind. We must look otherwise therefore for the cause. The river now became so embarrassed and shallow, that we could no longer use the paddles, and were obliged to take to poles. About 1 P. M. we were obliged to stop and unload the canoe, the bottom having got torn a little. Whilst some of the men were attending to this important business, the others began to prepare their dinner, and being curious to see how they would cook the racoon, I remained by their fire. A more summary exercise of the culinary art I never saw. Having made a fine blazing fire, they tied his hind feet to a piece of stick, and his head to another; two of them then held him in the blaze until all the fur was singed off, and then slightly eviscerating him, consigned him in that state to the pot, covering him over with pieces of fat pork to keep him down. They seemed to enjoy their repast immensely, for their talking and laughing was incessant.

We got under way at half-past 2 P. M., and soon found the river diminish from two feet and a half to one foot, the water beautifully transparent, and the unios stuck in countless numbers in the pure white sand, so that I could, by boring my arm, select them as we went along. The stream began to be very narrow; in one place the trees had fallen across, and it took us a long time to get through. Our voyage now required unceasing exertion;

we were constantly stopping to drag the canoe over the sand-bars and remove snags; and all of us fatigued, were glad to encamp about half-past five P. M.

*September* 27.—We had another beautiful morning, and were afloat before 6 A. M. At seven we had not quite a foot of water, and I began to entertain apprehensions for our future progress; the stream was becoming more shallow every mile, and it was evident that this not being the rainy season, there was reason to apprehend we should have to put our lading in a *cache*, or hiding-place, and take to the prairie. The Canadians, instead of encouraging me, and suggesting prudent plans for pursuing our journey on foot to Lac qui Parle, rather tried to conjure up difficulties, saying we had enough provisions to take us back again, which we should not have in three or four days. Milor gave it as his opinion that we might get the canoe on as far as Lac qui Parle, but no farther. I therefore told them, that, whatever might be their opinions, I had determined to go on, and if the water should fail us, we would all take to the prairie; but that it was childish talking about it until we were compelled to stop; and that meantime every man must use his best exertions. Finding me resolute, they went on in a dogged sort of manner, to which I paid no attention, only giving my orders, as I always did upon these occasions, in a sterner manner.

At half-past seven we passed a small stream on the left bank, which Milor called *Wēētah Chaynŭh Kahōntah*, meaning the river which flows from a "lake, with an island whose dead wood falls into it," or Dead Wood Island River, as I have called it in the map. The traders have given it the name of Beaver River, an absurd name, seeing that all the streams had those animals upon

them. My feet becoming cold, I landed to walk in the prairie, and finding it warm and pleasant exercise, soon left the canoe far behind me. Having gained the upland, I had another of the magnificent views of this unpeopled wilderness. The line of the St. Peter's was well marked by the trees growing on each bank: and these, owing to the narrowness of the stream, effectually concealed both it and the canoe; but from the screams of the flights of wild geese, that were hovering over it as they rose from the river, I could know exactly the point where it was. I had frequently observed, also, that these birds turned a little out of their line of flight when they perceived us, and flew over the canoe: upon one occasion we winged one of them, and as the bird kept falling and using the other wing, the whole flock lowered itself, as if with the intention of assisting their wounded companion.

Descending to the river to a convenient point for us to breakfast at, Milor, when the canoe came up, advised that we should make a *cache* of everything not necessary to us, in order to lighten the boat: selecting, therefore, all my best specimens, both of fossils, minerals, and shells, I had the rest, which weighed two or three hundred pounds, put into bags, and having dug a hole amidst the bushes, we put the bags with various other things into it, and, covering it carefully up, we breakfasted and left the place—it being understood that if the party separated and returned by the Missouri, those who re-descended the St. Peter's were to re-embark what we had placed in the *cache*, and deliver them at Fort Snelling or Prairie du Chien.

We left the *cache* at 11 A. M., much more buoyant than before, and got on without striking the bottom so often, passing soon afterwards a stream on the right bank

called *Chagnshāhyapay*, or "Red-wood River." This red wood is a particular sort of willow, with an under bark of a reddish colour, which the Indians dry and smoke. When mixed with tobacco it makes what they call *Kinnee Kinnik*, and is much less offensive than common tobacco. The St. Peter's now became wider, but was shallow. Milor said we were now eight leagues from some strong rapids, named from a man called Patterson, who wintered there once, and who, from wearing a bear-skin cap, was called *Wakon Apāhhah*, or "Bear's head;" *Wakon Sēejah* which means a "bear" in Nacotah, is also the name they give to the devil; *Seejah* meaning "evil," hence *Wakon Sēejah*, "Evil Spirit." This name was probably first conferred on the grizzly bear, who is rather too strong for the Indian.

At two, at the place where we stopped for the men to eat, the grass had become so dry that the fire began to run in it. Milor stated that we must soon expect to see prairies on fire, for many of the Indians were so careless, that they left live embers at their stopping-places. I could not understand from him that they ever purposely set the prairies on fire. A huge perpendicular granite rock was standing alone here on the right bank, and further on we passed a fine escarpment of vertical granite, fifty feet high, and about 150 yards long, upon the face of which several swallows had built their nests. At 5 P. M. we encamped at a small cascade running across the channel, called *Hhāhhah* ("The Falls"), the *Hh* being pronounced as a suppressed guttural. I chose the place of our bivouac in a pretty wood on the right bank, with a prairie behind us, bounded by rugged granite hills to the south, resembling parts of Dartmoor. In our front we had the falls and a curious basin excavated by them. In

approaching this basin the river flows through a passage it has worn in a ledge of granite stretching across the channel about S. E. and N. W. by compass. The passage through which the water flows is about thirty-five yards broad, and the ledge continues to the left about 100 yards, and twenty yards broad, with a slope of 20° N. E. by N. This slope is as slippery as metal, and has evidently been produced by the friction of water continued for a long period. But betwixt this slope and the cascade is an excavated basin about fifty yards by forty. It is evident that in ancient times, when the volume of the river was many times greater than it is now, the ledge of granite extended across the channel, that its greatest force was exerted upon that part of the ledge where the present narrow entrance to the basin is, and that the cascade by recession has shifted its place to where it now is, and commenced, by its eddy, the excavation of the basin. I consider this an instructive instance, as well of the greater amplitude of the rivers of this continent in former times, as of the power which water exercises upon the bed over which it passes, and excavates its channel by recession.

*September 28.* — We rose at 5 A. M., and having well gummed our canoe, and got every thing on board, proceeded to the cascade. Here we unloaded it again, and one of the men going into the river where the water projected over, contrived, with the assistance of the rest below, to hoist the canoe to the top. Nothing could exceed the care and judgment of the men upon this and similar occasions. They considered the canoe as the ark of their safety, and upon all difficult occasions were entirely to be depended upon. When in the midst of their jokes and merriment they would come to a difficult rapid, it was

admirable to see how vigilant they would instantly become. At a word from the steersman one or more of them would jump breast-high in the water to steady the canoe and guide it amidst the sharp rocks through which the river came boiling down. This they would do several times a day without complaining; and upon this occasion, on a very cold morning, a few minutes after starting, four of the men stood breast-high in the water to steady the canoe, whilst the man above drew it up with a rope.

We soon reloaded, and at 7 A.M. were afloat again. From this place Milor said it was ten leagues by land to Lac qui Parle, a good day's journey to a stout walker, but a troublesome one when the grass is high. The banks of the river were generally low, but occasionally immense bluffs of granite came jutting in, maple, oak, poplar, and willow abounding. Milor informed me that the sugar-maple was a great blessing to the Indians; for that often in the spring, before the snow has melted, and they are almost reduced to starvation, they watch the maple-tree, and as soon as the sap begins to run in March, drink it and soon recover their strength. They also in great emergencies find much nutriment in a creeper which twists round the tree, and which they call *bois de tort*.

As we advanced the quantity of wild ducks and geese became enormous; but they were shy, and generally rose before we could get within shot, for it was impossible to make my men preserve silence; but the bends in the river being very short here, owing to the resistance of the granite, sometimes when we suddenly came round one of the points, we used to knock a good many of the birds down; all of them were fat, and many of them had

the most beautiful plumage, especially the gaudy-crested wood-duck, which is a common bird here.

At 8 A. M. we reached Patterson's Rapids, which in fact do not deserve that name. It is true the bed of the river appears so much obstructed with rounded masses of granite, as to make it a difficult affair to get a canoe through at low water, but there was no boiling and foaming of the stream, so as to give it that character which distinguishes what are called rapids. All of us, however, except two, landed to lighten the canoe, and walked through a wood to a fine prairie bottom with the wild grass six feet high. Here, near to the river, we fell in with the track of the *charette* road of the Fur Company. Milor informed me that their goods were sent up the river to this point, and then put into carts or *charettes* with two wheels and one horse, and sent across the prairies to their different trading posts. It was a new and welcome sight to see ruts made by wheeled carriages, although they reminded us of civilization, rather than introduced us to it.

The rich prairie bottom I was now traversing was at least one mile broad, and extended far upwards along the course of the river. What a meadow for a farmer! Tired of walking in the high grass, I made for the upland prairie, the surface of which consisted of a light sandy soil; but the infinite number of small hills of rich black mould, thrown up by the geomys, shewed the fertility of the subsoil. Seeing some eminences at a distance on the prairie, which I thought might be lofty enough to give me a view of the Côteau du Prairie, I made for them, believing them not to be more than a mile and a half distant; but such is the deception in prairie distances produced by objects in situations where there is nothing to compare with them, that that which appears near is often distant, and that which appears large is often small.

Thus, these eminences, instead of one mile and a half, were at least four miles distant, for it took me more than an hour to reach them; and instead of being high, were so low that they appeared quite insignificant. I could now understand why a bear had been mistaken for a buffalo; for it seems that upon these immense prairies, where there is nothing to interrupt the general level, any object, however small, is, for want of something to compare it with, invested by the imagination with dimensions that do not belong to it.

I now turned back to seek the canoe, having got a sick-headache by walking too far before breakfast: it had got ahead of me, but I soon overtook it, and was glad to take a cup of tea and eat a cold wild duck which had been boiled the preceding day. Having got under way we set to work vigorously with our poles, but soon came to other rocks in the river, which obliged some of us to land and lighten the canoe. Whilst on the upland prairie I found some slabs of flat salmon-coloured limestone, that had been brought here apparently from the north-west, from whence I concluded the granite stretched to the north-east, and that the limestone we had travelled with so long was north-west of us at no great distance.

We found the wild fowl less shy now that we had left behind us the landing-place of the Fur Company, owing, no doubt, to the birds below being a good deal harassed by the people in the service of the traders. We got as many as we wanted, all of them exceedingly fat; and some of them were so like the canvass-back in every particular, that I could see no distinction. The unios were singularly beautiful in this part of the river, especially the *Unio fasciatus*, some specimens of which outstripped in elegance any I had yet seen.

About 2 P. M. the river became so shallow that there was no longer any channel. We were all, therefore, obliged to get out, and the men dragged the canoe through the sand as well as they could. This was a tedious and fatiguing day, and we were glad to encamp at 5 P. M. Our progress had not been great during it, but I told the men that we had overcome all the difficulties that presented themselves, and to-morrow, after a night's repose, we should be ready to do the same thing again. They appeared more reconciled to going on than they were, for they knew that every day made the water shallower below as well as above, and that they would have plenty of hard work if we were to return before it rained and swelled the river. But these Canadians did not think much beyond the moment: what principally occupied their minds were the facts that we got more wild ducks and grouse than sufficed to subsist our party daily, and that all this fine living would soon be at an end if we were to turn back; and as I was convinced that the Indian summer would last for some time, I was no more afraid of their opposing my wishes at present. Our constant dish now, both for parlour and kitchen, was a pot of grouse, wild ducks, and biscuit all boiled up together. The *potage* which this made was the delight of the men: the pork and ham we saved for our return.

*September* 29.—The night was a very cold one, and I was glad to rise with the dawn. Whilst I was washing at the river, Milor and the men came to inform me, that during the night they had heard men whistling, which was answered, and then the occasional crackling of dry branches, as if of men walking stealthily about: this was repeated an hour before day. They were all quite sure of the fact, and thought it was a party of young Ojibways,

four in number, prowling round to take Sioux scalps. Attracted by our fires, they had cautiously examined our strength, and finding that we were white men had moved off; yet, if they had fallen in with one or two of us, and could have overpowered us, they would have done so, for the young Indians who are out in pursuit of scalps never return without them if possible. Milor said that the chiefs found it very difficult sometimes to keep the youths within bounds; that, notwithstanding the restraints laid upon them, and their being watched, they often got away in the night, and rather than return without a trophy, would murder a lone woman or a child, or any one they could overpower, knowing that if they got safe back with a scalp everything would be overlooked. The women, it seems, always take the part of the delinquents, and, although they are no better than the menial slaves of the chiefs, still they have a great deal of influence over them. So true it is, that in all situations of life men cannot live without the society of women, and that they generally find out they cannot lead quiet lives without they permit their better halves to do just as they please.

In the morning we were so much occupied with gumming the canoe and thawing our frozen things, that we did not get away until 7 A.M. I continued on foot to the mouth of the *Chăhtăhe Boah*, or "Sparrow-hawk River," a stream about twenty-five yards wide, when the canoe coming up I embarked; and not long afterwards we passed another stream on the opposite or right bank, called *Payjĕtah Zeezĕhah*, or "Yellow Medicine," from a yellow root which the Indians procure here for medicinal purposes. The St. Peter's was about eighty yards wide here, the banks flat and abounding in sirania and wild ducks and teal, that flew up in clouds as we advanced. At

9 A. M. we stopped to breakfast: it was a fine autumnal morning, sunny yet cool. The leaves were falling from the trees very fast; they froze in the cold nights, and the hot sun succeeding hastened their fall.

At 1 P. M. we reached *Minnay Chähhäh*, or "Waterfalls," from whence it is about two miles to the *Grande Portage*. Here we all got out of the canoe, and the men entering the water as high as their waists, commenced dragging it through a rather turbulent rapid about 100 yards in length. Ascending the uplands on the left bank with Milor, I had a charming view of the country. The breadth of the valley was still about two miles: immense rugged masses of black-looking granite lifted up their heads throughout the whole line of it, which was very serpentine. On descending to the river, I found the men had taken all the lading out of the canoe, the gum having cracked owing to the frost, and given way generally whilst they were dragging it. This caused a detention of more than an hour; and learning from Milor that there were four more rapids in advance, I took to the uplands again on the left bank, having an immense prairie on my right. Walking along the crest of the uplands, and occasionally watching the progress of the canoe, I came to a ravine at least 800 yards wide, very profound and thickly wooded; and seeing two others of a similar kind ahead, I did not care to descend into them alone, as they were exactly such places as marauders would select to hide themselves in, and descended to the river again. This I did with reluctance, being in a good humour for a long walk; and certainly a fine stretch along the edge of a boundless prairie, with a river below you flowing through a beautiful valley, is a source of much enjoyment. During my walk I had again occasion to

observe, that, in considering the causes which have led to such extensive plains being totally without trees, it is to be borne in mind, that wherever there is water and shelter there trees always grow.

The other rapids beyond the *Minnay Chahhah* all occurred within the distance of a mile, so that in fact the men were always in the water. About half-past three P. M. we reached the Grande Portage. Here we came upon an uninterrupted succession of violent rapids for three miles, so leaving two of the men to conduct the canoe through this long line of breakers, we landed the luggage and the greater portion of the provisions; and each of us taking something, commenced our march across the Grande Portage, which is about a mile and a half broad. Each of the three Canadians took about 100 lb. weight upon his shoulders, and looking at nothing but his feet, trudged away with it without a murmur. This they are accustomed to do from their youth upwards. I saw, however, that all the men were fatigued and would be much better for having dry clothes; therefore we drew near to the bank of the river where the canoe must pass, at a place about half-way across, and selected a place for our night's bivouac. The canoe having reached us we pitched the tent, and having built up our fires, lost no time in making ourselves as comfortable as we could.

*September* 30.—At day-break we put ourselves in motion again, and taking my portfolio and instruments, I proceeded to the west end of the *portage*, which was across a fertile bottom, with immense masses of granite all quasistratified, in lamina of about an inch broad, distributed about. In some places these masses were twenty feet high, and dipped to the south-east. Some of these laminated masses were in a vertical position. Most of them were a

red quartzose granite, with a slight quantity of mica; but some were gneissoid, and from some of the masses I collected good specimens of both granite and gneiss. Having got everything across the *portage*, and being joined by the canoe, we re-embarked, and got with much pleasure upon a smooth stream about eighty yards wide, as great a luxury to us as leaving a bad road to enter upon a good turnpike is to travellers. I could not but admire this morning the address with which these *voyageurs* carried their loads on crossing the *portages*. A large bag full of something was first put on the back of the head and neck of one of the men, with a collar round it and the forehead to prevent its slipping off; upon that a heavy bag of biscuit was placed, and above that again one of my largest carpet bags containing minerals and shells. Thus loaded and bending down, the man, keeping his eyes fixed upon the trail and his feet, and never attempting to look up, went for near a mile without stopping. L'Amirant, who was a stout young fellow, always carried my luggage, as I wished to have the same man always accountable for it, and he never used to show anything like impatience, except when it came to the carpet bag, and then he would say, "A présent ce sac——sac avec les pierres."

## CHAPTER XXX.

CAMP NEARLY BURNT. — REACH LAC QUI PARLE. — TURBULENT CONDUCT OF THE SAVAGES. — DANGER OF BEING PLUNDERED. — THE AUTHOR'S SPEECH TO THE CHIEFS.

THIS was a beautiful and a warm morning, with a perfectly serene sky, and we moved along very agreeably amidst extensive areas of wild rice and clouds of wild ducks until we came to more rapids—three of them coming in near to each other, and a fourth lying in wait for us a mile further on. We therefore lost a great deal of time in landing and re-embarking; but the men behaved very well, and their conduct was the only thing I was anxious about. Having passed these rapids, we had flat banks without trees, or only two or three here and there, the river spreading itself to the width of 110 yards, and winding about as it were in an immense meadow. The prairies now began to look brown, like the English moors, the water was still, and we paddled away at the rate of four or five miles an hour, the men singing Canadian boat-songs, and only interrupting them to halloo at the top of their voices, now and then, when the otters were seen swimming about amongst the sirenia. Milor said that buffaloes were killed here about five years ago, but that he thinks the animals have been so persecuted that they will never return.

We stopped to breakfast about half-past nine A. M., and started again in forty-five minutes. The musk-rats were already at work building their conical houses on the

marshy grounds, with mud and the straw of the wild rice, against the approach of winter. As we advanced through these low rice-grounds, clouds of wild ducks rose on the wing, and we killed them at our leisure from the canoe. Nothing tended to keep up the good-humour of my Jean Baptistes, so much as seeing piles of these beautiful birds, all as fat as they could be, laid in the canoe. I became now more than ever persuaded that the most scientific as well as the most humane way of the few governing the many is to do it *par le ventre*. At half-past twelve we passed a broad gap in a bank twenty feet high of clay and sand, which Milor said was made by an immense herd of buffaloes that crossed the river here eighteen years ago.

About 3 P.M. we came to a stream on the left bank about fifty feet wide, called *Mĕa Wakon* ("Spirit Medicine"); and here we saw that the prairie was on fire at no great distance from us. The river now contracted to thirty-five yards, and became more narrow as we advanced. We pushed on, and about half-past five made our bivouac for the night amongst some very high grass and weeds, not being able to select a better place. From this place Milor said it was not more than two leagues to Lac qui Parle by land, but that it would be five by water. When night fell the prairies both north and south of us shewed themselves brilliantly on fire, though perhaps eight or ten miles off. Before we lay down I pointed out to Milor the danger of our situation, encamped in high thick grass; and as it was evident, that, if the wind should change, the fire might gain too rapidly upon us, I directed the men to have every thing ready to retreat to the river if such a danger should be imminent. Milor promised that he would keep a good look out during the

night, and I found he was to be relied upon, for having turned out twice, to see how the fires were going on, I found him both times watching.

*October* 1.—But we were all too much fatigued to keep up a perpetual vigilance, and having fallen into a profound sleep, were not aware that a high wind had arisen about two in the morning, which, driving the flames with wonderful velocity, had set everything on fire down to the water's edge, except the low bottom upon which we were, and which was saved by the grass being rather green and wet. The men, who were awoke by the fire roaring within two or three hundred yards of us, rose in alarm and came to my tent. Upon examining our position, we came to the conclusion that the fire had passed the bottom on which we were on both sides, and that it was the juicy green grass which had saved us; the which, if it had been dry enough, would have got into immediate conflagration, and, in the confusion created by the flames and the volumes of smoke, we should most probably have not been able to save anything, and might some of us have perished. Looking back to the danger we had incurred, I felt very much ashamed of my own want of vigilance, and told Milor how much we were in want of a Providence to take care of us, since it was evident we all preferred sleeping to taking care of our lives. He admitted that we had not acted with prudence, and told me that three Nahcotahs were suffocated last year, having laid down where the grass was dry and thick, and that the fire having got into it, the smoke had first bewildered and then suffocated them, they being found each of them in a different place, where they had fallen after struggling in vain to escape. Buffaloes also perish, for when surrounded by raging volumes of flame, the smoke first blinds and

then suffocates them. It requires to have seen the tremendous columns of smoke that sometimes rise, to understand how it is that wild ducks are said to be sometimes unable to escape.

We remained watching the fire until 3 A. M., when it having reached the river and expended itself, we lay down again. When morning dawned, we perceived, from the mantle of nature being changed from a russet-brown to a deep black, that the prairies had been all burnt close to the ground; and amongst the drollest contrasts I have ever seen, was, I think, that now presented to us, of a serene sky with a brilliant sun shining upon a black world.

At about half-past six we re-embarked; the stream having now become a rivulet not more than twenty-five yards wide, the borders of which were covered with interesting plants. At 9 A. M. we stopped in a clump of sugar-maple trees to breakfast, where we found a great number of little wooden troughs, which the Indians, after making an incision in the trees, place beneath them to collect the sap: here, also, were their spring teebees, which they inhabit at that season. Directing the men after breakfast to proceed up the river, I walked about a mile through the alluvial ground adjacent to the river, and got upon the upland, from whence I had a boundless view over the prairie to the south and south-west. The valley beneath me, the soil of which was entirely formed of fluviatile deposit, was still about two miles broad, and showed how vast the volume of fresh water had formerly been. Here I had again occasion to observe how much the fertility of these prairies or uplands is injured by these annual conflagrations, the vegetable matter being burnt, and everything on the surface incinerated, so that

the wild grass on these extensive plains becomes short and wiry. Granite boulders, occasionally mixed up with others of a soft pale-coloured limestone, were lying in great quantities upon the river slopes.

The regularity of the serpentine bends of the river was admirable: from the point where I stood I could see the stream at the termination of six different bends, at each of which the canoe appeared by turns. On descending, I measured the neck of one of these bends, and found it to be sixty yards broad.

At length the stream, constantly diminishing in width, became blocked up with fallen trees, and it was exceedingly tedious to stop so often to cut our way through them; but we took them patiently in succession, and having got through the worst part, came to a small cleared piece of ground on the left bank, where we found vestiges of white men, for a log-hut was building, and there were three Indians, two of them clad in old British uniforms. These men came running down to the bank, and one of them fired his gun over our heads as a salute. Milor now found out from them that the log-hut was erecting for a missionary, who was in the neighbourhood making some hay he had cut. As soon as they had given us this information, they set off scampering to Lac qui Parle, to announce the arrival of strangers. A little after 1 P.M. we passed a small stream coming in from the right bank, called Chagn Ikpah, or "the last stream with trees" before reaching the lake.

We paddled away as fast as we could, that we might reach the trading post before any persons had assembled at the landing. The stockaded fort of the agent of the post was about three-quarters of a mile from it, and I wished to land quietly, rather apprehending some

trouble from the confusion of an Indian mob, and entertaining a worse opinion of the wild people we were about to meet, than perhaps they deserved. But we were too late. The party we had seen must have speeded as though they had borne the "fiery cross," for, on reaching the landing, we found at least 100 Indians, stout, brawny, athletic young fellows, most of them with buffalo robes on, the rest naked; some painted red, some black, some black and white, and indeed begrimed and bedaubed with all colours. Many of them had eagles' feathers in their heads, and the greater part of them was armed. There were also a great number of women and children, and others were flocking to the place.

On making our appearance an immense yell was set up by this strangely painted and savage-looking company, which, if I had been conscious of being under the guidance of Charon, instead of Milor, I should readily have supposed was a set of ministers of vengeance from the infernal regions, assembled to pay me off for past scores of the flesh. The conduct of the male savages especially was very tumultuous for some time, shouting, screaming, and brandishing their arms. We learnt afterwards that we had taken them all by surprise, and that the general idea was that we were not come on a friendly errand, the Indians supposing us to be a party sent from Fort Snelling to arrest the Sioux who had lately murdered the Ojibways, and being disposed in fact to treat us rather roughly; whilst Renville, the half-breed, who acted as agent for the Fur Company, supposing we were come on a rival trading expedition, shewed his unfriendly disposition by not coming down to the landing-place to meet us.

It was at once evident that some untoward accident

might happen if great prudence and steadiness were not observed. A quarrel of any kind would have led to the general plunder of our party, and perhaps to something worse, without any hope of a remedy or moderation, where there was no law and every desire to appropriate what we had. Revolving all these considerations rapidly in my mind, I called to Milor to come with me, and jumping instantly ashore without any arms, ordered the men to put back instantly into the stream, and not to approach the bank until I directed them. By this measure we secured the canoe from being plundered, and taking my stand by Milor, he immediately began to harangue them, and told them that we were not going to trouble any body, that we were neither officers nor traders, and were nothing but travellers come to see them and their country; that I was the head of the party, and intended to go at once to the fort to see Renville and the chiefs, and make a speech to them. Several Indians were present who were acquainted with Milor, and these declaring in our favour, a general yell of satisfaction was set up, and the whole party moved on to the fort, which was a building made of squared timber and well stockaded.

By this time a prodigious number of Indians had collected, and I was accompanied by a most extraordinary *cortège*, for, when the first runners had reached the village to announce our arrival, all the dandies of the place had hastened to make their *toilette*, and certainly they were so bedaubed and painted, and bedizened, that to me, who had been so many days quietly gliding through these extensive solitudes without any intercourse with mankind, it appeared as if the curtain of some great theatre had suddenly drawn up, and discovered a stage filled with all sorts of grotesque diabolical figures—tall,

insolent-looking young fellows, six feet two or three inches high, with wiry, black, coarse hair, clotted with bear's grease, and profusely rubbed through with vermilion. Some of them had their faces entirely covered with it, whilst others had daubed their countenances with whitish and bluish clay; and not a few of them were adorned with a broad ring of dirty white round each eye, the rest of their faces being completely blackened over with burnt wood. A few who were the most *recherchés* in their costume, had vermilion faces fantastically streaked with black and white lines. Dirty eagles' feathers were in great profusion in their heads, and in most instances this excess of *parure* was finished off by what generally sits gracefully on an Indian, a toga, consisting of a dirty blanket, the back part of which was also rubbed over with vermilion. This, the use of which is for cold weather, these youths constantly threw open, displaying their manly chests and well-turned limbs.

The ladies were not in such decided *habit habillé*. Most of them had a little vermilion rubbed through their wiry black hair,—modestly contenting themselves with this and an extremely filthy blanket thrown over their shoulders. Some of the young girls, of about fifteen years of age, had very pleasing countenances, and a good and feeling expression of the eye, but they were not otherwise very attractive; most of them had a circle of thickly-daubed vermilion of about two inches diameter on each cheek, intended, no doubt, as beauty-spots; and as to their persons, I am sorry to say nothing could be less inviting, for they appeared to be from top to bottom in as dirty a state as can be imagined. All the Indian women, except the old crones, seemed to be fat, this being the season of the year when musk-rats and maize abound,

and in this they appropriately resembled the wild animals.

The hurly-burly made by the quasi-devils that surrounded me had now taken a rather merry, but still insolent character, and perhaps no living picture could come nearer to the scene than that extraordinary one in the "Inferno" of Dante,* where the imps are so admirably pourtrayed. To be sure, our advent was a memorable one in the eyes of this wild community: the circumstance of a number of white men suddenly appearing amongst them could not but create a sensation, and although their conduct was at times very uproarious, I must say that they were moderate enough to content themselves with shewing that I was completely in their power.

On reaching the fort, Renville advanced and saluted me, but not cordially. He was a dark, Indian-looking person, shewing no white blood, short in his stature, with strong features and coarse black hair; his physiognomy was wily, but he was not without a little touch of French manners. He told me that the Indians were very uneasy at my coming into their country, without first apprising them of my intention. I replied, that my principal object was to see so fine a people as the Sioux, of whom I had heard a great many pleasing accounts: that I was also desirous of seeing whether there was any coal or lead in their country, having been instructed how to find coals and metals that were in the earth, but that he might believe me when I told him that I was not a trader, and that, as soon as I had reached Lake Travers, my intention was to examine the Côteau du Prairie, and cross it to the country of the Mandans, if the season permitted me, and then return to the Mississippi by way of the Missouri

* "Inferno," canto 21.

river. This plain story made Renville my friend, who advised me instantly to make a speech to the chiefs, and offered to be my interpreter. I should certainly have preferred Milor, for I could have depended upon his rendering what I should say faithfully; but, as he would be present, and could detect any mistake or misrepresentation, I accepted Renville's offer with thanks.

We now entered a spacious room in the fort, and whilst the chiefs were arranging themselves in a circle on the floor, and Renville had disappeared to give some orders, I directed Milor to interrupt Renville if he did not fairly interpret what I should say to them. The chiefs being all squatted on the floor, each with his pipe in his hand, and Renville being returned, I took my station opposite to the principal chiefs, with Renville standing at some distance in a line on my left hand, and Milor two or three paces from him a little in advance, and inclined towards me.

I commenced my speech by saying, in French, that I was not a trader, that I had nothing to sell, and did not want to buy anything, except some very good tobacco, which I was told Renville had to sell. That I did not use tobacco myself, because it made me sick at my stomach, as it sometimes made their young children, but that I should buy it to give to the brave warriors I was now talking to, because they loved tobacco, and I wanted to begin at once by shewing them that I had a great friendship for them. This opening produced a general grunt of satisfaction, and I saw at once that we should soon be ready to swear eternal friendship; for upon Renville's adding that I had already communicated that intention to him, it was nothing but "*Ungh, ungh, ungh!*" ("Hear, hear, hear!") round the circle. Indeed, Milor,

after the interview was over, said, as we were going to the river to call the canoe to the shore, "Monsieur, vous avez commencé votre discours de la manière la plus juste. Le tabac a mis tout le monde de votre côté."

Feeling encouraged by having my audience with me, I proceeded to say that I had been a great traveller, had seen a great many people, and having heard what a fine race of men the Nahcotahs were, I had come to see them and their fine country: that I had been told it was not good to come to Lac qui Parle, because there were wild young men, that had occasioned disturbances, and might hurt me and my party; but that I did not believe it and was not afraid, because I was not a coward, and because I knew that in all countries where there was one bad man there were one hundred good ones, and that for my part I came to see the good ones, and not the bad ones. (Here we had a lively grunt of a friendly character.) That I was very glad to have got amongst them to see such a fine race of brave men, and to be able to say to my friends when I returned, that I had seen so many bold warriors and so many happy people, all looking so well, and to find that they were at peace and not at war. That I had brought no arms with me, because I knew I was coming amongst friends and not amongst enemies, and that I knew I was safe in the Nahcotah country, because the Nahcotahs were wise men, and knew that if any bad Indians did me any harm, the Great Father of the whites would send people to learn what they had done with me. That they would see that I should act without any fear, and just as I should do in my own country; and that I hoped, if they were satisfied with what I had said, that their principal chief would rise and shake hands with me.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

THE CHIEFS PRESENT THEIR PIPES IN TOKEN OF FRIENDSHIP.—HUGGINS, A YANKEE MISSIONARY.—THREE OJIBWAYS SCALPED.—A SCALP-DANCE.—PLEASING MUSIC OF THE SQUAWS.

As soon as Renville had rendered this into their language, Milor spoke to him in Nahcotah, when Renville told me he had taken the liberty to say that *I* had desired to shake hands with all the chiefs. It was no doubt well meant, but I told him it was wrong in him to do so, and bade him tell them that he had mistaken me, and that what I wished to say was, that, if they were satisfied with what I had said, I should be glad if their principal chief would rise and shake hands with me; which when he had done, their two senior chiefs arose and came and shook hands very cordially with me, offering me at the same time their pipes to smoke as a token of friendship. I told them that I valued their friendship very highly, and that I should always remember with great satisfaction that they had permitted me to carry their pipes to my mouth; that my heart was big enough to smoke with them all, but that tobacco made me sick, and therefore I never used it, but if they would permit me I would pass the pipes to Milor to smoke for me. All this met with approving grunts, and the ceremony terminated by the rest of the chiefs rising and coming to shake hands with me.

My reason for making the interpreter explain more

clearly what I had said was, that I had observed it was the invariable practice of white people who were unaccustomed to Indians, to go up to them, even if they were of the lowest class, and shake hands; and as it was evident that the effect of this running after the Indians indiscriminately had been to lower white men in their eyes, I thought it was best, seeing the insolent and overbearing carriage of these distant tribes, to give them a strong idea that I had an opinion I was able to protect myself. A white man who has no business to transact with them, and has not much to part with in the way of presents, acts imprudently if he shows a disposition to consider himself altogether dependent upon them. An Indian, though a savage, may be relied upon as having a tolerably just perception of what is due from one man to another; and nothing places a white man, who is amongst them, in a more dangerous situation, than sneaking and vacillating conduct on his part.

Renville now assigned me the magazine where he kept his merchandise as the place where my luggage was to be kept, and sent a cart and oxen down to the river to bring it up. The procession on our return was not as tumultuous as on the previous occasion. The agitation was over, I was an accepted guest, and the Indians contented themselves with looking at me and my dress. We had, however, a prodigious crowd around us when our men proceeded to unload the canoe; but, as we had nothing but trunks and bags of provisions, they were as much in the dark as ever as to the nature of the treasures they had once thought they were so near appropriating. As soon as the cargo was placed in the cart I had the canoe hoisted to the top of it, for I was determined to take care of our main chance if we returned the way we had

come, and we then started for the fort; but such was the yelling and screaming of the young fellows, that the oxen took fright, ran off, and soon broke the pole of the vehicle. Fearing now that some confusion might arise out of this incident, I seized hold of the broken pole, and calling to the men to assist me, we began to drag it on; and Milor and a number of Indians going behind to push it, we at length reached the fort, and entering the stockade where the magazine was, we secured all our things, and put the canoe in a shed out of the sun.

Entertaining no longer any apprehensions of being plundered, I felt relieved from every care, and taking one of my own tins and towel and soap, I went to a small streamlet not far from the fort, and, having had a comfortable wash, I went to see Mr. or Dr. Williamson, who was here both in the capacity of missionary and apothecary, and found with him an out-and-out western Yankee of the name of Huggins, an odd, long-legged, sharp-faced, asparagus-looking animal, every portion of his body being as narrow as the head he bore at the top of it. This fellow being rather in the pious line, and professing to know something about farming, the missionary had brought him from Illinois to raise corn and vegetables, as well as to assist him in his other labours; but he was such an original, that the missionary himself stood no chance of being noticed where he was. I never saw a Yankee that so completely came up to those quaint, drawling, vulgar Jonathans, the idea of which is now so general. He always called the Indians "critturs," had got all their interjections and grunts, and used them instead of "Yes" and "No." He certainly knew more about the Indians than the missionary did, and was more constantly amongst them. Mr. Williamson was married,

and had a motive for remaining at home, but Huggins, who was alone in the world, was in the habit of walking into the teebees without ceremony, and sitting down, would take his psalm-book and sing a few verses to the Indians, so that the women had got accustomed to him, and rather liked him. "Some folks is considerable curious," he once said to me, "to find out whar these ignorant critturs comed from. I am as sartin as death that they are the old Philistines of the Scriptures; they can't be the lost tribe of the Jews, because whar under arth is their birds (beards) gone?" I asked him why he had not taken a young Indian girl to wife? "Stranger," said he, "I allow them har young painted Jizzabuls aint just up to missionarying."

Having got over the bustle of my arrival, Renville asked me to go to his house to take some refreshment. There I found his wife, an obliging Nahcotah woman, his son, a heavy-looking man, about twenty-six years old, two daughters not very prepossessing, and a young fair-haired maiden, about fifteen years old, the daughter of a white trader by an Indian woman. We all sat down to a table where we had something that was called tea, with maple sugar, some bear's meat, and other things I could not make out, with potatoes, which were excellent. I did some violence to my inclination in partaking of the other things, because I knew they were produced in honour of myself; but after making a meal of the potatoes, I made my retreat, and went to look at the plan of the village.

Gaining a mound on the upland prairie just above it, I had a charming view of Lac qui Parle and its whole neighbourhood. The valley, as usual about two miles wide, lay before me to the south. To the west was the lake, about eight miles long, all the lowlands adjacent to

it being very well wooded, with the upland prairie in the distance. In front of the height where I stood was the alluvial land with the fort and the village, this last consisting of forty-eight Nacotah skin lodges, and twelve large bark-covered teebees, with Indians strolling about in every direction. Whilst I was sketching the scene, I observed several Indian women with bags on their heads and shoulders, appearing heavily laden, bent down, and not raising their faces from the path they were upon. I never saw individuals contend more with a load that almost mastered them than did some of these females. Following them a short distance to a place where they stopped, I found they were making a *cache* of the ripe maize of that season. A sort of cave had been hollowed out of the side of the hill, about eight feet in diameter at the bottom, and not more than two or three at the top. To this *cache* the women were bringing the corn a distance of about two miles, and some very young girls were in the cave stowing it away.*

These sacks of corn weighed about 80 lb., and some of the females whom I had observed staggering under them were young girls not more than sixteen years old. They seemed very much relieved when they had got rid of their loads, but were cheerful, and talked and laughed as if it was work they ought not to complain of. This sort of work, however, brings on premature old age; for an Indian woman of thirty years of age, who has been accus-

* This was the custom of the Indians in Massachusetts when the whites first landed there, in 1620. The ears of maize are gathered and cured whilst the corn is in the milk, and the bags when filled with it are laid in the cave upon layers of dry grass, one layer above another. When the cave is full, straw is put in and covered over with dry earth. They cure the corn in the milk, because the blackbirds are numerous enough to devour it all if it were left to ripen in the field.

toned to the severe labour which is imposed upon her, and who has borne children besides, becomes a perfect hag. Shrivelled, and disgustingly filthy, she is more like a fiend than one of the gentler sex, and receives neither sympathy nor assistance from the brawny fashionable bedaubed youths who are sunning themselves in the plain below, whilst these poor creatures are toiling.

From the upland I strolled down to the village, and found that I was free to go wherever I chose, my speech of the morning having removed all distrust. I therefore, following the example of the pious Huggins in part, entered the teebees of the chiefs, and lost no time in coming to a good understanding with the ladies, a piece of policy it is good to observe in all situations. To their wives I presented handsome new calico handkerchiefs, with the flags of all nations printed upon them. To the young girls I gave handsome necklaces of beads, and rings with sapphires, emeralds, diamonds, rubies, &c. of paste set in them, all manufactured for Indian commerce. I ventured also to sport some phrases which Milor had taught me to pronounce, and was not laughed at; indeed, the Indians never criticise or laugh at you, they are not civilised enough for that, but pay great attention to what you say, that they may understand what you mean. Having paid my respects in the most important quarters, I tried one or two of the skin lodges, but having only a few loose beads left to give to the children, I made no great progress here; indeed, I failed altogether in making myself understood, for the people of the lodges I had entered belonged to the Assiniboin country, and were only on a visit here.

On my return to Renville's, I partook of their evening meal, which was exactly like the first, and, as soon as it

was over, I went to a scalp-dance to be celebrated in the village, some wild young fellows having come in with three scalps they had just taken from some Ojibways near Elk Lake. A circle was formed of twenty warriors painted and bedaubed in the usual manner, and thirty women and girls with their blankets on, a few of these last having the red beauty spot painted on their cheeks. In the centre of the ring three poles were held up, each with a hairy scalp depending from it, stretched out and gaily ornamented. The men who held the poles up were the Indians themselves who had taken the scalps. These had a song of self-glorification for themselves, the burden of which was, that "they were the bravest of all brave men." This song was varied twice, and the second time the first words were, "I have the proud Ojibway in my power, he cannot escape me."

But there were other songs in which all the circle bore a part; and more pleasing and animating Indian music I never heard. It was a loud strain of glorification, accompanied with a sort of drum or tambourine. The music rose and fell, and was loud and low, both sexes singing in the most exact concert. Sometimes the men, after a bold sustained strain, would let it die away; and as their voices began to sink, the drum beating louder was a signal to the women, who, taking the melody up with their soft and sweet voices, would continue it for awhile, when the men joining in with them once more, the women would give from time to time a curious cluck with their voices, producing a peculiar sort of harmony, when the whole would be suddenly concluded for two or three minutes by a war whoop and yells on the part of the men, and a general laugh. After resting a few minutes, they began again as fresh as ever.

In dancing round the circle, the men, close together, advance in single file, treading gently with one foot after the other, and rather bending inwards; whilst the women advancing sidelong, and leaning against each other's shoulders, and still preserving an upright position, keep their small feet close together, and turning their toes in, glide over the ground without any violent motion of their feet, and scarce lifting them from the ground, the whole being done without any apparent personal effort. The measure of the dance was exceedingly well kept by all, the ring being almost in constant motion, whilst the scalp-takers were shaking their poles. It was a most exhilirating scene, even to me; indeed, I was so delighted with the music, that I remained with them until ten o'clock at night, in order to be able to note it down accurately. As to the Indians, they appeared to be full of enthusiasm during the dance, all ages engaged in it; and before I retired some of the mothers brought two or three dozen of young children, from four to ten years old, into the circle, all of whom joined in the dance most merrily.

Introduced into scenes of this kind at so early an age, and then trained up to the chase, it is not surprising that they should afterwards find such enjoyment in taking human life. With the pleasures of the scalp-dance impressed upon his memory, and habituated to the butchery of animals, the Indian youth takes up his tomahawk for the first time with about the same degree of feeling towards the individuals destined to be scalped, that an English boy entertains towards partridges when about to make his maiden effort in that line; and such is the intensity of the few pleasurable emotions which fall to the share of savage life, that, if

we may judge from what we know of the ferocious indulgences they riot in when the excited warriors have an enemy in their power, they experience an unutterable delight in inflicting upon the conquered, torments the very recital of which fills us with horror.

Before going to my pallet I made another journey to the upland behind the fort, to see the prairies on fire. It is a spectacle one is never tired of looking at: half the horizon appeared like an advancing sea of fire, with dense clouds of smoke flying up towards the moon, which was then shining brightly. Here I remained enjoying this rare and glorious sight until a late hour, the distant yells and music of the Indians occasionally reaching my ears. At length, feeling fatigued with the exertions and spectacles of the day, I slowly descended the hill, and gaining the fort, went to the warehouse, and taking the key out of my pocket opened the door, succeeded in striking a light, unrolled my mattress, and crept under my buffalo robes to compose myself to sleep.

*October* 3.—I rose at 6 A. M., and not knowing where to get any water, put my brushes and towel in my pocket, and walked to the lake with the intention of making my *toilette* at the water-side; but the lake was low, the ground near it was swampy, and not being able to find clear water, I returned to the fort, and sent one of the Canadians to procure me some nice water from the brook above the village. With this I succeeded in making myself presentable, and went, according to invitation, to breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Williamson. I found Mrs. W. an obliging, clever person, and made a comfortable breakfast with them. My friend Huggins, too, was of the party. As all three were enthusiastic religious Methodists, I soon found that it

would not do to express any admiration of the Indian dancing and music of the preceding evening; the long prayer we had before breakfast was certainly not in harmony with the scenes I had witnessed, so I turned the conversation to missionary affairs, which I soon learnt made little or no progress. Mr. Huggins laid the whole blame upon Renville; "He hadn't it in him," he said; "he pretended to be a kind of Papist, but he had jist no more religion in him than there was in a pack of musk-rat skins." He added, that neither Renville nor any of his family had ever been at one of their prayer-meetings.

I could see at once that this was meant for me, who had omitted to go to their prayer-meeting the preceding evening. This was not altogether my fault; when they had asked me to breakfast, they had not asked me to assist at their evening prayer, taking it for granted I should be too happy to avail myself of the privilege. I was sorry for this incident, for they meant to treat me with great kindness, and I had inadvertently hurt their feelings. If they had mentioned it to me in season, I certainly should have joined them; but not having heard that they had a prayer-meeting, I was naturally glad of the opportunity of amusing myself with the Indians.

The missionary had to contend with great difficulties. Renville, in his youth, had been in a village where there was a French missionary, and amongst white men he called himself a Roman Catholic; but his religious feelings carried him no farther than to dislike every one who belonged to a different sect from himself; and not wanting the missionary to acquire any influence with the Indians, he probably did him as much

harm with them as he could. On the other hand, I could easily see that the Methodists, whilst they professed to pity the Indians profoundly, did the "Papishes" the honour to hate them not a little. This was the situation of religious matters at Lac qui Parle, when my unexpected arrival was hailed by these good missionaries as a great stay and comfort to them. But I had disappointed them. I had been seen standing looking at and admiring the Indians for several hours; nay, some scandalous person had reported that I had joined in their music, and made an effort or two to keep up with them in their yells: of course, the Indians would conclude that I preferred their ceremonies to prayer-meetings. Nor was this all, for it appeared that when I did not make my appearance at the prayer-meeting, Huggins was despatched to find me, and invite me to join them, and that having traced me to the dance, he came up to me to deliver his errand, when, not suspecting the nature of it, and having a little touch of Indian enthusiasm about me at the moment, I unfortunately exclaimed, "Huggins, do you think you could manage to purchase those three scalps for me?" This did me up in the worthy Jonathan's good opinion completely, for he went back without mentioning the prayer-meeting, and no doubt reported me to be as considerable a reprobate as any of the *Philistines*.

We had an explanation of this *mal entendu* afterwards, and I laid the blame upon him; assuring Mr. Williamson, that, if I had known of the prayer-meeting, I should have attended it, for although I was not a Methodist, I should always feel it my duty as a Christian traveller to confirm the Indians—as far as I could by my conduct—in an opinion of the great value and respectability of the

religious character of such men as himself. The missionary was satisfied that I was sincere, and perhaps Huggins was equally so, for he was a very acute fellow; but he delighted in saying severe things, and when, at the close of this friendly explanation, I asked him if he thought it was not possible to gain over Ronville and his family by kind and constant attention, he answered, "I calculate I 'd jist as soon ondertake to convart all your canoe." Of course he included myself. Huggins persevered to the last in his intolerance; during the whole of my stay he repeatedly cast up to me my fancy for visiting the Indians and putting questions to them. "It beats all creation," he would say," to see you so a-haunting after such *complete* Philistines; when you got the Doctor and me to talk to." But Mr. Williamson was more liberal, and admitted that it was natural I should avail myself of every moment to study what I had come so far to observe.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

THE AUTHOR PERMITTED TO SEE THE BRAVES ATTIRE THEMSELVES FOR THE "DANCE OF THE BRAVES" IN HONOUR OF HIS ARRIVAL.—DANCE OF THE SQUAWS.—MATRIMONIAL NEGOTIATIONS.

On my return to Renville's, he informed me that the great dance of the braves was to be performed this morning in honour of my arrival, and that it would take place in the fort, in front of the warehouse where I slept. This was very intelligible; for I had seen a large mass of tobacco there, and had remembered my pledge when I saw it. I therefore went to an acquaintance I had made, who acted as a clerk to Renville, and kept his trading accounts, to concert with him what was to be done. This was a lively, mercurial little Canadian Frenchman, who had found his way into this part of the world by the way of Lake Winnipeg and Red River, and had got into the employment of Renville. How he attended to his own business I never learnt; but he had a singular talent for attending to everybody else's. "That er crittur," said Huggins, "is etarnally on the jump arter everybody's business but his own. If he lived in one of our large towns in the States, he'd undertake to do everything for everybody, and keep school, and take in washing besides." But there was a circumstance in the domestic arrangements of this vivacious man of universal business, which almost threw Jonathan into a rage when he spoke of it. "The crittur," said he, "has

actilly *joined* with one of these female Jizzebels, and keeps her to hum as his wife; he won't let her do the least thing in the world; he's made her as fat as a ball of grease, and passes half the day sitting on the bed with her, painting her cheeks three times as big as a dollar, till she's as almighty a harlot as the Pope of Rome: and there she lies a-larfing and carrying on, and he won't let her get up, bekase he's afeard the paint 'll come off." No doubt the little man was very uxorious; for when I asked him one day if he loved her very much, he answered, "Ah! Monsieur, elle est *terrible* bonne enfant."

From this person I learnt that Renville entertained a select company of stout Indians, to the number of forty, in a skin lodge behind his house of extraordinary dimensions, whom he called his braves or soldiers. To these men he confided various trusts, and occasionally sent them to distant points to transact his business. No doubt he was a very intriguing person, and uncertain in his attachments. Those who knew him intimately, supposed him inclined to the British allegiance, although he professed great attachment to the American Government—a circumstance, however, which did not prevent his being under the surveillance of the American garrison at Fort Snelling. He was very obnoxious to the Ojibways, who slew his brother a short time ago; and being aware that he had many enemies, he had converted this band of braves into a sort of personal guard. These braves, it appeared, were now attiring themselves in the Great Skin Lodge for the dance; and, on my expressing to the little Frenchman a strong desire to witness their proceedings, he said they seldom permitted any male person to enter the lodge upon such occasions, and women never; but, as the dance was to be given in my honour, he thought they

would not make any decided objections to my presence; so, taking him with me, I went to the attiring-room to see them dress.

Of all the methods that ever were devised of rigging out and bedevilling the human form divine, I should recommend what I saw here as the most extraordinary. Certainly it would make any set of theatricals, great or small, national or provincial, blush at the degenerate distance in which they stand from these savages in the art of decorating it. On reaching the lodge, my guide crept into it through a low door of skin at the bottom, and I followed him, without asking any person's leave, just as one drops in at a rehearsal. Having no definite idea of what I should see, my astonishment was great at finding the lodge almost full of stark-naked brawny savages, some with their backs towards me, others fronting me, and all of them so attentively engaged in what they were about, that our entrance hardly appeared to attract their attention. One fellow, who had got a regular suit of vermilion daubed upon him from head to foot, was streaking the faces and drawing rings round the eyes of others, with a whitish bole or clay. Another, with half of his stalwart frame red, and the other half a clayey white, was giving the last touch to three stout youths, every one of them as black as the soo of clubs from the crown of their heads to their heels, every part of their bodies having been well rubbed in with powdered charcoal. The greater part of them were daubed with dull reddish clay, others whitish and yellowish, but generally they were streaked, and lined, and spotted in a manner not to be explained. Some had black faces, with a white ring round each eye; in others there were black rings round a whitened face; and many had a line running

from one eye to another across the nose, like a pair of spectacles. Exceedingly amused I was with one of the braves, who, having just had a fine suit of vermillion put on, turned his very fat and noble parts to me—not from irreverence, or for the purpose of attracting my admiration, but to give the opportunity to another artist, who was finishing in the white line, of signing him with the mark of good-fellowship, and who stepping forwards, with his open right hand wet with bear's-grease mixed up with white lead, gave the expectant protuberance such an effective spank, as not only to leave a clear impression of the hand and fingers, but to rouse perceptibly the nervous system of the individual who received it. This practical joke created a general laugh, in which the little Frenchman and myself heartily joined. This, when neatly done, is considered a handsome decoration.

Others were advanced so far in their *toilette* that they were arranging eagles' feathers and dirty ribbands in their hair. All were exceedingly busy, carrying on their occupations with great system, and constantly inspecting their own faces in the most minute manner, with a small looking-glass that each possessed. Those who had finished their *toilettes* seemed almost to feel as much complacent satisfaction as do the interesting and sentimental Narcissuses, who from behind the counters of Regent-street discuss the mysteries of dress with those fashionable ladies who pass so much of their time in conversing with the knights of the yard-wand.

Altogether it was a very unexpected treat, and I enjoyed it much, laughing immoderately, which seemed to give great satisfaction. Before I left the party, I desired the little Canadian to assure them of my unqualified admiration, and to state to them that I had

never seen any of the warriors of my own country prepare themselves for a dance in any way to be compared with the one I had now witnessed, not even the royal guard of the King of England.

At the appointed time all the Indians of the village had assembled within the fort, painted and dressed more or less, myself and party standing with Renville upon a small platform, near the door of the warehouse. After waiting some time, the braves, all arrayed in their most captivating costumes, issued from their tent with two little boys, whom I had not seen before, painted and dressed as chiefs. It was a singular spectacle. They looked like fiends that had escaped from the infernal regions. Milor whispered to me that the three warriors in black were the braves who had scalped the three Ojibways, and thus I came to know that Renville was directly instrumental in keeping up the sanguinary feud with that nation. Each of these fellows bore one of the poles I had seen the preceding evening, with a scalp depending from it. Upon reflecting upon the part I was playing in this ceremony, I began to wish that I had given them the tobacco, and had excused myself from this great honour, for news flies very quick through the Indian country, and I might find it difficult upon a future occasion to justify myself with any living Ojibways I might fall in with.

Having formed a ring they began singing, but their music was very inferior to that of the night before, for want of the female voices, and their dancing was bad, consisting of the old step and the old antics, something resembling what we may suppose would become the fabulous drunken satyrs of old. To cut the performance short, therefore, I told Renville to throw them down

about 12 lb. of tobacco, with some other things, and to state that it was a present of friendship to the braves. Near to us was standing a circle of elderly chiefs, not belonging to the braves, one of whom now jumped up, and addressed them and myself in a sort of song, in which many complimentary things were addressed to my generosity. To the braves he said, that, as I had come so far to see them, they must dance as like brave men, and show me that they were men to make a favourable report of. He sang, that when he was a young warrior he had taken scalps from the Ojibways, and for that reason he should like to smoke some of my tobacco. I therefore threw him down a roll, and told Renville to tell them that I was the friend of peace; that both they and the Ojibways were the children of Wakon, as well as myself, and that Wakon ordered us all to love one another. Another old chief now arose, and said that I had spoken the truth, and that for that reason he should like to smoke some of my tobacco. Having given to him, another and another arose to tell what feats they had performed; and one aged man became so excited with acting and reciting some daring act he had performed, that all, both old and young, full of enthusiasm, arose and began to dance together, just as old ladies sometimes do in a family party. They were fairly overpowered by their animal spirits, and conducted themselves as if they had been drinking. It seemed to me that even Milor and Renville were catching the inspiration; and as I had not much confidence in the scaffold we stood upon, I descended to the ground, and in the midst of the excitement made my retreat to the upland, to take a walk.

On my return I was called to another entertainment at Renville's, of bear's meat and potatoes; and maple sugar

was placed upon the table. Having eaten as many potatoes as I had a fancy for, I tried one or two more with the maple sugar, by way of a dessert, without being at all sorry for it afterwards; and the fair-haired young girl being in the room, I asked some questions about her father, who, I learnt, was a Scotch trader, of the name of Jeffroy. He had died and was buried there, leaving four young children he had had by a Nahcotah woman, of which this girl was the eldest. The mother had brought them up in the Indian way, and, like Renville's children, they spoke no language but Nahcotah. Women of this class generally become the wives of white traders, or of half-breeds, there being perhaps some sympathy between them; and although they are sometimes abandoned, they certainly escape the fate of the hard-worked full-blood Indian woman. Whilst we were at this meal, the manager of the dance of the braves came in, dressed in an old British uniform coat; he was brother to Renville's wife, and Milor said he was considered to be a brave man, and was of great use to Renville. He was in high spirits, and evidently well satisfied with the performance of the morning.

The Indians, when left to their own humour, are laughing, jocular persons, fond of jokes and fun: but a traveller can only see them in their natural character when he is behind the scenes; in the presence of strangers they affect an indifferent, incurious character, which is the reason why they have often been represented as a grave, reserved people; but at such times they are actors.

Towards evening, the three heroes in charcoal came to the fort, and afterwards went round the village, to announce that a great dance was to be performed by the

woman, in honour of the day. I knew what this meant; but, as I had an unopened package of magnificent large printed handkerchiefs, of a very showy kind, which had not yet been seen, I felt confident that I should come off very well with the ladies. This dance differed from the other only in this, that the men first made a small circle round the scalp-poles, whilst the women formed a larger one outside, sidling around as they did before, with the men singing and beating the drums to them. The air which the women sang was pleasing, but the general effect was not equal to that of the preceding evening: the men first gave out the words, which formed a consummate glorification of themselves and their superlative bravery. In the scalp-dance, however, the day of my arrival, the men, after praising themselves, broke out into a most exaggerated eulogium of the unfortunate devils whose scalps were the subject of their triumph: they were the bravest men that ever lived; the prodigies of valour they were famed for were unutterable, and, of course, the heroes who could subdue these Hectors were equal to Achilles. In this particular case, however, Milor informed me that two of the scalps had belonged to a couple of Indians that had been shot from an ambush, and that the third had been taken from a woman who was with them, and whom they had tomahawked; so that poor savage nature, with all the virtues that some writers have imputed to it, makes but a sad figure in a fair estimate of human worth. From the experience I have had of the unwashed masses of mankind, I am inclined to think that real virtue is a very great stranger in all those strata of society, where that inestimable blessing, education, is wanting, and which is so essential to raise man above the condition of the Indian.

I soon became heartily tired of these dances. When the novelty of this monstrous sort of painting and dressing has passed away, the performance is as tedious as a bad ballet at a minor theatre. Nor are the Indians estimable in themselves; even these Nahootahs —who are considered amongst the most decent of the nations—are idle, selfish, and insolent, and have boasted themselves into the belief that they are the superior beings they vaunt themselves to be. L'Amirant, who is a friend of the Ojibways, from having resided amongst them, says that he knows a dozen of that people that would lick all this village. It is probable that they are all alike, Ojibways and Nahootahs; and that man, in his wild state, is a dirty, selfish, conceited animal. The women certainly are not as bad and disagreeable as the men; they are obliging, civil, and conversable. The very old ones, of whom I have already spoken, are anything but attractive: this is not the case with the young ones; they are often handsome, exceedingly well made, have fine full bosoms, and are quite lively and playful. Unfortunately, however, they are so frowsy, that they rarely, if ever, appeared to me desirable. Woman, if not brought up to cleanliness, is never what she ought to be; therefore, after all, "fix it how you will," as the Yankees say, it is mainly amongst the educated classes we are to look for examples proper to keep up the respectability of the human family.

During this afternoon a numerous band of Nahootahs came in from *Minday Kattatoska*, or "Big Stone Lake," the woman bending to the ground beneath their burdens, and the men strutting along with the most insolent air, and bearing nothing at all, except their guns, bow and arrows, &c. They had a great many indifferent-looking

horses, with a panier on each side, the poles of their skin tents resting on the paniers, and trailing on the ground in parallel lines, united by cross pieces, extending beneath the tails of the horses. Upon these it is the practice to fasten the youngest children, with other articles belonging to their tents, as well as skins, if they possess any, for the purposes of trade. But the heaviest burdens are carried by the poor women. The moment they reached the village, the women went to work to set the lodges up; and if anything had been discovered to have been dropped on the road, the patient squaw was the person who had to go for it. In the meantime, the lordly brutes, for whose comfort these females were trudging, came one and all to the fort, each having a dirty blanket or buffalo skin, with the hair inside, on his back, the hair peeping out at the top, as if it were a tippet. At a distance, an Indian thus dressed looks well, for he carries his person erect, and keeps up various well studied attitudes; but, on approaching him, the illusion is dispelled, for you behold nothing but an Indian with a dirty cow-skin next to his naked body, and that perhaps smeared over with mud.

As there was to be another scalp-dance at night, and as it was clear I was to be honoured in one way or another as long as I had anything to give away, I set about a negotiation for some horses to pursue the remainder of my journey, it being scarcely practicable to go any further with the canoe; and whilst Reavilli was engaged in this service for me, I called upon some of the principal ladies at their teebees, to make them parting presents. Soon after this the scalp-dance began again, and we had a perfect Bartholomew fair of it over again; nothing but dancing, singing, yelling, and beating of

drums until near ten at night. Worn out with it, I left them at an early hour, intending to go to bed, but, on reaching the warehouse, I found Milor there waiting to speak to me.

It appeared that some of the squaws had taken into their heads that I was going to return to Lac qui Parle from the Côteau du Prairie, to stay all the winter; and they had come to the conclusion, that, if I wintered there, I *must* have a wife to take care of my tent, and be very agreeable. Milor had been consulted, and had promised one of the squaws to deliver a message on her part, which was, that if I would make her a present she would arrange that very important matter for me. I told Milor that really it was uncertain how the journey would end, but for the sake of amusement I wished he would desire her to point out to me which of the squaws she thought a suitable companion, and how much I should have to pay for her. In commencing a negotiation for marriage amongst the Indians, the custom is reversed from that which obtains in civilised society, and, instead of asking how much the lady will bring towards making the pot boil, you ask how much you are to give for her to boil your pot. Amongst these simple people the ladies have no fortune, "et les Messieurs font tous les frais de leur bonheur."

Milor came back in half an hour, and said there was the daughter of a chief called the *Prairie on Fire*, (it would have been an odd name for the daughter,) that was *washtay* ("good") in every sense of the word; that I probably remembered her, for I had given her a handkerchief, and when I spoke to her she had laughed. I told Milor I had given so many away, that I could not remember who had gotten them; upon which he asked

me if I did not remember a young girl, with large vermilion spots on her cheeks, that sometimes walked with Renville's daughters. I now remembered her as one of the exclusives of the nation, a belle, in fact, of the first order, and a match only for a considerable personage. I became curious to know, therefore, upon what terms an alliance could be formed with the aristocratic daughter of the Prairie on Fire. Milor now said that the squaw had informed him that I should first* have to give her two pair of blankets as the negotiator; then three pair of the very best blankets to the young lady's mother; 15 lb. of tobacco to her brother; a rifle and a horse to her father; and that, as she was his daughter, it would be expected I should make him a present of six rat-traps besides.

This, I suppose, would be considered a fair settlement upon a young squaw of the first pretensions; but settlement it is not, in the proper sense of the word, for no part of it goes for the use of the girl herself. If she has any particular good qualities, every member of the family spunges out of the *futuro* as much as he can get; and, indeed, it is stipulated that all the children in the family are to have something or other; and all this without the slightest return, for when the purchase-money is paid, the mother of the bride takes her to the tent she is to inhabit, with nothing but a dirty blanket thrown over her shoulders, and turns her into it in the same state that the worms go to their mates.

* This provident disposition seems to be universal in the United States; for in all trials for small debts in the townships of the northern states, when the magistrate asks the jury, "Gentlemen, who do you find for?" the foreman answers, "We find *first* for ourselves!" which is sixpence for each of the jury at every trial.

Unfortunately for the further prosecution of this tender arrangement, it was unfeelingly nipped in the bud by the hard-hearted Renville, who, finding he could make a good job out of me by the hire of his horses, came to tell me that he had procured me a sufficient number, as well as a cart used in the fur trade, and that I could depart whenever I pleased. I, therefore, that there might be no misunderstanding with the illustrious family of the Prairie on Fire, sent Milor with a present to the old squaw, and a message, that, if I came to live there, I would employ her, and no one else, in my matrimonial arrangements, but that at present I was not going to pitch my tent anywhere. I further enjoined Milor to make her clearly understand that it was for the gratification of his own curiosity that he had asked her these questions, for I was not only desirous of not giving offence to the Indians, but to the missionary, who, if he had heard of the old squaw's benevolent intentions to me, and Milor's interviews with her, might have put a bad construction upon what was founded upon mere curiosity, which Huggins certainly would have done.

*October* 3.—Having determined to depart for Lake Travers this morning, I went to breakfast with the missionary and his family, who inhabited a part of Renville's building, that was, unhappily, too close to the large tent of the braves. During the praying and singing before breakfast, the Indians were drumming, screaming, and laughing in the tent in the most outrageous manner, an annoyance it was impossible to escape from, and which made Mr. Williamson exceedingly anxious to get into the log-house he was building, about a mile from the village. Huggins was in a very sad taking: besides his usefulness to the missionary as a farmer, it was his busi-

ness to set the psalms when they were preparing to sing; and this morning, before he had got through the first line, the braves, hearing the drawling, broke out with their drums and yelling, and fairly overpowered us. I was sorry for this, as I perceived the Indians did it maliciously; but still I could scarce at times refrain from laughing, for, in proportion as Huggins screamed at the top of his voice, to make himself heard, the braves increased their yelling, so that truly it would have been better for us to have desisted, and have sat down quietly to breakfast. But Huggins was not of that opinion, and, as soon as he had got through the first verse, exclaimed, "Them ar critturs is as contrary as the sarpints can be; but I guess we 'll try the next." And we did try it, with no better success; so the missionary closed our morning service with a short prayer, and we went to our repast. Mrs. Williamson said that when any of the Indians in the tent awoke in the night, they always began drumming; and, as Huggins said, "They han't no marcy upon nobody, and it ain't bearable no how." But the life of a missionary amongst such rude savages must always have a great deal that is painful in it; and in this particular case, judging from what I saw, there is little hope of converting this village, where Renville's braves have so decidedly the upper hand.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

LEAVE LAC QUI PARLE.—EXPOSED TO THE DANGER OF BEING FROZEN TO DEATH.—EXCELLENT CONDUCT OF MILOR.—REACH A FEW TREES, AND MAKE A FIRE.

At 8 A. M., preparations being made for my departure, I shook hands with these worthy people, who, I dare say, were not unhappy at my departure. My arrival had given a stimulus to the passion which Indians entertain for all sorts of dissonant noises; and if my going away procured them any cessation of the horrid disturbances that my coming had produced, they must have been delighted to get rid of me. Renville had procured me a *charette*, or cart, to carry the tent, baggage, and provisions: I was to ride an old grey mare, with a foal running alongside; one of the Canadians was to drive the *charette*, and Milor and the rest were to walk. The morning was exceedingly cold, and our road was along the prairie, parallel with the lake. All the country in every direction, having been burnt over, was perfectly black, and a disagreeable sooty odour filled the atmosphere. At the end of five hours of a very tedious march we reached a stream called *Wahhōptah*, which may be translated *Ground-nut* river, the savages being in the habit of digging up the *Psoralea esculenta*, a nutritive bulbous root which grows here. The stream was about thirty feet wide, and had some trees growing on its banks. Having built up a good fire, the men proceeded

to cook their dinner, whilst I strolled up the stream and collected some very fine unios, although I found it bitterly cold wading in the shallow water to procure them.

Having fed our horses on the grass near the stream which had not been burnt over, we started again for *Les Grosses Isles*, which we were instructed were distant about seven leagues, at the foot of Big Stone Lake. During the first two leagues, the strong sooty smell of the country gave me a severe headache, and the weather became so cold that I was very uncomfortable: the fire, however, had not extended beyond this distance, for, in about an hour and a half from our departure, we came to the grass again, and I fortunately got rid of my headache. Our cavalry was exceedingly pleased by the change, the horses repeatedly winnowing to each other, as if to express their satisfaction. I here perceived a live gopher, or geomys, feebly running in the grass, and dismounting caught it. It apparently had strayed from its burrow, and had suffered from the weather. After examining it I let it go again, as it was impossible to take care of it, and I did not like to consign it to the men, as I knew they would kill and eat it, for they spared nothing.

As the evening advanced it became excessively cold, and a sharp wind, accompanied with frozen sleet, set in from the north-east: this soon became so thick, that I could scarcely look up, much more see anything in the direction in which I was proceeding. Securing my person and ears as well as I could with my blanket-coat, I left it to the mare — who Renville told me had been more than once to Lake Travers — to take her own course. At length the sleet became so

dense, that I lost sight of everybody except the little foal, which generally lagging behind in the wake of its dam, occasionally trotted up to her when in her great anxiety she called for it. I never saw greater marks of maternal feeling in an animal than in this poor creature to her young one.

As we advanced, my situation became exceedingly painful: the frozen sleet came in streams upon my face and eyes when I looked up; my feet and hands were so cold, that I had scarcely any power over them; my whole exterior, as well as the head and neck of the mare, was covered with a glazing of ice; night was advancing, and we were without a guide, upon a dreary and shelterless moor of very great extent, and far beyond our present day's journey, with no prospect of an abatement of the storm. In the course of a somewhat adventurous life, I have occasionally had to meet with serious privations, and to look danger rather steadily in the face, but I had never been where there was so slight a chance of any favourable change. I had not even the comfort before me that every bleak moor in England offers under similar circumstances to the imagination,—some kind of shelter to receive us at last, if we were not overpowered by the inclemency of the weather. It became absolutely necessary to consider what it was best to do, if overtaken before dark by a deep snow. My first thought was, not to separate myself from my party, which I had not seen for some time, for they had the cart, and the tent, and the provisions; and if we failed in our attempt to reach the few trees that grew near Grosses Isles—the only chance we had of finding materials to make a fire—we could at any rate burn the *charette*, eat something, and cover ourselves as well as

we could with the tent. This we inevitably should have to do if we missed the station we were aiming at, and of which there was imminent danger, as it was too thick for us to discern any trees at a distance. I therefore stopped the mare for a while, and turned our backs to the storm, which seemed to be a great relief to us both. I had not heard the voices of the men for some time, but I knew the cart was slowly following me, and I thought it best to wait awhile ere I advanced towards them, as it was quite possible that I might deviate from the direction they were advancing in, and separate myself from them altogether. In about a quarter of an hour the voices of the men answered to the shouts I had from time to time made, and soon after they joined me, all of them covered with ice and icicles. The men were afraid we had got into the wrong track, having passed one or two that forked different ways, and this would have been a most serious misfortune. Upon appealing to Milor, who was covered with ice, his answer was, "N'ayez pas peur, Monsieur; n'ayez pas peur." I was well aware that this opinion of a sagacious guide like himself, trained to all the difficulties and incidents of Indian life, was better than that of the others, and I had more confidence in his prudence and in his conduct than I had in them; but still I was not without fear that darkness would overtake us; and if it had been left to myself, should have been inclined to attempt to set up the tent whilst it was daylight.

But Milor kept walking on before the *charette*, acting up to his character of guide in the most thorough manner. I determined, therefore, to be governed altogether by him, and taking my place in the rear of the *charette*, thought, that, as I had now joined my party, I would

alight, and endeavour, by running a little, to restore the circulation of my limbs; but my feet and hands were so benumbed, that I found it even difficult to dismount, or to stand when I reached the ground. As to the poor mare, she had icicles depending from her nose, six or eight inches long, which I broke off; and holding the bridle under my right arm, and averting my face a little from the storm, I tried to run and draw her into a gentle trot, but it was all in vain; she was too anxious about her foal, which was tired and becoming weak, and could scarce come up to her when she called to it. Full of anxiety as I was about myself, I could not but admire the solicitude of this good mother for her young, so earnestly does the voice of nature plead even with the inferior animals; that voice which God has planted in ourselves, no less for the safety of the species we are bound to protect, than to express the intensity of the love we bear to our offspring.

After trying in vain to get the mare out of her snail's pace without at all improving my own situation, I perceived that I must be making lee-way, for I had lost sight of the *charette*, so I determined to mount again and push her into a trot; we had got up a quasi-trot in the morning, and I hoped I might succeed in doing it again, but it took me a long time to do it. I was so benumbed that I could not regain my seat in the saddle until I had made several efforts, and then the adjusting my blanket-coat, and the covering my face to protect it from the cutting sleet, lost me so much time, that I was in a worse situation than ever,—separated from my party, night approaching, and somewhat apprehensive that in the grey light that was beginning to prevail I might wander from them, and be unable to rejoin them. Being already half

frozen, and feeling rather faint at my stomach, it was clear to me that in that case I should certainly be frozen to death. Getting on as well as I could, and ruminating very unsatisfactorily upon these possible consequences, the storm began to abate, and the wind veered to the north-west: the mare knew this, and gave immediate signs of it by improving her pace. As we went on the weather began to clear up; and as I was straining my eyes to look for the *charette*, I heard the horse which drew it neigh several times; to this the mare immediately answered, and soon after came a cheer from the men. Milor was soon seen advancing to meet me, with the joyful intelligence that the trees at Grosses Isles were in sight. He said the horse in the *charette* was the first to see them, and to announce the discovery by neighing; so that, although horses have not yet reached the art, as some asses have done, of making long speeches, yet the epithet of dumb animals is not altogether appropriate to them.

All our anxieties were now at an end, and we soon terminated this distressing ride, and reached a spot near a marsh, where three or four trees were standing. Fortunately for us there was some dead wood on the ground, and some wild grass for the horses, which we immediately proceeded to tether and turn loose, that they might choose their own bite, for the night was too cold for them to stray far. Whilst the men were collecting wood, and pitching the tent, I endeavoured to produce a light; but my fingers were so benumbed, that after breaking several matches I gave up the attempt, and began to run backwards and forwards, and strike my hands together, to restore my natural warmth. The sickness at my stomach, from exposure and inanition, now increased upon me, and I felt persuaded that I should have perished if I had been

obliged to lie out on the prairie without a fire. At length, the men having got a fire up, I gradually recovered from my indisposition, and having eaten part of a biscuit, felt much better. I was sorry, however, to receive bad accounts from the men about the water, which we so much wanted to make soup for themselves and for my tea. It appeared that the only water that was to be obtained was from a hole in the swamp, and that it was as black as ink. On inspecting it, it was so thick and disgusting, that I thought it impossible to use it; but remembering the saying of an old French fellow-traveller, "que tout est bon, quand il n'y a pas de choix," and knowing that nothing but a cup of tea would thoroughly revive me, and unwilling to send Milor a mile in the dark to Big Stone Lake to obtain clear water, I determined to make the best I could of it.

I had a large pot therefore filled, and boiled it, skimming it as the black scum came in immense quantities to the top; and having exhausted it of everything of that kind that it would yield, the very notable idea struck me to put a quantity of it into my kettle with some black tea, and boil it over again, which I did: and really, when I poured it out, it looked so like strong black tea, and was so good and refreshing, that I soon forgot everything about it, except that it had restored me to life and animation. How many dead newts, and other animals, that had perished in the desiccation of the swamp that had attended the late drought, went to form this tea-broth, would not be easily calculated; but I forgave them, and the sires that begot them.

Whilst we were at our meal, a half-perished Nahcotah Indian came to our fire, whom I saw at the dance of the braves the day before. I remembered him the moment he

came up, from his having attracted my attention during the dance by firing his gun over the heads of the dancers, and then presenting it to one of the braves. Milor had informed me that it was not unusual upon such occasions for savages who look on to become so excited as to give everything away that they have. This was what this poor devil had done; he had parted with his gun and all his little property, and was now going a journey of six or eight days to the Shayanne river to kill buffalo, without any arms, and without anything to eat by the way. Some one had given him an old pistol, without a lock to it; and seating himself by the fire without saying a word, he after a while pulled it out, and asked Milor if I would repair it, and give him some powder and ball? I told Milor to inform him that people could not make locks for pistols when they were travelling on the prairie in such stormy weather; but that I would give him something to eat, and directed the men to give him some of the pork and biscuit out of their pot, which he seemed to enjoy very much.

Feeling once more comfortable after a hearty supper, I entered my tent, and remained there to a late hour bringing up my notes, which I had had few opportunities of doing at Lac qui Parle. Before I lay down, I could not help contrasting the cheerless prospect before me at sun-set, and the suffering I experienced, with the cheerful state of mind and body I had now returned to, and for which I trust I was most sincerely grateful to God, who had preserved me in continued health and safety. I felt completely wound up again, and ready to go on for any length of time, especially with the reasonable prospect of a good night's rest before me.

Such are the agreeable excitements attending this kind

of life, to those who can enter without prejudice into the spirit of it. Certainly whilst your progress is successful, it is delightful. You have plenty to eat, and you enjoy what you eat; you are amused and instructed: it is true it is often cold, but then it is not always so. You encamp when you please; you cut down as large a tree as you please, and you make as large a fire of it as you please, without fearing an action of trespass. You kill deer out of any park you are passing through, without being questioned; and you have the rare privilege of leaving your night's lodging without calling for the landlord's bill. All law and government proceed from yourself; and the great point upon which everything turns is the successful management of the party you are the head of. Prudence, consistency, firmness, and a little generosity now and then by way of condiment, will carry such a traveller through everything.

But there is a reverse to the picture. Days and nights exposed to cold soaking rains; want of food and water; unavoidable exaggeration of danger; painful solicitude for those dear to and absent from you, and most anxious moments when you occasionally feel that prudence is scarcely sufficient to ensure your safety. Even the intense and curious impatience to push on in the face of apparent danger, makes you at times feel a remorse on account of those whom you are leading into it. Such are the contrasts of feeling by which the wanderer in these distant regions, still unvisited by a ray of civilization, is frequently agitated.

*October* 4.—I arose refreshed by a long and sweet sleep; and now it became a question whether I should make myself cleaner or dirtier by washing in the swamp-water. I tried a little of it, however, and finding it

without a bad smell, went on, and contrived to believe I had washed myself. It looked less inviting by daylight, but not knowing what sort of luck we might have further on, I boiled and skimmed a certain quantum, and filled two bottles with it, for it was by no means certain that I should meet with water where we should stop to breakfast. We started at 7 A. M., and having made about three leagues, passed some trees, intending to stop at a considerable grove we saw about a league off; but the track wheeling suddenly to the left, we rode on in the keen north-west wind, three leagues further, to a lake, that appeared in the distance like burnished silver. On reaching it, all of us very much fatigued, we found indeed that it was not a *mirage*, but, although a lake or pond in the wet season, was a large area covered entirely over with carbonate of lime, as white as chalk, and without a drop of water in it. This was a great disappointment to the men, and I gave Milor one of my bottles of black tea. A few willows were growing on the margin of the area, and we managed to get up a tolerable fire. What had added greatly to our belief that it was water which we saw as we were approaching it, was an immense number of white wild ducks with black-tipped wings, as well as wild geese, hovering over the place, themselves probably as much baffled as we were. The shore was covered with planorbis and lymnea of a large size, shewing how much the water when the pond is full must be impregnated with lime: indeed, from the circumstance of its being a granitic country, it is probable that a spring highly impregnated with calcareous matter may exist somewhere in the area, but I had no time to pursue any investigation of this kind.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

REACH THE SUMMIT LEVEL DIVIDING THE WATERS WHICH FLOW INTO THE GULF OF MEXICO FROM THOSE FLOWING INTO HUDSON'S BAY. — MIGRATION OF MUSK-RATS.—TWO BUFFALOES KILLED BY ONE DRAFT OF AN ARROW.—LEAVE LAKE TRAVERS.—BUFFALO SKELETONS.—REACH THE SOURCES OF THE MINNAY SOTOR ON THE COTEAU DU PRAIRIE.—MILOR ADVISES OUR RETURN.

Soon after leaving this place we saw the Côteau du Prairie for the first time on our left, looking very high. The name it bears is appropriate enough for its appearance, for, considering the prairies as an ocean of land, without any other horizon than that which appears at sea, an elevation like this *côteau*, which stretches up and down the country, stands in the relation of a *coast* to the universal low level.

The remaining part of our ride was bitterly cold, but a little after 2 P. M. I saw a few scattering trees, which Milor said were growing near Lake Travers; and before three o'clock we reached an edge of the prairie from whence I looked down upon the valley below, in which was Lake Travers, with real water in it, being the most southern source of the waters that flow into Hudson's Bay. The sources of the St. Peter's being close on our left, we were now on the summit of land that divides the waters flowing into the Gulf of Mexico from those flowing into Lake Winnipeg and Hudson's Bay. Near to the bank of the lake were some buildings

called a fort, this being a trading post. I rode down the slope of the prairie to them, and there found Mr. Brown, (the identical Mr. Brown who is mentioned at page 253 as having abandoned his two wives,) the resident factor of the American Fur Company, who received me very cordially, and assigned me quarters in his house. As soon as I had got my luggage brought in and my *toilette* made, I walked down to the lake, and found its waters very dead and turbid. The drought had lowered its level to such a degree, that the channel by which it communicates with Red River, that flows into Lake Winnipeg, was dried up, and Lake Travers had consequently become stagnant. I found several species of anadonta and unio, some of the latter of the same species as those inhabiting the St. Peter's, which is accounted for by the circumstance of the south end of this lake being only divided from the north end of Big Stone Lake by a low isthmus, two miles broad, so that when the waters of Lake Travers are high, they flow into Big Stone Lake.

Lake Travers has received this name from the French from its lying *à travers*, or across the country, being at right angles with the course of the St. Peter's: it is about twenty miles long, and runs N. E. by N. by compass. It is probable the French have translated this name from some Indian term signifying the same thing, for Indian names are always significant of some natural circumstance, from the necessity of giving descriptive designations to localities. There were a few Indian lodges about this post, but not enough to make the place noisy. Being able now to converse a little with the natives, I visited some of the lodges, but, upon inquiry, found there was not a chief amongst them.

Whilst I was chatting with some of the women, a Canadian named François Frénier, who acted in the capacity of interpreter to Mr. Brown, came to me, and from him I acquired a good deal of geographical and other information about the country betwixt Lake Travers and the Missouri, as well as that further to the north. He informed me that the Côteau du Prairie was a beautiful upland country, containing an immense number of small lakes, some of which contained well-wooded islands, where the Indians in the season take great quantities of musk-rats. These animals, he assured me, sometimes migrate, and are often met at such times on the prairies in incredible numbers. I have very little doubt of the truth of his statement, for all the American animals, both large and small, possess—what is most probably an acquired intelligence—the sense of bettering their condition by emigrating from districts where their food is becoming scarce. I remember, when in the Indian country in Upper Canada in 1807, meeting with the most surprising quantities of fine glossy black-skinned squirrels, with singularly beautiful bushy tails: they had spread over an immense district of country, and were evidently advancing from Lake Huron to the south.

This man further informed me that three days' march upon the Côteau—which is only five leagues from Lake Travers—would bring me to the river *Chagndeshah*, or "White Wood," a tributary of the Missouri, which has been named by the French *Rivière Jacques;* and that four days further would bring me to the Missouri. Upon one of the day's march no water could be met with. The Shayanne river was only two days from Lake Travers; and *Pembinău*, or "Red River," where the British colony is, could be reached in ten days. All this was prairie

country with occasional trees and small lakes. The information was very interesting, as none of us had any practical knowledge of the country; and after conversing a little more with him, I started with my hammer to look for rocks in place, and to consider with myself what it was best to do, in what direction to advance, or whether to advance or return, being somewhat disconcerted by the fact that all the upland water of the country was stagnant, and that probably in most instances we should find the lakes desiccated. It was a great object with me to advance to the Missouri; and so great was my anxiety, that I returned to my quarters earlier than I intended, to consult Milor.

*October* 5.—I rose early, after rather a hard lodging upon Mr. Brown's floor, and went out to look for some water. Fortunately there was a good spring near the fort, but it was too hard to wash with; so I went to the lake, where, although it was certainly not drinkable, yet I never met with such fine, slimy, viscous stuff as it was for my purpose, scarcely wanting any soap at all. On my return, Mr. Brown very kindly invited me to breakfast, and being rather tired of my black tea of the last day, I gladly assented. But I made a poor exchange of my own humble resources for his, which were of the coarsest kind, and as dirty as they were coarse: a few broken plates, placed on a filthy board, with what he called coffee, and maize bread to correspond. As I swallowed this disgusting food, I consoled myself by reflecting that it saved one repast out of my own stock. Upon inquiring of him who was his cook, he told me that she was a Nahcotah woman, the widow of that brother of Renville's whom the Chippeways had murdered, and that Renville had sent her here

to live, and lament her widowhood. When she came into the room to remove the plates, I observed that she was tall and well made, with all the remains of a handsome woman. Like many others, she had been the favourite Indian wife of an American trader, and had had a daughter (by one Lockwood),—a pretty young girl, about fourteen, who afterwards came with some squaws to get handkerchiefs from me.

The moment I saw this woman, I perceived she had been accustomed to white people, and, upon subsequently inquiring her history of a squaw to whom one of the lodges belonged, I learnt that Renville had adopted her as one of his wives, and had sent her here to live in the cabin which he inhabited when he came to Lake Travers. As this, however, did not happen very often, Mr. Brown, who was distressed with a restless *penchant* for ladies, had done her the honour to remove her to his cabin, but this only *en attendant*, until he could persuade her daughter, the young beauty of fourteen, to live with him as his wife. He had made her various presents, but such was his notoriety for abandoning his ladies upon short notice, that she had hitherto resisted his cajolements. The girl was perfectly delighted when I presented her a handkerchief and some strings of beads; nor did I forget the mother, who took an early opportunity of asking Milor if I was going to stay all the winter; but whether she had an eye to herself, or to Prairie on Fire No. 2, I had no opportunity of ascertaining. Mr. Brown was evidently not very anxious that I should stay long with him; innocent as I was of offence, he saw that the women had commenced their intrigues, and was annoyed by it. As long as he had been the only person there, things went on quietly, and he could

take his own time to carry out his plans of domestic happiness; but the arrival of my party had awakened amongst the women all their love for finery and intrigue, and it was evident that things would get into a mess of some kind or other if we staid. I determined, therefore, both for this reason and the more important one of losing no time, upon departing immediately.

After breakfast Mr. Brown shewed me some very rare furs he possessed, several very fine grizzly bear skins (*Ursus ferox*), one of which was a bright yellow, a rare variety. He had also an exceedingly large and rich otter skin, which, with many other things, I purchased of him. But my most valuable acquisition here was made from an Assiniboin chief, who came in about an hour before I departed. This was a fine bow, made of bone and wood, with a cord of very strong sinew. The chief had performed a feat with it for which Wánetáh, a Nahcotah chief, had been celebrated. He had killed two buffaloes that were galloping on a parallel with his own horse at one draft of his arrow, it having passed through the first, and inflicted a mortal wound upon the second. The chief was very unwilling to part with it: we tried him several times in vain; and at length I offered him five gold pieces, or twenty-five dollars. "Máhzáxhee! Héeyah!" "Yellow iron! No!" he replied. At last Mr. Brown produced some brilliant scarlet cloth: the sight of it overcame his reluctance; it would make such beautiful leggings, and his squaws would be so delighted with it! So I gave him three yards of the cloth, and he delivered me the bow, a quiver of arrows, and a skin case, which contained it. Mr. Brown, of course, got his share of the amount, though he acted very fairly with me. Money is unknown to

these savages, and they place no value upon it. He would not have taken twenty of these gold pieces for his bow, but thought he had made a good bargain with it for the cloth, although I have no doubt Mr. Brown would have sold it to any one for ten dollars. It was an affair of barter, where both parties were satisfied, which, under similar circumstances, is, perhaps, the best definition of value.

After acquiring as much information as I could at this trading post, I ordered the baggage and tent to be placed once more in the *charette*, and, remounting my mare, turned our faces to the Côteau du Prairie, shaping my course to the south end of Lake Travers, where there is a valley about one mile wide, down which its waters pass in the rainy season to Big Stone Lake. At this time the channel was dry, and, seeing a considerable Indian village about half way down it, I rode there, but its inhabitants were all out after buffalo, in the neighbourhood of the Shayanne. Seeing several mounds on the west side of Lake Travers, I proceeded in that direction, passing a great many stones that had been painted red by the Indians, as I afterwards understood, for their amusement. Having got upon the upland west of this valley, I followed the course of the north-west fork of the St. Peter's, on the brink of a deep ravine that it had worn, leaving the south-west fork to the left. We were now approaching the sources of the St. Peter's, where we could not have used our canoe, for the stream in the ravine in no place exceeded two yards in width, and in many places was almost dry. Having found a convenient place to cross the *charette*, I waited till the people came up, and, getting it down into the ravine with some difficulty, we contrived, by digging down the

banks a little, and throwing bushes into the stream, to make it passable, and, having all crossed, proceeded towards the Côteau. Here we found the prairie completely black, having been thoroughly burnt over; and soon we came to where the ground was strewed over with countless bleached skeletons of buffaloes.

The poor improvident Indians, when they meet with powerful herds of these animals, and have a favourable opportunity of destroying them, kill as many as they can, frequently several hundreds in a day, and all for the sake of the skins, with which they liquidate their debts to the insatiate trader, leaving the carcases to rot on the ground and afford food to the prairie wolves. This had been the scene of one of these buffalo *battues*. At some future geological period, when another deposit is made on this part of the terrestrial surface, it may be that these remains may be discovered, and produce theories and conjectures as to the cause of the destruction that will greatly interest mankind, or whatever kind may then exist, until some Buckland *redivivus*, finding the barb of an arrow in the rib of one of them, will, with the same power of genius and fancy that once illuminated the obscurities of the Kirkdale Cave, people these prairies over again with butchering Indians and flying buffaloes. It was impossible to ride amongst these skeletons without thinking of the condition of the Indians, who are now paying for their folly in unprofitably destroying and frightening the buffaloes away, by having now to perform the most tedious journeys in the winter, to procure meat for the subsistence of their families.

Pleased at having one of the great objects of my journey—the Côteau du Prairie—so near to me, I rode on several miles in advance, on its east flank, and got

inextricably entangled, towards evening, in a part of the country consisting of naked sand-hills, evidently thrown up by the wind. Hoping to find a grass prairie beyond them, I rode on in a N.N.W. course, until the whole country before me was nothing but sand, with here and there a leafless bush growing. Having alighted, and tied the mare to one of them, I got to the top of one of the loftiest sand-hills, to look for the *charette*. Nothing was to be seen but the Côteau and sand-hills; not choosing, therefore, to trust myself in the dark where there was neither wood nor water, nor anything to eat, I turned back and took a south-west course, in the hope of crossing the track of the *charette*, the general course of which I had agreed upon with Milor. At any rate the course I now took would bring me to the Côteau in a part where I had observed some trees growing, from which I had drawn the inference that water would be found there. Just as night was setting in, I came to a small ravine, where there were some bushes and dry wood, plenty of grass, and a little clear water trickling down, upon which I lost no time in alighting and tethering the mare, and made a fire, heaping sticks and grass upon it to make a large volume of smoke, for I was quite sure that Milor would keep a good look-out for me, and it was yet light enough for a column of smoke to be seen. Here I remained a couple of hours alone, changing my smoke to a bright fire, but being obliged to come to the conclusion that they had made their bivouac where they could not see my signals; and darkness having set in, I was reluctantly compelled to think I should see no more of my party that night. It being my own fault, I had nobody to blame but myself; so making up my mind to bear my privations as well as I could, and to pass the

night where I was, I first took a hearty drink of water then putting the saddle on the ground for a pillow, I arranged as well as I could a place to lie down upon, and muffling myself up in my blanket-coat, and placing my feet to the fire, I lay down and tried to sleep. But it was in vain. My mind was too busy. I had yet to determine whether to pursue my journey to the Mandans, or to turn back. This depended very much upon the men; they might not be willing to go, as many of them had families. I felt no inconvenience from having eaten nothing, an advantage I owed to a confirmed habit that has grown out of my manner of life: in fact, I never am hungry, or feel a desire to eat, until I have tasted the first mouthful, when I always eat anything that I like with great relish, but with moderation, and this only once during the day, after a slight breakfast. I had no concern on my mind about the *chevelle*, because I knew that in the morning one of the parties could not fail to see the other's smoke. Some of the stories I had heard of certain vagabond Indians frequenting the Ottoes, who never failed to scalp those whom they could overpower, crossed my mind, and perhaps made me less desirous to fall asleep; but I had long ago made up my mind to do the best I could for myself upon every exigency, and, therefore, thinking that enough for the day was the evil thereof, I dismissed those thoughts, and turned to the more grateful occupation of carrying myself in imagination across the vast distance which separated me from my family. Whilst I was thus occupied, I was roused by a sudden yell, and starting to the ground I answered it with another, for I knew it was Miller, the very master who had taught me the yell with which I responded. He had been to various places where wood

and water were to be found, to look for me; and having got upon the slope of the Côteau to give him the best chance of seeing my fire, he had at length discovered it. I was touched with the old man's fidelity, for he told me that his intention was to have passed the whole night looking for me, and I believed him. He said that the place the men had selected for their bivouac was not near so good as the one where he had found me, so I told him to return, and bring *toute la boutique* with him. In a little more than an hour they made their appearance with the *charette*: we got the tent pitched, a good fire built, and I was not at all sorry to see the frying-pan at work again. I made a most hearty meal, and soon went to sleep.

Some say that late dinners and suppers are unwholesome, which is very likely to be the case where these are luxurious meals; but when, at the close of a day's severe exercise, the traveller finds, that, after a simple and moderate repast, he can sleep soundly, and rise without being troubled with dreams, it may perhaps be taken as a proof that the practice is a salutary one, and consistent with natural suggestions, such as those which lead animals to eat their grass until they lie down for the night.

After a refreshing night's rest, I arose in excellent spirits: the morning was serene and beautiful; and striking our encampment, we got the *charette* in motion soon after 6 A. M., and began to ascend the Côteau by a very gentle slope. Having reached the crest of this upland, and seeing a fine bold eminence, distant about a mile and a half, I rode thither, and had a magnificent view of the country from the top. The Côteau du Prairie, called in the Nahcotah tongue *Chhra Tanka*, or the "Great

Hills," is, looking to the west, in everything like the other upland prairies, only a stage of elevation above them. Before we approached it, it had the appearance of a lofty range. Major Long's party, in 1823, who saw it at a distance of from thirty to forty miles, estimated it at 1000 feet high; but, as I have before observed, where there is nothing to compare an object with, it always appears of greater magnitude than it is. A knoll on the prairie, at the distance of two miles, will appear to have an elevation of 200 feet, and yet when you reach it, it is scarcely fifty feet above the general level. The ascent from the prairie below to the top of the Côteau was perhaps two miles and a half long, by a slope so gentle that in no place did it appear to exceed 250 feet to the mile, which would give 625 feet elevation for the summit of the Côteau, nor did I think it exceeded that height.

I found the surface of this upland very much broken up into knolls and inequalities; and in these depressions, small lakes or ponds, with a few trees growing near them, are found in great numbers. As I was riding along, I started a grey rabbit, with black-tipped ears and a white tail. I remarked, also, that there were no skeletons of buffaloes, as in the plain below; and, from the great deficiency of grass on the Côteau, I inferred that it would not be frequented by these animals. The surface was excessively rough and hummocky, so much so, that the men got the *charette* along with difficulty, the wheels constantly coming to the ground with a violent *secousse*. One of these wooden wheels, ill adapted to such rough work, was already gaping and giving signs of weakness; and if the *charette* broke down, it was clear to the apprehension of every one, that the *butin*, consisting of the tent, a hamper, a trunk, two bags of provisions, one

heavy bag of mineral specimens, a large package of curiosities, and the cooking utensils, would, save what we could get upon the horses, have to be carried upon the shoulders of the men. I heard nothing from the men but "Ce sacré Côteau va nous flamber au premier abord." Meantime we pursued our course, my mare floundering amongst the hummocks, Milor marching steadily on after me, and the men wondering where I was going, now that we had left all the trading posts behind, and *cursing* the Côteau and the day that they left their homes.

This was a state of things that could not last long, not longer than the *charette* at any rate, and therefore I consulted Milor. He said, if we were obliged to carry the *bufin*, it would take us at least three weeks to reach the Mandans, and that there was one part of the route where we should be three or four days without water. That we might advance to the *Chagndeabah*, and scoop out a tree canoe, and descend in it to the Missouri; but what should we do with the *charette* and the horses? He said that the men were all desirous of returning to their families, as they never left them for the winter without an understanding to that effect, and making proper arrangements for them; they therefore considered me bound to take them back to their homes, the which if I did not do, he did not know what might happen. The snow, he said, would begin to fall in a week or ten days at farthest, and the men could not travel with the *bufin* in the snow; indeed we might be caught in a deep snow, and find it difficult either to advance or retreat. And he finished by saying, "Monsieur, si cela lui plait soit, pourroit peutêre retourner aux postes militaires avant le commencement de l'hiver; qu'il avait beau temps

pour cela. Mais si cela ne lui convenoit pas, il pourroit renvoyer les gens au Lac qui Parle; qu'ils y trouveroient le canot pour retourner chez eux, et qu'il accompagneroit Monsieur où il voudroit. Que Monsieur n'avoit qu'à commander." Such was the prudence, good sense, and fidelity of this excellent man, that I had become attached to him, and was unwilling to desist from pursuing my journey to the Mandans whilst I could have the benefit of his judicious guidance; but it was so late in the year, that, even if I had sent the men and *charette* back, and had undertaken to cross the country with him, we might have had to encounter very serious difficulties, carrying our own provisions, and liable to be surprised every day with a hostile change in the weather. I remembered the painful evening of the march from the Wahhoptah to the Grosses Isles, and the practical conviction I received of its being possible to be frozen to death; and believing it to be my duty to act with prudence, I told Milor that I was well satisfied with what he had said, and that he might direct the men to turn the *charette* round, for I should go to Big Stone Lake. This news was received with great joy.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

REACH BIG STONE LAKE ON OUR RETURN.—SYMPTOMS OF WINTER.—IMMENSE MASSES OF GRANITE, FROM WHENCE THE LAKE TAKES ITS NAME.—PRAIRIES ON FIRE.—SUPPOSED ORIGIN OF THE WORD "MISSOURI."—REACH THE WAH-KOPTAH.—HORRIBLE PRIDE OF THE MALE INDIANS.

We now proceeded to the south along the crest of the Côteau, and from different points I had some exceedingly fine views of the country beneath me. Lake Travers was spread out in all its length; and to the south-east was another lake, called *Minday Wointeah*, or "Rush Lake." Big Stone Lake was not visible, but, from particular indications, Milor knew exactly where it was; and we agreed to descend the Côteau, and try to make the lake in season to encamp there by daylight. We accordingly took leave of the Côteau and made for some trees at a distance, where we saw a smoke, thinking some Indians might be there. On reaching the place, we found that the smoke was occasioned by some embers of the prairie fire; and water being at hand we commenced preparations for breakfast; but the wind suddenly rising, the fire began to increase, and very soon such volumes of smoke came down upon us, that we were fairly driven off the ground just as everything was ready. As it was impossible to make our repast amidst a dense smoke, which began to extend upon a long line, we had only time to get the *charette* in motion, and snatching up the things, to make rather a confused retreat. My provision-basket was

hastily repacked and sent off; Milor bore off my boiling tea-kettle, and I followed him with the frying-pan, keeping it as well as I could in a horizontal position; — not from a particular *penchant* for taking a long walk with a hot frying-pan in my hand, but because I should have had some misgivings about its contents if such a fellow as L'Amirant had taken possession of it. After some time we gained a place where we were less annoyed, and getting through our repast not very comfortably, pursued our journey upon an E.S.E. course.

We had now to travel several hours over burnt ground, and my head-ache returned very painfully. At length, to the delight of my mare, I reached short sweet grass again, and dismounted to let her feed. Whilst I was waiting the arrival of the *charette* I was exceedingly amused with the movements of one of those antelopes which rove over these prairies. The graceful creature came bounding on in a singularly elastic manner towards the place where the mare was browsing, and where I was lying on the grass. Sometimes it reared itself up on its hind legs to get a good look at us, and then, if I lifted up my head, would wheel round and fly away with surprising speed; then again it would return and repeat its elegant motions.

These beautiful creatures often become the victims of their curiosity; for when the hunter conceals himself behind a knoll and waves a piece of cloth tied to a stick, so insatiable is their propensity, that they frequently approach too near for their own safety. This antelope, and some flocks of brown plover, were the only animals I saw during this ride. Having refreshed the mare, and seeing my party at a great distance coming slowly along, I mounted again, and with my sick head-ache went weary-

ing along, making for some trees I had for a long time seen in the horizon. I think I never was more heartily tired with a ride than I was upon this occasion; it seemed as if there was no end to this interminable prairie. But the ride, like all other things, did come to an end; for about 5 P. M. I suddenly came to an abrupt and lofty bank, and looking down, beheld one of the most beautiful lakes I had ever seen in North America, describing for a great distance very graceful curves, with fine bluffs about 200 feet in height, and well-grown woods covering the slope beneath me down to the water's edge. I saw at once that this sheet of water was the remains of the river that once occupied the whole of this valley, just as Lake Pepin occupies the mean breadth of the Mississippi at the present day; the breadth of this lake, which is about two miles and a half, corresponding to the general breadth of the valley of the St. Peter's.

Having tethered my mare, and found an excellent situation for our bivouac somewhat down the bank, I lighted a fire and heaped some grass upon it as a signal to Milor. I now descended the slope to the bottom, with the intention of reaching the shore of the lake; but I found it impossible to get close to it, there being a great breadth of swamp betwixt the lake and the shore filled with canes eight feet high, so that it was impossible to see the state of the bottom, or to procure any unios. On my return to the camp I found a fine spring of cool and clear water; and the party having come up just about this time, I directed one of the men to it; and having pitched the tent and built up capital fires, we all made a very hearty and cheerful repast. A refreshing cup of tea cured my head-ache, so that I was able to devote a couple of hours to bring up my note-book before I lay down to rest.

*October 7.*—On rising at the dawn of day I found the spring water in my tent frozen across the pail, an unequivocal sign of what might be expected soon. At half-past six A. M. we were all again in motion, and gaining the upland, had a very beautiful ride along the west bank of this charming lake. Everywhere I found the soil of the richest quality; that on the adjacent prairie was generally black and fertile, so that this may become a delightful neighbourhood, if the country ever should be settled by people who know how to make a proper use of such advantages. I found the general direction of the lake to be north-west and south-east, being nearly at right angles with Lake Travers. Midway it bends east and by south.

In about a couple of hours' riding, I came upon an old *charette* track leading in the direction of an island in the lake, where there was an Indian village: it led across several deep gullies in the prairie, one of which formed an extensive cove of about 100 acres of land, reaching to the shore of the lake. The soil was exceedingly fertile, and the whole place was a perfect wilderness of trees and briars, with a fine stream of water running through it. I saw the remains of several lodges, but they did not appear to have been inhabited for a long time. On the south side of this curious cove, and near the top of the upland, I found some sepulchral mounds, one of them of a large size; and as it commanded a fine view of the lake and cove below, I made a sketch from hence.

At half-past nine A. M. we left the main prairie, and descended a convenient slope to the edge of the lake to breakfast. Here, on the beach, I found great quantities of unios and anadontas; and whilst I was engaged opening some of them, a beautiful large black marten came towards me, but ran off as soon as I stirred. On communi-

cating this intelligence, the men left their avocations, and full of zeal and noise, set about his capture; but the fortunate animal had got into his hole and baffled them. We therefore left this place without the trophy, which even I was a little anxious to secure as a remembrance of the locality; and, pursuing our way, came at 1 P. M. opposite to some large islands, with teebees upon them, but we saw none of their inhabitants, who were probably at Lac qui Parle. We soon came to where the grass was very high; and as I was urging my mare through it, she almost placed her fore-foot upon a prairie wolf, who crouched and snapped his teeth, but sneaked off to his burrow as soon as he had recovered from his surprise. I could have shot him with a pocket-pistol if I had had one, for he was quite under my stirrup. In the course of the afternoon we descended again from the prairie, about a mile from the south end of the lake, where it was covered with tens of thousands of wild fowl, that made a noise like thunder when they rose. I never saw greater numbers together.

Big Stone Lake terminates in a plain flat marsh, and, by my computation, is about thirty-six miles long, and two miles broad. The northern part of its course is north and south, the central part east, and the southern part deflects to south by east. From the termination of the lake the valley continues with the same breadth to Lac qui Parle, but the channel which connects the two was, at the period of my visit, and owing to the drought, not even navigable for a canoe. From the point where we crossed it, Milor estimated the distance to Lac qui Parle to be fifteen leagues. We crossed over to the east side, about two miles from the termination of the lake, and soon after came upon a countless number of masses of granite in place, occupying an area of three or four

hundred acres of land. I got upon several of them that were at least twenty-five feet high. They were not boulders, though, viewed from a distance, they might, being isolated from each other, be taken for such. Many of them were separated from the rest fifteen to thirty yards; and what power could have removed the intervening portions, it would seem hopeless to conjecture at present. I certainly never saw a more curious spectacle, and perceived at once that the Indians had named the lake *Ke-tatonka*, or "Stones-big," from these masses. I afterwards saw similar masses in the valley for six or eight miles further down; and in one place I remarked that the valley betwixt the bluffs was about five miles broad. All this vale must have been at some period filled with water; indeed, I have no doubt that its whole line from the head of Lake Travers must have formed a mighty river.

As we proceeded we found the country on fire, and had to ride more than once through places where the grass was vigorously blazing. Upon these occasions, I remarked that the mare was very anxious about her young one; indeed, at one time the grass was so high, that the foal got a little singed. When the prairie is burning, and you are advancing to it, you can generally, by watching your opportunity, select a point to get through the line of fire to the burnt land on the other side of it, without injury. But where the grass on a dry rich fertile soil is as high as a man, it is very unsafe to attempt to meet the advancing conflagration; for a gust of wind will throw the fire in every direction, and perhaps cut off your retreat; and if you attempt to force your way through, the volume of smoke may be so powerful as to stifle both yourself and the animal you ride. Upon such occasions, the safest way is always to turn back until you get to short grass.

But, under any circumstances, nothing can be more disagreeable than passing from clean healthy grass through a line of fire to a dreary burnt plain, smelling strongly of soot, and without one verdant spot upon the dingy surface. As to myself, the odour of the smoke always produced immediate headache, and if obliged to endure it a long time, it increased until I was in great pain. I became quite of opinion upon this occasion, that, if Miller and myself had undertaken to go alone to the Mandans, and had had to encounter fire in the prairies, we could not have accomplished our intention.

About 5 P.M. we encamped on the left bank of the St. Peter's, on a clean grassy place, and found the stream not more than four inches deep, though I afterwards learnt that it was navigable for canoes betwixt the lakes when the water was high. We had passed in the course of the day the *Zoozoo Wâhpahdah*, or "Sandstone River," which comes into the St. Peter's on the right bank, and which in the wet season is a considerable stream coming down from the Côteau. Opposite our bivouac was another stream from the Côteau, called *Chhra Wakon*, or "Mount of the Great Spirit:" it takes its name from a lofty mound on its left bank up the country, which goes by that name, from a tradition of a miraculous nature respecting some Indian chief. The word *cHhra* is pronounced rapidly, with a strong guttural burr, and signifies in the Nahcotah tongue any lofty hill.

While at Lake Travers I met with a rather intelligent Indian hunter, who was well acquainted with that part of the country; and inquiring about that portion of it which lies nearest to the Missouri, I asked him how the Nahcotahs called that river; when he answered *Minnay Shdshdh Chhrdy*, which is literally "Water muddy Hill." I

was puzzled at first, but when I came to understand his description of the country, I thought it not unlikely, that, as all the Indian names we are acquainted with are corruptions from the French, the word "Missouri" might have its origin in these three words. By itself it is not an Indian word, and therefore it is a fair inference that it is a corruption. This man said, that, in crossing the country to the *Chaguâtskah*, you first came to *Chhray-tanka* ("Great Hill"), which is the general name for the Côteau du Prairie; that there was then a second *chhray* to cross: beyond that river was a third *chhray*, called *Minnay Shoshoh Chhray*, because you could see *Minnay Shoshoh*, or "Muddy River" (which is what is now called Missouri), from it. By abbreviating the first word, "Minnay," of its last four letters, and afterwards the others, according to the practice of the French, the word *Mi-sho-ray* is produced. It is far from being improbable that such is the origin of the word "Missouri," the river having perhaps received that name from those French adventurers who first traversed the country from Lake Travers to that fine stream.

The appearance of the line of fire on the prairie was very pleasing this night, and detained me a long time from my rest. In every direction the horizon presented brilliant spots, resembling the lamps in an illuminated garden, and would have made a curious and rare picture.

*October* 8. — We struck our camp about 6 A. M., and had a tedious ride over the dreary burnt prairie, having to cross an extensive morass into the bargain, from which we extricated the *charette* with difficulty. At the end of about five leagues we reached our old bivouac on the Wahboptah, where we found two Indians and their squaws, with a rather pretty girl of

twelve years old. The poor creature was the daughter of a French trader called Martingère, and had been abandoned by her father. Soon after our arrival they took up their line of march for Lake Travers, the two females and the young girl almost bent to the ground with their heavy burdens, whilst the two males, totally regardless of the distress of the women, strutted on, with the air of princes, without any load whatever. So much for the unsophisticated and noble-minded savage, as some have been pleased to describe him. I gave the poor females some pork and biscuit, and desired Milor to tell them not to give their heroes the slightest portion of it. Whilst the men were breakfasting I went into the Wahhoptah to get a few more unios; but the water was so cold that I was glad to get out of it again, and put on dry stockings by the fire.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

REACH LAC QUI PARLE.—AN INDIAN MARRIAGE.—DEPENDENCE OF THE INDIANS UPON THE TRADERS.—RE-EMBARK ON THE MINNAY SOTOR.—IMMENSE QUANTITIES OF WILD FOWL.—REACH MR. HOOPER'S AND FIND PARISHIONER THERE.

Having made a hearty repast we proceeded with a bright cheerful sun. My mare now got into a capital humour: she knew she was near home, and with her foal went on in a quick ambling trot, as if purposely to show me what she could do when she chose. At 3 P. M. I reached Renville's fort again, and was glad to learn that the greater part of the noisy savages were gone upon various expeditions. Having refreshed myself with a complete change, I made all the arrangements for descending the St. Peter's the next day, having done which I went to Renville's in the evening, and made my last dirty meal there. Whilst we were at table I was surprised to hear some one groaning out some canticles to an air that was evidently meant for our national anthem of "God save the King," a tune which has been adopted at the old French missions. This proceeded from a sort of kitchen belonging to the house; but, as it is not etiquette to appear curious about the domestic manners of Indians when you are amongst them, I made no observation. After the meal, however, on going to the outside of the fort, I heard a most appalling and lamentable howling issuing from the woods on the border of the lake; and calling to

Milor, he informed me that the distressing sounds came from a squaw, whose daughter was going to be married, and that it was usual upon such occasions for the mother to express her sorrow for the loss of her child. I never heard a more woeful lamentation; it seemed to arise from the very inmost soul of the woman, and the effect was surprisingly increased by its proceeding from a wood in the darkness of the night. Ariosto could not have wished for a finer bass note to compose one of his vivid cantos upon.

Milor further informed me that the daughter thus lamented was at that moment in Renville's house, and that the happy bridegroom was Renville's stupid heavy son, who had bargained with the mother for her daughter to live with him as one of his wives. This egregious dolt of a fellow had already one wife, a good-looking young woman, who had brought him several children. To be sure a jumble of this kind could only be met with in such a state of society: a savage brought up by French missionaries singing canticles in the 96° of W. longitude, in North America, to the tune of "God save the King," as a religious preparation for a bigamy; and a mother, after screwing all she could get out of him for her daughter, going to the woods to scream in the dark as if her heart was broken. I remembered a tolerably good-looking Indian woman bringing in the potatoes to our evening meal, who appeared to think about nothing but her potatoes; but I now learnt that she was this man's first wife, and that she had already been to the teebee where the girl lived who was now to be married, to conduct her to her own husband, and that she had left her sitting in the kitchen listening to his frightful canticles. The consummation, it

appeared, was not to take place until after a week's howling and singing, the first wife having the benefit of her husband's sweet society in the meantime. No wonder that Huggins called them Philistines, and all sorts of hard names, for certainly nothing more egregiously absurd can be imagined.

The little Frenchman who acted as Renville's clerk came to see me when I went to my mattress at the warehouse, and I had some interesting conversation with him about the condition of the Indians. He confirmed the observations I had already made, that the Indians had entirely lost their ancient independent condition; that the race can no longer exist without blankets, guns, ammunition, and clothes for their wives, themselves, and their children; that upon all these things the traders put their own price, always increasing it when skins are plentiful, and seldom lowering it when the season is unproductive; that the Indians are always in debt to the traders at least one year in advance—these last being obliged to advance them an outfit before they commence their hunting. Without this the Indian could not leave home on his now very distant expeditions, and consequently there would be no trade.

Sometimes the Indian dies in the trader's debt, and its amount is lost; the profits, therefore, must be in proportion to the risk which is run. No doubt the trader is vigilant, and takes care of his interests, but I certainly heard of no instance of the Indians being defrauded; perhaps it would be difficult to do this, although the Indians cannot write. The fact is, there is no money account betwixt them, it being kept in skins, and the Indian always remembers how many skins he owes to the trader, and that he must bring them to him the next

year, or forfeit his credit. An Indian who breaks his engagement is never trusted again; and the understanding among the traders being general, an Indian cannot deceive one and then go to another. Some of them attempt to do this, and soon become vagabonds, especially if they can get rum or whiskey to drink; but the excellent regulations of the Government of the United States, in regard to the introduction of ardent spirits, seem to have entirely excluded them from this part of the country. At present the fur trade of the American Indians appears limited to musk-rat and buffalo skins: every year will diminish the supply of these last; so that, from the superior advantages which the Hudson's Bay Company enjoy, and their very liberal conduct to the Indians, it is probable they will soon engross all the fur trade of the north-west country.

The following account against one of the best hunters amongst the Nahcotahs is rather curious, and was extracted by me from the books of the American Fur Company at this place:—

*Contre le Tâkâtpeahkeeyo ("Le Vent de la Tonnerre").*

| | Skinkepdy ("Peau de Rats"). | | Skinkepdy ("Peau de Rats"). |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 Blankette couvert de laine 2 points | 70 | 7 Mésures poudre | 70 |
| 1 Couvert drap | 70 | 14 B. B. plomb | 28 |
| 1 Broyale | 20 | 2 B. Tavelle | 6 |
| 1 Do. rouge | 25 | 1 Dare | 15 |
| 1 Capot | 50 | 2 Couteau | 6 |
| 1 Blankette 1 point | 25 | 10 Pierres à fusil | 11 |
| 1 Mitasse | 30 | 2 Cassettes | 20 |
| 1 Do. | 20 | 10 Torquettes de tabac | 10 |
| 1 Ceinture | 6 | 1 Chemise | 30 |
| | | 1 Fusil | 150 |
| | | | 676 |

To say nothing of other debts he might have, the *Wind of the Thunder*, to liquidate this account alone,

was under the necessity of putting 676 musk-rats to their last squeak; and it is in this way that the white traders have converted these heroes of nature into a race of rat-catchers, amongst whom I understood Tăh-tăywăhkŏeagn stood very high as a good and successful hunter, which I found was no small praise to a modern Indian, meaning, in fact, that he took care of his family and kept his word.

*October* 9.—We were up very early, and bustling to get off, and, being apprehensive that the river might be too low to get a heavy canoe down it, I sent the *charette*, with the heavy luggage, to Travers des Sioux by land, where the shallows terminated. Having taken a friendly leave of the missionary party, and recommended to Huggins to abate his dislike to the Philistines, who, I assured him, would never be converted by unkindness, I proceeded in fine spirits to the landing-place, and found my good old canoe afloat, with the men already in it. The population which remained at the place came *en masse* to see us depart, and amongst the rest was the new bride from Renville's, an exceedingly plain woman, with coarse, strong features and high cheek-bones. Before I stepped into the canoe, I distributed some handkerchiefs and beads amongst the youngest girls there, telling them they would live the longest to remember me, and, about 7 A.M., pushed off from the bank, delighted to find myself in the comfortable canoe again, where I could sit, and observe, and write, and read at my leisure.

Gliding with the current, and plying our paddles occasionally, we went quickly along, and had only made a very few miles when I observed the *Tetrao* in considerable quantities on the edge of the river's bank, for the country being burnt up for a great distance in

the interior, they had come to the unburnt lowland close to the water, where there were seeds of various kinds. We killed a sufficient number of them from the canoe, and, on picking them up, found they were heavy birds, weighing about 2 lb. each. The men would willingly have waited until we had loaded the boat with them, but I told them that every half-hour we lost would bring us nearer to a snow storm; that I did not mean to eat those we had killed, but intended to carry them as a present to the commandant of Fort Snelling, and that, as they had plenty of pork to last them until they got back to their own country, the best way would be to eat it. Knowing that they had plenty to eat, they cheerfully assented to what I said; and we pursued our way amidst the most delightful weather, making, with the aid of the current, at the rate of from six to seven knots an hour, except when, tempted occasionally by the beautiful unios that were half buried in the clear sand, I stopped the canoe for a few minutes. It was a charming day's work, taking it altogether; and about half-past four P.M. we stopped for the night at a very comfortable place, where we set our regular establishment of frying-pans and kettles a-going, as in old times.

*October* 10.—I rose at peep of day after a comfortable night's rest, and had the canoe gummed, it having leaked in consequence of being dragged over some shallow places the day before. Again we found the moor-fowl ranged in rows along the banks of the river, and, again it was a very difficult thing to restrain the men, we stopped a short time to kill a few of them. The trees had now nearly lost their leaves, so that our tenure of the fine weather was at best precarious; and, remarking this to the men, they applied themselves vigorously to their paddles. We

reached the first rapids before 9 A. M., down which we passed very pleasantly; the men shewing a great deal of skill, and accomplishing in ten minutes what it had taken them three hours to do when we ascended the river. We reached the *portage* about 9 A. M. Here I landed, and walked across in twenty-five minutes, pacing the distance, which I found to be 300 yards. The men were in such high spirits at the prospect of returning home, that, heavily laden as they were with the *bales*, they only took twenty minutes more than myself to cross it. The morning was sunny, and the heavy masses of lamellar granite, which, like those near Big Stone Lake, had the appearance of gigantic boulders, although they were merely outliers, looked very imposing on this treeless prairie.

The canoe having come round, and the party being united again, we were all very well disposed to breakfast, but we found it so inconveniently hot on the prairie, that we embarked and dropped down the river until we came to a shady place, where the grass was not burnt up. The whole of this part of the country had been fired, either through accident or design, since we ascended, an occurrence which Milor informed me was certain to take place annually. The Indians, some of whom are found wandering in every part of the country, often leave their fires, as likewise do the traders, to be blown about by the winds. In very dry seasons, a few sparks dropped from a tobacco-pipe are enough to set an extensive district in a blaze; but in most cases the natives fire the prairies to prevent the buffalo wandering too far from them,—a practice which answers their purpose for awhile, but, like everything that the untutored and improvident wild man does, is found very inconvenient in the end, for once an

fire, the prairies are often burnt for greater distances than the Indian has calculated upon, and thus he loses sight of the buffalo for a long period of time. They hope that the fire will stop at such a river; but although that would generally be the case if the grass was uniformly low, yet now and then on the rich bottoms it is high and thick, and the conflagration rages to such an extent, that flakes of fire are sure to be blown across, and communicated to the other side. Had they but a little foresight, and would leave the grass unburnt, the buffalo would move from one part of the prairie to another, and return to that which they had first depastured. But his wants oblige him to procure skins, and the Indian goes the most ruinous way to work to supply the trader with them: the candle of his existence is in fact lighted at both ends, and must soon be burnt out.

At half-past three P. M. we came to the *Paljeetah Zeeseehah*, twenty-five leagues from Lac qui Parle. The left bank of the river here was literally alive with *Tetrao* coming to feed and drink from the burnt prairie; they were so large and fat, that they looked like barn-door fowls. We stopped a short time to pick up a few of them; but having no means of roasting them, and being obliged to boil them, I found them so insipid that I cared no longer for them, except when fried with the ham, which I found the best way of preparing them. My rice was exhausted, which was a misfortune, the pillau being an excellent and convenient dish, as my men had already discovered, and had not scrupled to rob me of the rice I had laid in for my own use, to make pillaus for themselves with what L'Amirant called "les sacrés chats sauvages." About sun-set we came to a nice sweet clean place, and established our camp there.

*October* 11.—We left our encampment at *half-past*

five on a soft beautiful morning, and passed quickly down a great many of the rapids which had detained us on coming up, stopping to breakfast at 10 A. M. on a large flat granite rock. In an hour we were afloat again, and soon got into a clean grassy country, where the river was shallow. Finding the canoe grounded frequently, I put three of the men ashore to walk, enjoining them to keep up with us, and soon after looking back, I saw the vagabonds amusing themselves with setting fire to the prairie. I took them on board as quickly as I could, and bitterly reproached them with their misconduct, recalling to their recollection how much they had been annoyed by the burnt prairies near Big Stone Lake; but what I said made no impression upon them, men of their race and cast caring for nothing beyond present enjoyment. We stopped awhile near the Hahhahh to overhaul and repair the canoe, which leaked; and having cleared the cascade without difficulty, passed the Chagushyapay before 4 P. M., and soon after reached the *cache* we had made on the 27th of September, which we found undisturbed: having transferred it to the canoe, we dropped down a little farther to a clean dry *batture*, or sand-bar, where we made our bivouac for the night.

*October* 12.—Nothing could be more beautiful than the succeeding morning; and pushing off at half-past five A. M., we soon came to a low sedgy part of the river, where there was a great deal of smoke, and an incredible quantity of wild ducks, many of them with exceedingly beautiful plumage. This was too much for my Frenchmen; the paddles instantly stopped, and all exclaimed, "Ah que *terrible* de canards." When our expedition first commenced, they were accustomed to express their admiration and surprise by those emphatic b——s and s——e they so much delight in; but, as I had positively objected

to their being used when I was in the canoe, they had gradually taken to the word "terrible." Everything now was "terrible." Having supplied ourselves abundantly with the ducks, we hastened on, and in a short time became perfectly enveloped in a dense smoke that soon gave me a headache; even the men were exceedingly annoyed with it, for it got into their eyes and nostrils, and some of them withdrawing their paddles to wipe their eyes, exclaimed, "Ah, monsieur, que la fumée est terrible." "Yes," I replied, "et vous autres, vous êtes des imbeciles terrible; car c'est le même feu que vous avez allumé hier, et qui a gagné sur le pays dans la nuit." This was so evident to them all, that during the rest of the journey it was often a subject of bitter reproach from their companions to the three fellows who had committed the wanton act.

By hard paddling we at length got out of the smoke, and reached Mr. Moore's trading post an hour after sunset, where we encamped. He had got into his new dwelling, and we found him busily employed receiving parties of Indians who had returned from a distance, bringing packs of musk-rat skins. I observed several of them arrive heavily laden; throwing their packs down, they uttered a few words, and immediately lay down at full length on the floor. He told me that he never gave them anything to eat, lest, expecting anything, they should become idle and troublesome: by establishing this practice, he gets rid of them as soon as their business is transacted. Some of these poor creatures had walked seventy miles in the course of that day, and had still to search for the band they belonged to, before they could obtain anything to refresh themselves with. I learnt from one of them that this was a good rat season, but that sometimes they had very ill luck, for if the frosts set in before

the small lakes and ponds were filled with the rains, they were often frozen to the bottom, when the rats perished in their houses, which occasioned a scarcity in the succeeding year.

*Páhkahsháh*, the half-breed white-haired girl, whom I saw on the 24th September, was here: she was on a dirty sort of bunk, laid upon some skins, with Mr. Moore's Indian children, but I at once recognised her by her hair. She was certainly a very pretty maiden, but, under an old filthy buffalo hide, did not look as sentimental and romantic as when I first saw her flaxen locks modestly hiding behind a tree. I gave her some biscuits, and asked her if she would like to go with me and live with the *Esontanhahs* ("Long Knives"), where her father was; and her answer was, that I had given her *coos coos* ("pork") as well as biscuits, when I saw her on coming up.

I perceived that Mr. Moore, who formerly resided several years at Lake Travers, knew the country well. He informed me that there were no banks at the head of Lake Travers, the country presenting a flat marsh, covered with tall aquatic grass, which continues some distance to *Otter-tail River*, a stream that flows out of *Otter-tail Lake* into *Red River* of *Lake Winnipeg*. He also stated that the Indians had cut the figure of a buffalo out of the sod there upon a large scale, which had occasioned the French *voyageurs* to name the locality "Le Lieu où ils font le Bœuf." This had produced an error in the maps of the country, a lake called Buffalo Lake being designated where the figure is cut. Mr. Moore further said that the Côteau du Prairie slopes down, and loses its elevation in the general prairie to the north in about lat. 46°, within a day's march of the head of the *Shayanne* and of the *Chagndeshah*: the sand-hills I fell in with

abounding all along the east flank of the Côteau, with a prairie country extending as far as the *Assiniboin* river, destitute of trees, except where water is found.

*October* 12.—The wind had been very high in the night, and apprehensive of a change in the weather, I rose at the earliest peep of dawn, intending to start before any of Mr. Moore's party were stirring. Passing near his door, whilst the men were striking the tent, I observed through the window two Indians,—men at least thirty-five years old, and who had come in at a very late hour the preceding night,—already using their mirrors, and rubbing vermilion into their hair with great assiduity. They knew that a *Sontanbah* was there, and intended no doubt to astonish him, for they consider a dirty head, well rubbed in with vermilion, quite irresistible; but their *toilette* was thrown away, for we were all in the canoe before half-past five A. M., and paddling stoutly along, for I observed the barometer sinking fast. Having breakfasted at one of our old bivouacs, we continued our course, every man plying his paddle with vigour, and at 3 P. M. passed the *Warhojoo*, or "Lizards," where we found the country on fire on both sides. Stopping for a very short time at a clean place for the men to eat a morsel, we hastened on to a proper encampment, where we were glad to stop, having made by computation twenty-three leagues, each of us having laboured hard with the paddle all the day. The fire was raging on the other side of the river, within five hundred yards of us, and obliged us to keep an active look-out.

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# A CANOE VOYAGE

UP

# THE MINNAY SOTOR;

WITH

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LEAD AND COPPER DEPOSITS IN WISCONSIN;
OF THE GOLD REGION IN THE CHEROKEE COUNTRY;
AND SKETCHES OF POPULAR MANNERS;
&c. &c. &c.

By G. W. FEATHERSTONHAUGH, F.R.S., F.G.S.
AUTHOR OF "EXCURSION THROUGH THE SLAVE STATES."

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# CONTENTS

## TO THE SECOND VOLUME.


### CHAPTER XXXVII.

PAGE

Reach Fort Snelling.—Hospitably received by the Commandant and his Lady.—Importance of some Knowledge of Indian Tongues and Customs to a Traveller.—Overtaken by Winter . . . . . 1

### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Leave the Fort.—Thermometer at Zero.—Numerous Swans on Lake Pepin.—Reach Prairie du Chien.—A Tobacco Volcano.—Massacre of Peeny Moshky and his Band.—Pleasing Story of an Ojibway and his Child . . . . . 14

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

Domestic Arrangements at Night.—Reach Galena.—Extent of the Lead Region.—Discharge the *Voyageurs* . . . . . 28

### CHAPTER XL.

Meet with an old Acquaintance.—Leave Galena for St. Louis.—Cavalry *Dépôt* at Des Moines River.—Beautiful Fossils and Minerals at Keokuk.—Reach St. Louis . . . . . 39

### CHAPTER XLI.

Profusion of Game in the Public Market.—A fashionable *Soirée*.—General Lafayette.—Nez Percés Indians and their Patron Sir Wm. D. S.—Leave St. Louis . . . . . 52

## CHAPTER XLII.

PAGE

Return to Galena.—A singular London Cockney metamorphosed into an American Colonel, and Driver of a Stage-coach.—Manner of Morris Birkbeck's Death.—Reach Mineral Point.—An obliging Judge.—Lead and Copper "Diggings."—The sudden Growth of Twelve large Cities in Two Years.—The City of the Saints . . . . 64

## CHAPTER XLIII.

Smart Men.—A Trial for Murder.—The Judge too drunk to pronounce the Sentence.—Depart for Tychoberah.—Visit Governor Dodge.—Great Beauty of the Wisconsin Prairies.—Advance in search of Seven large Cities, each capable of containing Half a Million of Inhabitants . 79

## CHAPTER XLIV.

An extraordinary Series of ancient Indian Mounds.—Great Expectation of good Fare at Madison City.—The Seven Cities all contained in One small Log Hut, with a single Room.—Mrs. Peck sweetens our Coffee.—Two smart Quakers.—A Winnebago Beauty and her Cavalier . 90

## CHAPTER XLV.

A New York Flat.—The Wisconsin River.—General Geology of the Lead-bearing Districts.—The City of Savannah.—The Snake Diggings.—Sinsinnaway Mound . . . . . 105

## CHAPTER XLVI.

Arrive at Galena.—An obliging Landlady.—Get on board an inferior Steamer.—Reach Prairie du Chien.—Embark on the Mississippi.—More Cities . . . . . 124

## CHAPTER XLVII.

Reach the old French Settlement of St. Geneviéve.—An Excursion to the Pilot Knob.—Received by an amiable Family there.—Description of this remarkable Mass of Iron.—The City of Missouri . . 137

## CONTENTS.


### CHAPTER XLVIII.

PAGE

Itinerant Preachers.—Negro Account of the first White Man.—Negro Drivers.—A Man-Killer from Choice.—Beautiful Fossils.—Mississippi covered with Drift-Wood.—Embark again in an Inferior Steamer, and tricked by the Captain . . . . . 151

### CHAPTER XLIX.

Land at a Settlement at the Mouth of the Tennessee River.—Transitory State of the Population.—A Gentleman Blacksmith.—Suspect the Master of the Steamer of an Intention to leave me in the Woods.—Captain and Miss Kittle.—Sensible Way of drying the Hands and Face . . . . . 166

### CHAPTER L.

Waterloo.—Why a lone House was called Palmyra.—Arrive at Tuscumbia.—Go by the Railroad to Decatur.—An Overseer of Slaves.—Pure English not understood . . . . . 181

### CHAPTER LI.

A Gubernatorial Candidate.—An Electioneering Speech.—Gander Pulling.—Embark for the Cherokee Country.—Situation of the Cherokee Nation.—Bituminous Coal . . . . . 192

### CHAPTER LII.

Proceed up the River in a "dug out."—Contrivance of the Tortoise for hatching its Eggs.—The Look-out Mountain.—Reach Ross's Landing.—Troops at Camp Wool.—The Moravian Mission.—Proceed into the Cherokee Country . . . . . 206

### CHAPTER LIII.

A Cherokee Watering-Place.—Meet the Indians going to a general Meeting of their Nation.—Arrive at Spring Place.—Drunken Population.—Creek Indians hid away in the Mountains from the United States Authorities . . . . . 220

## CHAPTER LIV.

PAGE

Modern Condottieri.—Reach Red Clay, the place of Meeting of the Cherokee Nation.—Great Assemblage of Indians.—Cherokee Christian Worship and Civilization.—The Going Snake and White Path, Two ancient Chiefs.—A Cherokee Dinner.—A Cherokee Preacher, Bushy Head.—A White Preacher, nicknamed the "Devil's Horn" by the Indian Women . . . . . 229

## CHAPTER LV.

Incessant Rains.—Public Speeches.—Apprehensions of general Sickness.—Return to Spring Place.—Re-cross the Mountains.—Proceed to Dahlonega.—Meet with a celebrated Senator.—His fine Character . 242

## CHAPTER LVI.

Description of Dahlonega.—Gold Deposits.—The Beauty of the Valleys destroyed by the Gold Washers.—Valley of Nahoóochay.—Ancient Constructions found at the Bottom of the Alluvial Deposit.—Reach Clarksville.—A Jewish Landlord attempts Suicide . . 251

## CHAPTER LVII.

Falls of Tocoa.—A loquacious "Driver."—The eastern Slope of the Alleghany Mountains.—Visit Mr. C****** at Fort Hill.—Episcopal Church at Pendleton.—An odd Present to a patriotic old Aunt.—An Excursion to Valley River.—Jocassay Valley.—Cataract of the White Water.—Reach the Summit Level of dividing Waters . . 263

## CHAPTER LVIII.

Ascend White Side Mountain.—Reach Franklin.—Degraded State of the Population.—Cross the Nantayayhlay Chain.—Cherokee Road-Makers.—Valley River Mountain.—Banditti-looking Volunteers.—Find Comfort and Moet's Champagne . . . . 276

PAGE

CHAPTER LIX.

Visit some ancient Mining Works.—Traditions of the Cherokees respecting them.—Skeletons covered with Pieces of Granite.—Find an ancient Mining Shaft.—Its probable Reference to Ferdinand de Soto's Expedition.—Re-cross the Mountains.—Gold Veins . . . 287

CHAPTER LX.

Arrive at Dahlonega again.—A curious Marriage.—The Falls of Tolula.—Return to Fort Hill.—Mr. Ch***'s Villa at Portman Shoal.—Agreeable Mode of living of Southern Gentlemen.—Reach Greenville.—Flat Rock.—Asheville . . . . . 301

CHAPTER LXI.

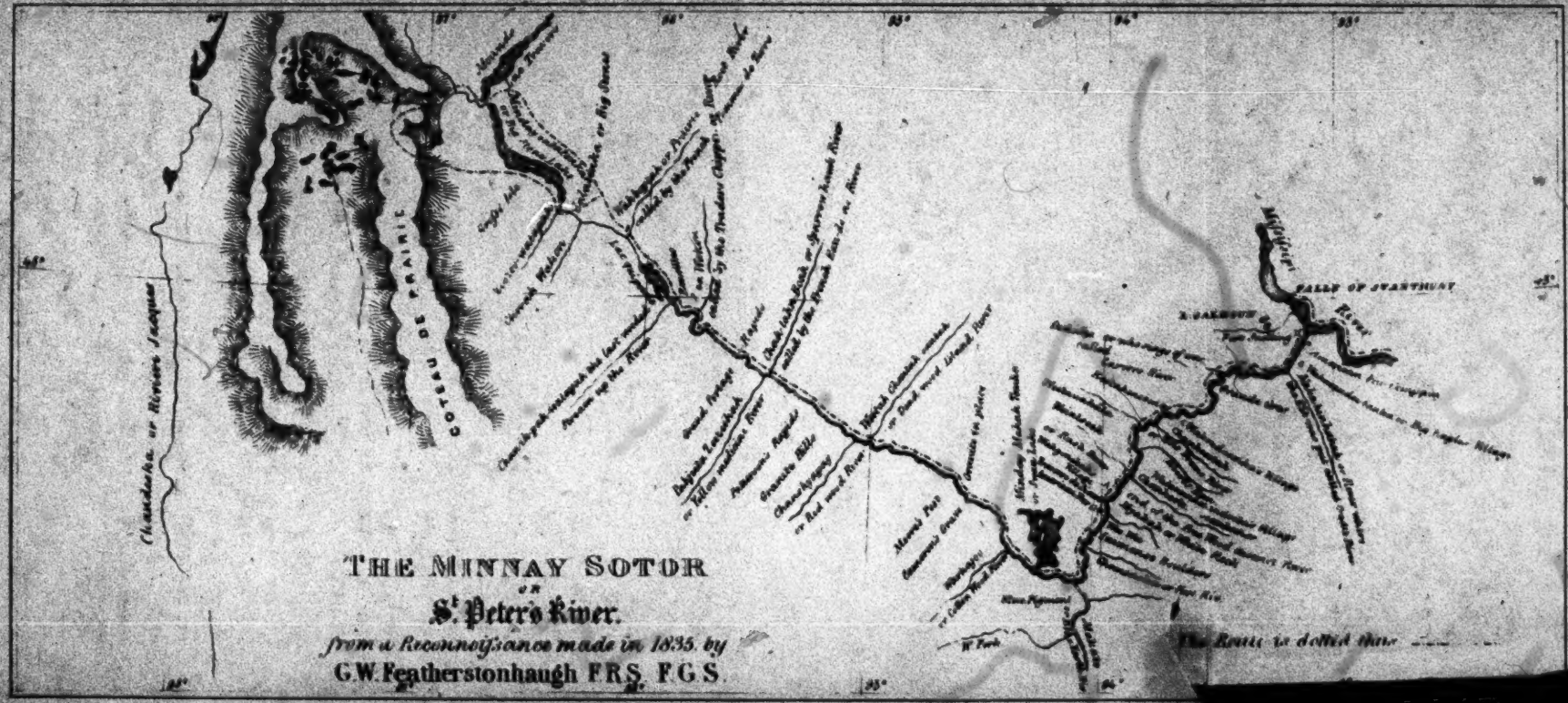
Blacklegs and Gamblers.—The Author excludes them from his Room with the Bedstead.—French Broad River.—Warm Springs.—A filthy Hotel.—Thermal Mineral Waters.—Rocks of the Oonáykay Chain . . . . . 314

CHAPTER LXII.

Depart for Rutherfordton.—Brutality of Stage-Coach Passengers.—Magnificent Scenery of the Mountain Defile.—Reach Rutherfordton.—Visit Bechler, a German Coiner.—Major Forney's Mining Establishment.—Gold Veins and Deposits . . . . . 325

CHAPTER LXIII.

Wallace's productive Gold Lode.—Gold Mining an unprofitable Pursuit.—Depart for Lincolnton.—A drunken Driver.—Lincolnton.—Salisbury.—A basaltic Dyke.—Reach the Town of Charlotte.—A strong Dyke of beautiful felspathic Rock.—Gold Veins.—Reach Lexington.—Conrad's Hill.—Copper-mines.—Raleigh.—Embark on the Potomac.—Termination of the Tour . . . . . 337


THE MINNAY SOTOR
OR
St. Peter's River.
from a Reconnoissance made in 1835. by
G.W. Featherstonhaugh F.R.S. F.G.S.
The Route is dotted thus
COTEAU DE PRAIRIE
VALLEY OF UPPER MISSISSIPPI
London. Richard Bentley 1847

# A CANOE VOYAGE

TO THE

# SOURCES OF THE MINNAY SOTOR.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

REACH FORT SNELLING.—HOSPITABLY RECEIVED BY THE COMMANDANT AND HIS LADY.—IMPORTANCE OF SOME KNOWLEDGE OF INDIAN TONGUES AND CUSTOMS TO A TRAVELLER.—OVERTAKEN BY WINTER.

*October* 13.—Anxious to reach Fort Snelling before the impending change should bring us snow, I had the camp struck at break of day, in the midst of the rain; and vigorously pursuing our way, we only stopped half an hour to breakfast, and getting our paddles in motion again passed the *Makato* about half an hour after noon: we found the water diminished in quantity, and the current comparatively gentle to what we experienced on our ascent of the St. Peter's; neither was the river, after passing the junction, much discoloured; tending, I think, to prove that its muddiness at other times commences near its sources, which, like those of all other streams, at this moment were very low. The afternoon was rather stormy, but we stuck to our paddles—except landing for five minutes to kill a couple of racoons

—and made a capital day's work of it, encamping at sunset on a tolerably good place upon a narrow willow ridge, with room only for my tent and one fire, so that I was near enough to hear the conversation of the men, which amused me exceedingly. The racoons they had killed were an old one and a young one, and the old one was offered to me, because, I suppose, it was the largest; but old dog racoons being outrageously strong, I declined it. Had they offered me the young one, I do not know but I should have accepted it, as they are generally fat and sweet; but as they did not think of doing so, nothing was left to me but to examine their method of cooking these animals. They first partially eviscerated them, then singed the hair still more imperfectly by drawing them a few times across the fire. This done, they consigned them neck and heels to their *pot au feu*, where pork was boiling with three or four grouse, and as many wild ducks. Such a mess I certainly never saw prepared before. When all was ready, they began first with the soup, for soup they will have if made with nothing but salt pork: the pork, with some potatoes, were then taken out, and soon devoured; last came the racoons, with the stiffest part of their fur on their skin. Beaupré, who did the honours of the feast, took the youngest and divided it betwixt Milor and himself, leaving the dog for l'Amirant and the rest of the men. Besides being intolerably strong, it appeared, to judge from their grimaces, to be as tough as a bull's hide; at every mouthful I heard l'Amirant exclaim, "Sacre crapaud, comme il est dur!" whilst Milor, who had a good share of dry

humour, said to him, "Tu ne devrais pas dénigrer ce pauvre animal, il doit être assez bon pour toi, puisque tu as voulu en régaler le Bourgeois avec." I then told them the story of a Yankee and an Indian, who had been hunting together, and at the close of the day had got nothing but a wild turkey and a carrion turkey-buzzard.* Having, when they separated at night, to go in different directions, the Yankee said to the Indian, "Well, we'll divide our sport; you may take the turkey-buzzard, and I will take the turkey." Upon which the Indian said, "Kaween" (no), and gave a grunt of dissatisfaction. "Well then," continued Jonathan, "we'll take it t'other way; I'll take the turkey, and you may take the turkey-buzzard." They all laughed at this, and said, "Les Bastonnois† sont fins comme le diable," which induced Milor to say, "Ils ne sont pas plus fins que vous autres, qui aviez bien soin de ne pas offrir le jeune chat à Monsieur."

*October* 14.—We had a stormy night, with loud thunder, vivid lightning, and heavy rains; I sometimes thought the high wind would carry my tent away, and did not get much sleep. Being convinced that our late fine weather was exhausted, and that we had nothing to look to but frost and snow, I had the encampment struck before sunrise, and in an hour we reached Traverse de Sioux, where I found the baggage we had sent from Lac qui parle in the *charette*. M. Le Blanc's squaw made me a present of

* This bird, which resembles a turkey, is a vulture, and feeding upon the most offensive carrion, is, of course, not eatable.

† The Canadians call the Americans "Bastonnois," Boston being in old times more known to them than the other colonies.

a fawn-coloured musk-rat's skin, which is considered a rarity, and having bartered some things she was in want of for pipes and Indian embroidery, and made a hasty breakfast, we pushed on, and at 10 a.m. passed the Chagnkeuta or Bois Franc river, and paddling the whole day amidst a steady and penetrating rain, reached one of our encampments half an hour before sunset, where building a couple of stout fires, I hastened to put dry clothes on, and having made a comfortable meal, lay down to rest.

*October* 15.—Every thing was in the canoe before sunrise, and we resumed our paddles on a cloudy, damp morning, but warm: plying them at the rate of about two leagues an hour, I could calculate almost exactly at what time we should pass any particular places I had noticed on coming up: and this I did in reference to the encampment, where we had left our tea-kettle, &c. on the 19th of the preceding month. We found them all there waiting for us, as many other things which we left in this vast wilderness are no doubt doing to this day. We stopped to breakfast at Le Grand Grés, which we had done on the 18th ult., and starting again in an hour and driving our paddles vigorously to reach Fort Snelling at night, we passed in succession Carver's River, the village of Sixes, and other localities which have been noted, but the rain began to fall in such torrents, and the night set in so dark and stormy, that it became at length impossible to see any thing before us, and regretting now that we had not encamped before sunset, we put ashore at random, a little below Penichon's village, and having succeeded with

the greatest difficulty in getting the tent up, we found ourselves at length checkmated. The night was as black as pitch, not a bit of wood was to be had, and the wind was so high that it was not at all an unlikely thing for the tent, which was not very well secured, to be blown away. As we could have no fire, either to cook or dry our clothes, I laid myself down on some skins, contenting myself with dry biscuit. What the men did I knew not, for I never pretended to look out of the tent; I could sometimes hear their voices, laid down to leeward of it, munching biscuits I dare say half the night, and smoking at the same time. It was out of the question taking them into the tent; they would have been wretched without their pipes, and their pipes would have made me equally so, so that we had nothing to do but exercise our patience, and be thankful that matters were no worse.

*October* 16.—The storm lasted almost the whole night, and having got very little sleep, I was glad to embark again as soon as ever we could see our way on the river; keeping ourselves warm with vigorous paddling, in an hour and a half we came in sight of Fort Snelling, and soon after reached the landing-place. Sending my luggage up to the Commandant's, I left the tent for the men, that they might make themselves comfortable after being wet so long, and walked up the hill to the garrison, where I was cordially received by Major Bliss and his lady, who presented me immediately with the most refreshing of all imaginable comforts, agreeable letters from my family. I was soon installed in a pleasant and commodious room, and having made

my toilette, partook of an excellent breakfast. I had been absent exactly a month, having left the fort on the 17th September. The remainder of the day I asked permission to have to myself; so, having bundled off my linen to one of the soldiers' wives to be washed, I sat down by a comfortable wood fire, and after transcribing my notes, writing letters, and packing up my shells, minerals, &c., I sent for Milor, and went over my Nahcotah vocabulary and phrases with him, correcting what I had not exactly comprehended, and noting, according to my own system of accentuation for Indian languages, the proper pronunciation, that I might be at no loss to remember it when I had left the country; for vocabularies, without the true pronunciation, are very imperfect guides in comparing one Indian language with another, and often mislead those philologists who engage in the delicate task of establishing the just affinity between Indian dialects. Travellers who are careless in fixing the true pronunciation, often put down words in such a form that the true roots from whence words are derived are frequently lost sight of.

During the time that Milor had remained with me, I had compiled an immense number of phrases which he translated into the Nahcotah, relating to every possible situation in which a traveller would find himself, consisting of a particular question, with the answers that might be given to it. These questions Milor taught me to pronounce perfectly, so that he often said, "Monsieur, vous parlez Sioux tout aussi bien que moi." "Yes Milor," I used to answer, "but I only know what you have taught me, and if

you were to ask me questions that are not down in my book, I should often not be able to answer them." I now told him to come to me at the fort twice a day, once in the morning and once in the evening, to teach me other phrases, which I would write down. Upon this, he replied, with an air of an ancien emigré, "Monsieur, on me dit que vous alles mettre tout cela dans un livre, et tout ce que je desire est que vous me ferez l'honneur de mettre le nom de Milor dedans." And this I certainly did promise him, if ever I should publish a narrative of this excursion.

This plan of having a list of questions and answers I had found very useful, and would recommend it to all travellers in Indian countries. Frequently, when in advance of my party—which I often was when on horseback—I met families on the prairies, which gave me favourable opportunities of trying Milor's lessons. Once I fell in with a party, with their wives and horses, trailing the wigwam poles, with several young children tied upon them, and, assuming the confidence of an old trader, I rode up to them and said, "*Tuchtáy chankoo mindáy eatáhtĕnkah*" (which is the way to Big Stone Lake?) Immediately all the women broke out with different questions, many of which I did not comprehend; some asking me if I was going to the *weetah*, or island, others if I was going to another part of the lake. The fact was, that I did not want to know the way to any particular part of the lake; I only wished to know if they understood me, and was exceedingly pleased to find I had got an intelligible pronunciation. The question, however, would not

have been an intelligent one in the Indian sense, if I had been in want of geographical information. Big Stone Lake is not far short of forty miles long, and the Indians frequent particular parts of it, either because they have settlements there—as upon the islands—or for particular purposes. The questions they expect therefore to be asked, are purely topical ones, as they suppose you have some reason for going to one of the places they frequent. To ask the way to a great lake, when you are in its neighbourhood, is somewhat to stultify yourself in the eyes of the Indian, and is something like a traveller in England asking the road to a county, and not to some village or town within it. I found these things out gradually.

Upon another occasion I asked some natives how far it was to any water, when they immediately answered, that I should meet with *minnay* or water when the sun would be in that part of the sky to which they pointed. This I understood perfectly, but as I was coming away, one of them made me a speech which broke me down completely, repeating two or three times over the word *kahkindoozah*, of the meaning of which I was quite ignorant. As soon as I met Milor I asked him what that word meant, and he said they used it with *minnay*, to signify "running-water," in contradistinction to stagnant water. And no doubt the fact was that these Indians hearing me ask for water, without saying what I wanted it for, had directed me to a swamp where there was a stagnant pond, but lest I might want it to drink, had obligingly told me there was *minnay kahkindoozah*, or running-water, in another place.

To converse intelligently with these untutored people, it is evidently necessary to understand something of their manners and customs. As to the vocabularies which are current out of the Indian country, they are mere playthings for etymologists, and have been of very little use to me in my Indian wanderings.

In the evening I joined the cheerful meal of Mrs. B., which was very good and nice. The only child of these excellent people, was, as has been stated, a fine boy, now growing too old to remain at this garrison, where there was not much improvement to be had. In the evening I strongly advised the major to send him to some respectable school in the United States, a movement he told me he had long seen the necessity of, but that the trial would be a great one, both to him and his wife. It was evident that the moment of separation would be a particularly cruel one to her, for she had little or no society in the garrison, the pious preaching L. having broken up the very limited social circle there with his stupid fanatical practices. This evening I had the luxury of a bed for the first time since I left Navarino, the 21st of August, and a very nice one it was, owing to the great kindness of Mrs. B.

*October* 17.—After an excellent night's rest, and very pleasant breakfast, I went with two officers of the fort to visit some Nahcotah lodges, at a short distance, where we found some young Indian women working very neatly on deer-skins; from thence I paid a visit to a Mr. Baker, an intelligent trader, who resided several years in the Indian country. Mr.

and Mrs. Tagliaferro having invited me to dinner, I availed myself of their kindness, and in the evening was taken to the house of a Mr. and Mrs. Mirie, who kept a kind of suttler's store for the garrison. I had now made the tour of all the society of the place, except the religious party. I found they did not mix with the others, and that, instead of loving their neighbours and fellow-creatures in this remote situation, they lived as if their doctrines and practices had taught them to hate and avoid all who were not as extravagant as themselves. The leading person of the party was the Major L. I have before alluded to, a weak man in his intellect, and shabby, penurious, and covetous in his actions, using fanaticism as a cover to his want of ordinary merit. He had not even the decency to call upon me.

*October* 18.—The next day, after breakfasting with the Commandant and his lady, I rode out to a pretty sheet of water called Lake Calhoun, about eight miles across the prairie, and four miles from the Falls of St. Anthony. This very pellucid body of water is about three miles in circumference, and is named after that distinguished statesman, Mr. Calhoun, of South Carolina. There is an Indian village near it, consisting of numerous Indians belonging to various bands. Two brothers named Pond, who were Connecticut farmers, had travelled to this distant part of the continent, with the philanthropic intention of being useful to the Indians, and especially of teaching them to raise maize and pulse. To this benevolent work they had voluntarily devoted themselves, and carrying out their intentions at their own expense, had neither sought nor received assistance

from any religious societies or individuals whatever. From about thirty acres of land they had harvested about 800 bushels of maize the present season, all of which they had put into *caches*. When I visited the place the Indians were out trapping musk-rats, and the elder Pond had accompanied them with the view to learn their language and customs more effectually. The spectacle this establishment afforded me gave me a great deal of pleasure, and I was happy to express to the brother I found there, my sincere admiration of their rare benevolence, and of the ability they had evinced in their generous enterprise.

From Lake Calhoun, I rode to another pretty sheet of water almost circular, called Lake Harriet, equally pellucid with the other. Its shores were perfectly surrounded by woods; and a missionary named Stevens had erected a small house in a beautiful grove near to the lake. The situation was chosen with great judgment, and I could not but admire the taste of this gentleman, who had not only built a pretty tenement near a pretty lake, but had also put a very handsome young wife in it, and a very attractive niece only sixteen years old. Several healthy young children were running about of all sizes, and the pretty mama had a baby only three weeks old in her arms. He told me that he proposed to "*christianize*" all the Indians, and to establish a village of them near to his house, and I learnt afterwards that his handsome niece was in the way of christianizing one of the officers of the garrison. Having passed a very pleasant day, I returned to take my evening meal at the Comman-

dant's, with whom, after supper, I had a long conversation, the result of which was, that his son John should accompany me back to the United States for the purpose of receiving a proper education.

*October* 19.—This was a very rainy day, and I kept the house, packing all my shells and minerals into boxes, preparatory to my departure. Milor came and passed a great part of the day with me, expressing great sorrow that he was to separate from me. I felt also regret at the prospect of parting with this worthy man. Poor Mrs. B. prepared with an aching heart for the sad separation from her dear boy. I had announced my departure for the succeeding day, if the weather should clear up, and there was a good deal of bustle amongst us all.

*October* 20.—On rising this morning, expecting to start, I found, on looking out of the window, that it had been snowing all night; soon after, one of the men came to inform me that it was a hard frost, and that ice had formed on the edge of the river. Winter then had overtaken us, for on going out I found it bitterly cold and inclement, too much so to depart. This was joyful news to the Commandant's family; so leaving them to enjoy the society of their son, I ordered out the canoe and crossed the St. Peter's, to Mr. Sibley's, to ask him if he had any commissions for me to execute at Prairie du Chien. Milor returned with me to the fort, where, after our usual conversations about the Nahcotahs and their language, we walked over to Mr. Baker's, to converse with a person named Slit, whom Milor said knew the Indian country perfectly

well. Mr. Slit informed me, that he had been many years in the Hudson's Bay Company's service, and had traversed a great part of the country which I had visited. He informed me, that where the Côteau de Prairie terminates near the Shayanne, the country becomes flat to Turtle River, near to which the Pembinaw hills—which may be considered a continuation of the Côteau—begin. These continue beyond the Assiniboin River, and die away about Flat Lake, which is about seventy miles from Lake Winnepeg. Coal is said to be found a little south of Pembinaw, according to the report of several persons who had seen it; shale and fire-clay, resembling those of the coal district near Glasgow—with which he was acquainted—he had seen himself. Mr. Moore had previously informed me that he had found coal in the neighbourhood of Lake Travers, but I had thought it probable that this was lignite, great quantities of which are found in some parts of the banks of the Missouri. Still, as there are salt springs east of the Pembinaw Hills, and many of the small lakes in that part of the country are briny, it may be that coal exists, for salt and coal are very frequently associated in North America. Mr. Slit also said, that the charrettes went from the Grizzly Bears' Den to *Minday Wakon*—which the voyageurs have chosen to call Lac du Diable, instead of Great Spirit Lake—in five days of thirty miles each. As to the extent of the Côteau de Prairie to the south, all the persons who have seen that part of the country, and with whom I have conversed, agree that it terminates near the sources of the Makato, the south-west branches of which river rise near

those of the De Moine, the land in that neighbourhood being all well wooded and fertile.

*October* 21.—The snow-storm continued, with very inclement weather. A fortnight ago I was on the Côteau deliberating whether to advance or retreat. No doubt the winter had set in there, and, considering all the chances, I did not regret the determination I took to return. Milor came and gave me his last lesson in Nahcotah, and, besides very liberal wages for his services, I gratified him with several things that were valuable to him in that distant part of the world. Having determined to depart to-morrow, I took leave of my acquaintances here, and after the usual evening's repast with the worthy Major and his lady, retired to my room.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LEAVE THE FORT.—THERMOMETER AT ZERO.—NUMEROUS SWANS ON LAKE PEPIN.—REACH PRAIRIE DU CHIEN.—A TOBACCO VOLCANO.—MASSACRE OF PEAY MOSHKY AND HIS BAND.—PLEASING STORY OF AN OJIBWAY AND HIS CHILD.

*October* 22.—This morning when I rose, the thermometer was down to zero of Fahrenheit, the whole country covered with a deep snow, and the weather bitterly cold. Having sent a messenger to the men to have the canoe in readiness for my embarkation in an hour, I went to a rather melancholy breakfast. The moment had at length arrived when my kind friends were about to lose the society of their only child, whom they loved so much. He was an affectionate and amiable youth, and they looked forward with dismay to the dreary winter they would have to pass without their dear child. To soothe the unhappy mother, I promised her repeatedly to be careful of her boy, and to take a strong interest in his welfare, but she appeared sensible to nothing but the agony of the moment. The Major concealed his emotions better, but was very much affected. At length the sad moment for the last embrace came, and, taking the little boy from them, I shook hands most cordially with each, expressing the strong sense I should always entertain of their kind hospitality. I also insisted upon the Major's remaining with his wife, but as she preferred that he should

go down to the canoe to see their son depart, we left the house, all the officers of the garrison accompanying us down the hill. The canoe was ready, and giving the little boy a comfortable berth in it close to myself, and wrapping him well up, I made my last bow to the company, and pushed off from Fort Snelling about a quarter before 10 a. m.

Passing round by the Cut, I called upon Mr. Sibley, and thanked him for his many attentions, especially for having selected Milor to accompany me. Poor old Milor was sorry to lose me. I had been kind to him, and had made him rather a man of consequence. He was the last person I shook hands with, and as the canoe was leaving the bank, he said with earnestness, "Je suis sûr que Monsieur mettra mon nom dans son livre!"

Once more launched upon *la bonne aventure*, we paddled along with vigour, and about noon reached the village of Le Petit Corbeau, and at half-past three passed the mouth of the Ste. Croix. By this time the weather had become piercing cold, and my feet were so benumbed as to be insensible; it was a very difficult thing to keep my young charge warm; the poor little fellow chattered with cold, and, afraid of injuring him, I stopped rather earlier than usual to encamp, at a well-wooded place about forty miles from the fort, the current having helped us along excellently well. A good fire and a warm cup of tea soon restored us all, and, taking possession once more of my comfortable tent, I covered the young lad well up with blankets and bear-skins, of which I had a great quantity. He was highly

delighted at the idea of sleeping on the ground in a tent, in that wild sort of way.

*October* 23.—The intense cold prevented my sleeping, for I found it impossible to keep my feet warm. When daylight broke, I found the boy, however, had made but one nap of it, such is the advantage of a young circulation of the blood. Rousing him, I gave him, I rather think, the first lesson he ever received in the important art of taking care of and providing for himself, telling him to take a tin basin and follow me to the river's side to wash himself. When it was over I asked him if it were not pleasanter and better to help himself than to depend upon others. "If you had waited until one of the men had brought you water," I remarked, "he would very probably have brought you dirty water, for he would have dipped the basin into the first mud-hole he found: whereas, when you go to the river side, as you have now done, you can select a clean place, and dip it up in a cup, and fill your basin, as you have done." The boy was pleased with having been of some use to himself, and said he would inform his mother of it when he wrote. "Yes, my lad," I said, "but I will teach you to make your own breakfast, and you can tell her that also." Accordingly, I shewed him how to fry ham and potatoes, when we stopped to breakfast, and he was perfectly delighted.

I had long known that to get through the world comfortably, it was important—although not always necessary—to be able and willing to do every thing for one's self: but in North America, to a traveller in Indian districts, where he is often abandoned to

his own resources, it is indispensably necessary to know how to do every thing that is useful, and I thought I might be rendering this fine boy a service in giving him a few useful lessons of this kind.

Having got under weigh, we passed the mouth of Cannon River, in the neighbourhood of which were several lodges with some Indians, one of whom called us to the shore under pretence of having some venison; but when we reached it, he asked me for some pork and biscuit, and said they had no venison. I told him that good Indians did not want to tell lies; that if he wanted food, and had asked me for it, I would have given him some; but as he had begun by telling me he had venison, he might eat that until he procured something else. This was a small band of those needy Indians that are always to be found in the vicinity of white people.

We landed to breakfast opposite Red Wing's village, and all did justice to our repast, especially young Bliss, who seemed to be very much taken with his own cooking, and was sharp enough after making twenty miles before breakfast, with the thermometer at zero. We re-embarked soon after eleven a.m., and passed Le Grange, an outlier on the right bank of the Mississippi, about three hundred feet high, which presented a good section of the sandstone and limestone.

About a quarter past twelve we suddenly came upon Lake Pepin, and the weather having improved into a fine sunny morning, the spectacle which presented itself was as rare and beautiful as any I had seen the whole summer. Upon the smooth and glassy surface of the lake hundreds upon hun-

dreds of noble swans were floating with their cygnets, looking at a distance like boats under sail. The cygnets were still of a dull yellow colour, and all the birds were very shy. It made a beautiful picture, and, after contemplating it awhile, we again plied our paddles, and half an hour before sunset stopped on the left bank of the lake, about eight miles from its mouth, and encamped for the night on the beach. We found the ground but slightly covered with snow here, whence I concluded that we should soon leave it behind us.

*October* 24.—During the night we were continually serenaded by gangs of wolves, howling about our neighbourhood, attracted, no doubt, by the smell of the food in our camp. It was a cloudy and harsh morning, with an east wind; and, after a couple of hours' work, we got out of the lake, passing Wáh-jústahcháy's house, and stopped to breakfast in some high grass on the right bank. Starting again, we passed Rivière au Bœuf, on the left bank, its mouth being indicated by a wide chasm in the line of the shore. About twelve, we landed at the Cedar Prairie, where Carver's fortifications are, which I had examined on the 8th of September. Being curious to examine them a little further, I walked round them, a circuit of about four miles, and ascertained that they do not come to the river, some bottom land intercepting them. The two excavations at the north end are the most regular and artificial-looking. The ground at the south is much thrown up, and grown over with short trees; the high mounds are all hollow inside. But every thing connected with them is so complicated and irregular,

in consequence of the sand blown upon them, that it is evident that the whole has been greatly modified by the wind, if not entirely caused by it. If the work has been done by man, it may be asked why so sandy a soil has been chosen, when it must have been evident to those who constructed them, that the mounds were liable to be shifted about by the wind. On the other hand, it may be asked of those who attribute them to the wind, why this part of the prairie only has been disturbed? If they are nothing but sand-hills, why do not we find others making at this time in the same neighbourhood? There is much to be said on both sides of the question. Leaving this place, we proceeded on our course, passing those curious castellated-looking bluffs, separated from each other by the well-wooded coulées which I had observed when coming up, and which are so characteristic of this river. A little before sunset we reached an island opposite to Wabeshaw's Prairie, and here we encamped for the night, making a couple of rousing fires and a hearty meal to close the day.

*October* 25.—We got off in the grey of the morning, with a raw east wind, and in a short time passed *Minnay-chonkah*, or Trombalo, and stopped to breakfast on a clean sand island, where, having warmed ourselves with a comfortable meal, we resumed our voyage; and, passing Prairie la Crosse and Bad-axe River, as we thought, at three p.m., the men, cheered with the prospect of soon meeting their acquaintances at Prairie du Chien—the distance being only eighteen leagues—got into a lively singing humour, marking the time well with

their paddles: in the evening we came up with a nice clean little island, and, seeing that it would afford us a comfortable bivouac, I made the signal, and, taking possession, we proceeded to establish our encampment.

*October* 26.—After a tolerable night's rest, I roused the men as soon as any thing was visible, and embarking in a thick fog, we went cautiously along, on account of the great number of small islands; when, to our surprise, we found ourselves abreast of the mouth of Bad-axe, which we supposed ourselves to have passed yesterday, having again mistaken its position, owing, no doubt, to the intricacy of the channel amongst the islands. We landed about nine at one of these, from whence we saw some smoke proceeding, and found a family of *Hoiwe-hungerahs* there. These Winnebagoes, notwithstanding the numerous affinities of their dialect with that of the Nahcotahs, are very different from them, both in their dress and manners. Although of the same stock, they probably have been separated from them a long time. They did not understand me when I spoke Sioux to them, and their strong guttural and nasal twang was as unintelligible to myself. I felt some regret at having got out of the district of the Nahcotahs; it had been a great amusement to me to converse with them, and the chance of making further progress in their language was now at an end.

On leaving this place we soon got into the main channel of the river, which crossed the valley in a diagonal line about three miles long, to the right bank of the Mississippi. About one p.m. the sun

broke out beautifully for the first time in three days. We soon passed those rocks where rude figures of animals have been painted by the Indians. About three, the fog made a singularly curious appearance on the river, the heat of the sun having so attenuated it that it was as thin as gauze, waving about and assuming all sorts of forms, as if it was struggling between two forces, the attraction of the water and that of the sun. An immense number of water-spiders, suspended from their gossamer textures, were floating about in this airy fog. We reached Prairie du Chien at four p.m., and brought up the canoe opposite to Monsieur Rolette's, who had engaged me to be his guest on my return. Here a tolerable room was assigned to me, of which I was to have the exclusive possession—a most invaluable privilege—and having removed my luggage there, I hastened to the post-office, where I had the satisfaction of finding agreeable letters from my family.

My troubles began as soon as I had reached the verge of civilization, and before I went to sleep I had occasion to regret that I had accepted M. Rolette's invitation; a more vivacious and good-tempered person than himself I never had certainly met with, but I soon discovered that I should not enjoy a moment's comfort whilst I remained under his roof. It is rather a remarkable thing, that although I have been in the habit of making long voyages at sea from my youth upwards, and have resided more or less for forty years in countries where the pure atmosphere of nature is incessantly tormented by tobacco-smokers, I am never an instant at sea without being sea-sick, nor

capable of passing a man with a pipe or cigar in his mouth without wishing him, for the moment, at the bottom of Mongibello, to try how he likes to be annoyed in the same manner with an atmosphere of sulphur, which it would be my consolation to prefer —in an extreme case—to an atmosphere of tobacco. Nothing would frighten me more than to apprehend an eternity of tobacco-smoke.

I had observed, when I first knew M. Rolette, that he never was without a cigar in his mouth, but I had forgotten this habit of his when I arrived. On returning with my letters, I at once became aware of the dilemma I was in. As soon as his daughter—a tolerably well educated half-breed—had given me a cup of tea, he commenced his volcanic operations, telling me at the same time an endless number of old Indian stories. He smoked at least twenty cigars in the course of the evening, and at length, having become perfectly desolated with a headache, I told him I was unwell, and would go to bed. Taking a candle, I went to my room, and was preparing to get into bed, when in he walked, with a fresh cigar in his mouth, saying "Je ne dis pas excusez mon tabac, parce que vous êtes, comme moi, ancien voyageur, mais prenez ce cigar et fumez, et croyez moi qu'il n'y a rien qui chassera votre migraine comme cela." Then down he sat on the bed, and began a story about the Assiniboins. Driven to despair, I got into bed, and extinguishing the light, begged his pardon for leaving him in the dark, adding that I could not fall asleep if there was a light in the room. He now groped his way down stairs, and glad I was to get rid of him.

I had succeeded in getting asleep, when a tremendous thunderstorm, with heavy rain, awoke me, and I discovered that the rain came pouring through the ceiling into my bed, which was in a corner, and that the pillow and the bed-clothes were very wet. How I regretted the want of my comfortable tent! I had now to drag the bed in the dark to the middle of the room, and place a bear-skin under me, to prevent my catching cold.

*October* 27.—Fortunately I got asleep again, and awaking early in the morning, went down stairs, found some fire-wood, and returning to my room, lighted a fire and dried my clothes and papers upon which the rain had fallen. At breakfast, the good-natured Rolette expressed a great deal of sorrow at the inconvenience I had suffered during the night, always consoling me by saying, that as I was an "ancien voyageur," I of course did not mind it. I had the pleasure of dining to-day with the estimable Colonel Taylor, the commandant, whose amiable character has been before mentioned. He had seen a great deal of frontier service, and his conversation was very interesting. On reaching my quarters late in the evening, I found Rolette waiting for me with another batch of stories and cigars, and unable to escape, I was seized with another raging headache, and at length got away from him, every thing around stinking with the poisonous plant which I never was and never shall be able to endure.

*October* 28.—I rose unrefreshed and perplexed what to do, whether to stay and nose the tobacco until I was ready to depart, or leave Rolette's. Know-

ing that if I were to do so, it would give him a great deal of vexation, I determined to bear with it awhile, and implore Miss Rolette to interfere in my favour with her father, which she afterwards did, so as to secure me an immunity from it in my bedroom. Here then I intrenched myself, brought up my notes and worked a little at my sketches. The day was very rainy, but I found a dry corner in the room, and both father and daughter vied with each other in providing me with every thing I was in want of. It is really wonderful how some people who are naturally amiable can resolve to make themselves so disagreeable. Mr. Douceman was kind enough to recommend a clever squaw to me for the purpose of garnishing a handsome white skin dress I had brought from the upper country, the companion of a handsome suit I had before caused to be made by a very distinguished Indian female, for a charming lady friend in Sussex. That was finished in the Nahcotah fashion, this was to be executed in the Menominny style.

To-day I dined with Rolette and his daughter; he produced some very fair claret and champagne, and was kind enough to abstain from smoking, but, said he, "Puisqu'il ne faut pas fumer, il faut boire." Observing that I did not empty my glass as rapidly as he did his own, he would say "Mais comment, un ancien voyageur comme vous!" So that to keep the tobacco out of the room, I was obliged to encourage the circulation of the wine. We had a long crack of it, and some of his Indian adventures were very curious.

There had been a furious massacre in the neigh-

bourhood some time ago of some Sauks, one of whom, named *Peeaymóshky*, the "man who shifts his camp," was a great friend of Rolette's. *Shúnkahskah*, the "white dog," surprised him and his friends, and murdered them whilst the treaty of Prairie du Chien was in progress in 1830. Rolette being asleep in his house, in a room on the ground-floor, was awaked by a noise at the window; jumping up he threw it open, and had scarce time to ask what was the matter, when something wet and soft was drawn across his face with a smart slap, and he heard *Shúnkahskah's* voice say, "There's your friend *Peeaymóshky*." It was in fact the bloody scalp of that chief, which, after murdering him in a small island where the Sauks thought themselves secure, they had torn from his skull, and then hastened to Prairie du Chien to pay Rolette that extraordinary visit. Rolette afterwards met *Shúnkahskah*, and purchased of him the war-club with which he had despatched the chief, and having it by him at the time of my visit made me a present of it. *Peeaymóshky* was a warrior of established reputation for bravery, and *Shúnkahskah* paid him the greatest compliment he could, after killing him, *by boiling his heart and eating it.*

A more pleasing story than this was told me by Rolette, of an Ojibway and his child. *Elazéepah*, a *Musquawkée* or Fox Indian, being in ambush with his party, crept to an Ojibway lodge at dusk, seized a little girl of five years old, and escaped with her. The mother, who was in the lodge, heard the child cry, "Hinnah, hinnah! attáy, attáy! wandéktáydóh!" (Mother, mother! father, father! they are carrying

me away!) The father arriving at his lodge at night, and learning the rape of his child, immediately pursued the party, tracking them by moonlight. Tracing their footsteps with unerring sagacity, he reached their lair when they were all fast asleep, and, stealing upon them, slew the whole party, four in number, and returned to his lodge with his child on his back, and the Indian's head in his hand that had carried her off.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS AT NIGHT.—REACH GALENA.—EXTENT OF THE LEAD REGION.—DISCHARGE THE VOYAGEURS.

*October* 29.—This day was appointed for my departure, and whilst I despatched some persons to collect my men, almost all of whom were the worse for drinking, I called upon Colonel Taylor to bid him adieu. I found him exceedingly distressed by an account he had received the preceding night of the death of his favourite daughter. She had been much beloved by him, had married without his consent, and he had not been reconciled to her since. Her fault was now expiated and forgotten, and he could think of nothing but his affection for her. I shook hands with him silently and left him, much affected myself by the situation of so respectable a gentleman.

On reaching Rolette again, I found a friend of his there, a M. Dubois, and his niece, waiting to know if I would give them a passage in my canoe to Du Buques. This was not very convenient; we had many heavy packages in it, and they were apparently not very prepossessing people, encumbered with some luggage. I told Rolette we should be overladen, and some accident might happen; but the party hung about the canoe, and so much was said by Rolette and his daughter, that, to avoid the appearance of being disobliging to those

who had been so hospitable to me, I told Beaupré to see if it was possible to find room in the canoe. They immediately took this as a permission, and stepped into it; and as the matter had now gone too far, I pushed off with the gunwale within two inches of the water, and half of the crew stupidly drunk. There was, however, but little wind, and we soon became accustomed to our too-crowded situation. M. Dubois, like all the rest of these people, was an *ancien voyageur*; his niece was a married woman, evidently with a dash of Indian blood in her veins, very taciturn, and with no pretensions to any kind of beauty but *la beauté du diable*, not being more than eighteen years old.

We passed Turkey River between four and five p.m., and landed on the beach for the night, a little below Cassville, a new settlement lately established on the left bank, at the foot of the Bluffs. We had found very few islands in the Mississippi betwixt Prairie du Chien and this place, the river, with few exceptions, filling the whole valley, the cause of which I have previously explained. The evening closed in singularly cold, the thermometer stood at 14° Fahrenheit, and the air had a stinging quality in it as if the temperature had been below zero. The men built up rousing fires, and laid in a great provision of wood for the night. Whilst supper was preparing, I attempted to bring up my notes in the tent, but it was too cold to write, so I took to considering the way in which I should sleep my guests, a rather puzzling affair, since it was impossible to let the young lady sleep out of doors upon

such a bitter night, and I had no other place to put her in but my own tent. M. Dubois, her uncle, like his friend Rolette, was unhappy when he had not a pipe in his mouth, and had done nothing but smoke ever since we landed. He would scarcely desist even when we took our evening meal, although I had told him twice what violent headaches it gave me. The moment we rose, not from table, but from the ground, he commenced smoking again at my fire, so that it was exceedingly unpleasant to me. To have had such a stinkabus in the tent with me all night was not to be thought of for a moment, so, determining to revenge myself in his person upon the whole Nicotian race, I decreed at once that he should sleep *al fresco*.

The question now was, what to do with Madame. Her uncle had brought no bed or mattress of any kind with him, only a single blanket for each of them, and it was very clear that I should have to provide her, at least, with covering of some sort to keep her alive all night. My young friend John was not of an age to turn his attention much to things of this kind, and very wisely laid himself down immediately after supper, and made himself as comfortable as he could. My mattress was then laid in the accustomed place, her blanket was spread near to it upon a piece of canvass, and two of my own, which, when doubled, were barely sufficient to keep me warm on such a very severe night, were opened and spread over the whole. It struck me that it looked very like an *affaire de ménage*, but really I thought of nothing but keeping the poor creature alive till morning,

and that at the expense of my own comfort. Nothing makes a man more selfish than the necessity of preserving some warmth in himself during such bitter weather, even if others are to suffer; but when a woman is in the case, the sacrifice is less painful, and I certainly would have passed the night by the fire if the thermometer had not fallen to zero, and I had not been sure of finding M. Dubois' tobacco-smoke there.

Meantime, whilst these arrangements were making, Monsieur Dubois and the lady were standing near the fire, conjecturing, no doubt, as to how and where they were to pass the night, and seeing me leave the tent and approach them, looked anxiously for some announcement of the arrangements that were to be made. Monsieur was standing with his back to the fire, puffing away out of his little dirty pipe, about an inch and a half long, and she was bending over the edge of the fire. I told her that the fire would expire in a couple of hours if somebody did not sit up to replenish it from time to time, and that, under any circumstances, the weather was too severe for her to pass the night in the open air. I, therefore, offered her the protection of my tent, and told her that she could go to it now if she pleased, and "s'arranger le mieux qu'elle pourrait." Upon which, thanking me for my kindness, she withdrew into it, and having giving her a quarter of an hour, I bade Monsieur Dubois and his pipe "bon soir," a piece of politeness which seemed rather to surprise him. Having entered the tent, I fastened the entrance, that if he should follow me he might see clearly that I did not intend him to be there.

To be sure, it was altogether an amazing, droll affair, and I could not but see that if it were not for the boy's presence my conduct might seem rather "équivoque." I found Madame had taken me at my word to arrange herself "le mieux qu'elle pourrait," and had taken possession of my mattress. Nothing was left for me but to lie down upon her blanket, and draw part of our common cover over myself, improving our situation a little by laying some bear-skins over our feet. But a colder night I never passed; my feet were like ice, and I was unable to sleep for the shortest period of time. Once I rose to peep out, and saw Monsieur Dubois smoking away, with his feet to the fire, that was almost extinguished; perhaps he was asleep, for an *ancien voyageur* can sleep and smoke in any situation. What he thought of my hospitality, I never ascertained; it was too cold for him to be seriously alarmed about his exclusion from the tent, and perhaps the presence of little John might inspire him with confidence. It is to be hoped it did, but alas! little John slept like a top, and the drama of the Sabine Virgins might have been enacted for any attention he paid to what was passing.

*October* 30.—Long before the dawn, we heard the voices of the men and the crackling of the branches, and Madame, preferring them to my company, jumped up and took leave of me in not a very affectionate manner. When I joined them at the fire, she said, "La nuit avait été terrible," and Monsieur Dubois added, "qu'il avait pensé gêler vingt fois." I told them I was glad we had got through the night, and that I would give them a warm cup of tea whilst the men

repaired the canoe, which had lost some gum in consequence of the intense frost; having accomplished which, we re-embarked at half-past seven, the river covered with a cold fog. The sun coming out betwixt nine and ten a.m., we stopped to breakfast, and having got our blood into a comfortable state of circulation, we took to our paddles again, the steamboat Warrior passing us on her way to Prairie du Chien.

Evidences of an advancing population increased upon us as we pursued our way, to my great regret. There was now an end to all the attractive simplicity and independence of the roving life I had been leading in the Indian country. I should soon be in the vortex of a white frontier population, must abandon my canoe, exchange the peaceful tent, pitched on the clean bank of an interesting river, for dirty accommodation at some filthy tavern, and make up my account to pay in money for every act of civility I might receive.

At one p.m. I put Monsieur Dubois and his niece ashore, on the left bank of the Mississippi, nearly opposite the lead-mining village of Dubuque, and after exchanging salutations with them, crossed the Mississippi, and landed at a small valley a little beyond the village, where there was a cupola furnace for smelting the sulphuret of lead.

After looking at the works, which were all very simple and unexpensive, and observing that the galena was brought up to the surface in loose masses, weighing from a quarter of a pound to ten pounds, consisting of aggregates of small cubes, dull at the surface, and of a rubbly appearance, I embarked

again for Galena, a town distant about six miles, built upon a stream called Fever River, from a pestilential disease once fatal to many Indians there. The mouth of this stream, which empties into the Mississippi on the left bank, was said by my men to be very difficult to find, being what the Americans call a *slew;* indeed some of them were of opinion we had passed it. I accordingly landed, hoping to find some settler who could give me correct information, and after walking about two miles into the interior, found a log hut, with a squatter in it, who said the mouth of the stream was still two miles further south. On regaining the canoe, the sun was setting, and, considering the various disadvantages that would attend my reaching Galena in the dark,—such as my men getting drunk, exposing my things to be stolen by my white brethren, the great difficulty of getting lodgings, the probability that none were to be had, and that we should be trespassers if we attempted to encamp upon private property, to say nothing of the difficulty of obtaining wood for fuel,—I thought it advisable to defer until daylight the placing myself within the pale of what men have chosen to call civilization; and, much in opposition to the wishes of my party, decided to give myself another night of comfort and independence, and encamped on the bank of the Mississippi for the last time.

*October* 31.—Taking an early start, we soon got into the mouth of Fever River, which is a fine, broad stream at its junction; and after paddling vigorously for some time, reached Galena, a dirty, wooden, ill-arranged town, standing on a very sharp slope on the right bank. Here, after some diffi-

culty, I succeeded in getting into a low den of a tavern, and procuring a dirty, shabby room in it for little John and myself. Our breakfast, however, was abundant, and better than I expected to find it. Having secured my effects and the canoe, I called upon a Mr. H., one of the principal lawyers of the place, whose brother I had formerly known in Virginia, and found him living in a neat, comfortable house. This gentleman was very attentive to me, and made me acquainted with some merchants of the place connected with the mining district, who appeared to be active and respectable men, and from whom I received some interesting information, which determined me to take another opportunity of visiting the lead-mines in the vicinity, and those of the adjoining Wisconsin district, the season being too far advanced to do it at present. During the day, I visited an air-furnace belonging to a Mr. Campbell, where they were pursuing an active business. From the returns of the smelting which I procured here, and the various accounts which were given me of the localities whence the sulphuret of lead is derived, I perceived that the deposit of galena in the western states was upon an immense scale, only inferior to that of the iron in the United States. I had traced it personally from White River in Arkansas beyond the *Makato* of the St. Peter's, near the sources of some of the tributaries of which stream masses of sulphuret in aggregate cubes are occasionally found. The geographical distance betwixt these points is equal to 2,000 miles, with an unknown breadth upon an irregular line east of north. The quantity of lead in this extraor-

dinary area would seem to be enormous, especially in the part of it called the Wisconsin district; and having made a note of the principal localities where it is excavated, with the intention of hereafter visiting them, and various other lead establishments in the vicinity, I retired to my dirty chamber, which I found a miserable exchange for my clean tent.

*November* 1.—I had become perfectly ashamed of the companions of my long journey. They had been with me a great distance, and had been so useful to me, that I could not but feel anxious for their welfare, and was most desirous that they should get safe home to their families. My agreement with them was, that at whatever point I discharged them at the end of the season, the distance from their homes was to be estimated in leagues, and that I was to allow each of them one day's wages for every eight leagues. But they had been so drunk ever since my arrival, that it was not practicable to come to any settlement with them. I therefore rose with the dawn for the express purpose of collecting them together; and, having at length succeeded, brought them to the tavern, made an estimate of the distance they were from their homes, with which they were satisfied, gave them a breakfast, paid them their money, with a gratuity to each besides, shook hands with them all, and recommended to them to commence their journey immediately, which they promised to do. I now went to breakfast myself, and then sat down to write a letter.

On leaving the tavern to put my letter in the post-office, about an hour and a half after I had parted with

the men, the first thing I saw was L'Amirant lying dead-drunk in the middle of the street, incapable of standing or speaking; and close by, near an obscure dram-shop, the rest of them, almost all at a white heat with drinking rum and whiskey. I reproached Beau Prè for terminating our journey in so disgraceful a manner; but as I found they had been drinking my health, and sounding my praises, I thought it best to continue my acts of kindness to them. Canadian Frenchmen are, like their race in every part of the world, best managed by gentleness; so, asking them to oblige me for the last time, they assisted me in lifting L'Amirant and carrying him to a pump near at hand, and having first tried the projectile pitch of the spout, I had his head laid exactly within point blank shot, and taking the handle myself administered it most liberally to him. At first he did not mind the operation; but we continued it until he began to grin and carry his hand to his head, and at length coming to his senses, we finally got him on his legs and able to walk. In about half an hour I had the satisfaction of seeing each of them march clear out of the town, with his *pacotille*, containing his blanket and provisions, well girded on his back, and his pipe in his mouth.

These thoughtless fellows had about 200 miles to walk before they would reach their homes, which, making allowances for weather, they would perhaps accomplish in ten days. Considering their habits and dispositions, they had behaved better than it was predicted to me they would do; so I wrote to the merchant at Navarino who had engaged them, that upon the whole I was satisfied

with their conduct. To manage men of this race, firmness and kindness are equally necessary; to keep them in good humour, they must have plenty of food—being immense gormandizers—and some tobacco: whilst things go on favourably they are cheerful and willing, but in adverse circumstances I had found they were not to be relied upon as Milor was. His Indian blood had tempered the volatile course of his Gallic descent, and the mixed reflecting animal thus produced was singularly contrasted, when sobriety and forethought were required, with the levity and insufficiency of these men. In engaging Canadian *voyageurs* for distant expeditions like the one I had just returned from, it is unwise to take any ardent spirits with you; for if they know you have any, they are always discontented if you do not share it with them, and whenever they can have free access to it they get beastly and dead-drunk in ten minutes, drinking until they can neither stand or speak.

## CHAPTER XL.

MEET WITH AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.—LEAVE GALENA FOR ST. LOUIS.—CAVALRY DEPÔT AT DES MOINES RIVER.—BEAUTIFUL FOSSILS AND MINERALS AT KEOKUL.—REACH ST. LOUIS.

I WAS now alone again in the world; I had first lost Milor, and then the light-hearted companions who had been so long with me, and had no longer any one to interest myself about in this part of the country, save little John, who seemed very happy at finding himself in what was to him the great world. Thinking of these things, as I was standing upon the bank of the stream, observing a steamer that was advancing to Galena, I waited until it came opposite to me, and there, to my great surprise and pleasure, who should I see standing on the quarter-deck with a weather-worn white hat on, but the Hon. C. A. M. He had left Washington before myself on an excursion to the western country, and I had learnt at St. Louis that he had gone up the Missouri, but what regions he had visited I knew not. I was, however, heartily glad to see a fellow-adventurer and a countryman of Mr. M.'s acknowledged merit, and hastened to the quay to shake hands with him. It was a very pleasant meeting; we had a long crack about our mutual adventures. Whilst I had been amongst the Nahcotahs he had been passing a great part of the

summer with the Pawnees,* by his own account as dirty a set of natives as are to be found on the continent. The resolute manner in which he had extricated himself and his companions from the encampment of these insolent vagabonds was a proof that he possessed the highest qualifications necessary to a traveller in Indian countries. If we had met in the wilderness, we should of course have shared each other's comforts without any formality; here I had no tent to share with him, and he had no room to go to, so when night came he very quietly folded up one of my grizzly bear skins for a pillow, and wrapping himself up in some of my buffalo robes, lay down to sleep in a corner of my room.

Having made a hasty breakfast in the morning and sent our luggage on board the Warrior steamer, Mr. M. and myself embarked at 8 a. m. for St. Louis, and found a great many passengers on board. The day passed pleasantly; I received a great deal of information of what was going on in the world; the country was beautiful, and the Mississippi of a magnificent breadth. Our fare was tolerably good, and what with the power of the steamer and the favouring current, we made great progress. Our fellow-passengers were either small store-keepers from the new settlements, going to St. Louis on their affairs, or speculators. We tried to obtain some information from them, but generally in vain: collected in groups, their discussions appeared to be carried on with great animation; but

* Mr. M. has since published a narrative of his travels.

when you approached to find out what interested them so much, it invariably turned out to be the price of building-lots in the settlements they had made, of which they gave the most flaming accounts; nothing could be so good as the soil, so healthy as the country, so good as the water, "so amazing calkerlated to do a power of business." It was evident enough, however, that this palmy state of contentment which each of them professed to feel for his own habitat, whether it was Van Burenberg, or Jacksonville, or by whatever name it went, meant only one thing, that the party was exceedingly desirous of selling his own particular paradise, and I believe that any one so disposed might have purchased the whole of them before we sat down to dinner.

*November* 3.—We reached Fort Armstrong, on Rock River Island, distant about 100 miles from Galena, about 10 a. m., and as we were to remain there a few hours, I landed to examine the rocks, which were non-fossiliferous, buff-coloured limestone. Bituminous coal abounds in this part of the country, but I could not learn that the lands had risen much in price in consequence of containing that mineral; that will probably only happen when the population has been much increased. I took an opportunity of calling upon the commandant, Colonel Davenport, a gentlemanly person. On taking my departure, his lady presented me with some flint (Indian) arrow-heads, of a different form from any I had before met with. Opposite to this place the Iowa River empties into the Mississippi. This stream takes its

rise in the Nahcotah country, south of the St. Peter's, its sources interlocking with those of the *Makato*, and holds its course the whole distance through a fertile territory. Resuming our voyage, towards evening a steady rain came on, which prevented our remaining on deck. M. and myself took to our books, and the rest of the passengers got into knots in the large cabin, and became engaged in that noisy, low kind of gambling, which all the people of these western countries, with the fewest exceptions, seem devoted to.

*November* 4.—The succeeding day we had a continuation of the rain, and about noon reached the United States cavalry depôt, sixteen miles north of the Des Moines River. The small body of horse stationed here visits the Indian districts occasionally, for the purpose of keeping the natives in order. As we were to be detained here awhile, M. and myself called upon Colonel Kearney, the commanding officer, and his lady, and were asked to dine. In the meantime, the cargo of the steamer, which consisted principally of pigs of lead, was shifted into flat-bottomed barges, on account of the Des Moines Rapids, which we had now to pass over, and which extended twelve miles below this place, the rocks, in many places, coming to within two feet of the surface. The steamer being lightened, we reembarked, and after a good many rude bumps at the bottom, got clear of these shallows, and reached a sorry settlement on the left bank, called *Keokuk*, after a celebrated Sauk chief, inhabited altogether by a set of desperadoes of this part of the Mississippi.

The cargo being to take on board again, I landed, and finding a very good section of beds equivalent to our mountain limestone, containing beautiful fossils, and beautiful geodes filled with the most interesting crystals, I went vigorously to work, and made a valuable collection of them.

These geodes tell a very interesting story of the ancient condition of these rocks, which are of the cavernous kind, abounding in cavities of various sizes, from a foot to an inch in diameter. The inner walls of the geodes are generally studded with brilliant crystals of quartz, that appear to have been formed from solutions of silicious matter, with which the cavities were once filled. Many of them are of a beautiful chalcedonic structure, like those from Iceland, where silicious matter is in so perfect a state of solution. Subsequent to the formation of the crystals of quartz, the geodes seem to have been filled with successive solutions of minerals, which have become solidified in turns, until the geodes were nearly filled. Thus a crust, studded with neat crystals of pearlspar and small brilliant cubes of galena, is often superinduced upon the crystals of quartz. Crystals of carbonate of lime are also found in great varieties, together with many other minerals. These interesting objects, so rare and beautiful, were exceedingly abundant; and I returned to the steamer loaded with my treasures. At Keokuk I found an old acquaintance in Mr. Catlin,* who joined us on board. He also was returning from a visit-

* Now well known in Europe by his talents and his admirable collection of Indian arms and accoutrements.

amongst the Indians, having accompanied an expedition of American cavalry, under Colonel Dodge, amongst the tribes living betwixt the sources of the Canadian and the Rocky Mountains.

Mr. Catlin, who is a man of good feeling and great enterprise, was full of enthusiasm about the Indian races. Availing himself of his talent for portrait painting and sketching, he had brought from the Indian country a collection of portraits of the principal chiefs he had seen, as well as specimens of their arms, habiliments, and accoutrements. In short, a more determined virtuoso I never knew, for nothing escaped him, from a geode to a tomahawk. He communicated to me a project he had of devoting several years to the illustration of the manners and customs of the Indian tribes by these collections and by his art, and finding him admirably adapted, by inclination and experience, to accomplish such a task, I encouraged him to persevere, for he appeared to me to be the very man that was wanted to secure the information we were in want of respecting the aborigines, before they were extinct. Still it was an arduous task for an unassisted individual; most of the objects would be perishable, and the collection would be a cumbrous one. I remarked to him, that if his enthusiasm should abate, and he could not dispose of it, it would become a great burthen to him, all which he admitted; but observed, that its rarity could not fail to attract much attention in the large cities of America and Europe, which might indemnify him for his labours.* We also took a great

* On my return to Washington, I recommended strongly that

number of persons on board at this place, who were far from possessing Mr. Catlin's merit, and left it with a set of as thorough vagabonds as the town of St. Louis might reasonably expect us to bring.

*November* 5.—Our steamer had now become a Babel of noise and vulgarity; drinking, smoking, swearing, and gambling prevailed from morn to night, the captain of the steamer refusing to suppress any of these irregularities. We staid a couple of hours at Quincy, a new town rising from the right bank of the Mississippi, about 200 miles from St. Louis; having inquired for the quarry where the building-stone was procured, I went to it and procured some interesting fossils. The picturesque shores and bluffs in the neighbourhood of this place are very beautiful; indeed, all the upper part of the Mississippi, from the junction of the Ohio, possessing a thousand beauties that are wanting below that stream, where the flood is wide, without islands, and no sections of rock to be seen. We had a lovely moonlight night, and but for the horrible disorderly set on board, should have enjoyed the scenery very much.

A thick fog obliged us to come to an anchor in the night; but getting under weigh at daylight, we soon passed the mouth of the Illinois River, said to be forty-five miles from St. Louis: the limestone bluffs are very fine there. We stopped a short time at Alston, another thriving town on the left bank, in the state of Illinois; here are a great many well-con-

the government of the United States should authorize an investigation of all the Indian languages, and the purchase of Mr. Catlin's collections.

structed houses made of excellent limestone. All was bustle and activity at this place, that sort of activity which is only to be observed where slavery is not tolerated. If this western country continues to prosper in the fortunate manner it has done, and slavery is excluded from it, it will only take one or two generations to see towns built all the way to St. Peter's. We soon passed the broad mouth of the mighty Missouri, that, after a course of 2,000 miles, mingles its turbid waters with the clearer stream of the Mississippi. For some time the river had been comparatively without islands, the explanation of which I suppose to be found in the sedimentary matter brought down by its head streams being deposited in ancient times, before it reached the clearer part of the stream.

At noon we reached St. Louis, and landing, found that all the hotels were full, not a room being to be had for love or money. This was not very pleasant to a couple of Englishmen disgusted with the dirt and ribaldry of a western steamer, and who were sighing to be alone. There however seems to be a remedy for every evil in this world, if you have patience and perseverance; so I returned to the National Hotel, where I had lodged when on my way to the Mexican frontier, in 1834, and told the landlord that he must, upon some condition or other, give M. and myself a place to ourselves, as we could not remain in the streets all night. He declared that he had not a room in the house; that we must see he could not turn others out to put us in their place; and that, if he were to die for it, he had no other place but a small cellar, where

he kept his fire-wood. It immediately occurred to me, that if we could not turn his lodgers out of their rooms, we might take that liberty with his fire-wood; and as to its being a cellar, we were too much accustomed to lie down anyhow, provided we could do it in safety, to trouble ourselves about the name. I therefore instantly went to reconnoitre this same cellar, and found it to be a tolerably dry, small place, beneath the house, with an old window about a foot square, letting the light in from a yard. It was large enough for us to spread our buffalo-skins, and to contain our luggage, so, procuring some assistance, I turned the fire-wood out of the window, got the place well swept out and ventilated, and had our *matériel* brought there. When M. came to look at it, he laughed heartily, and made the sensible remark, that, indifferently as we were lodged, we should be better off than most of the people in the hotel, who occupied rooms containing five or six beds. Upon this occasion he related to me an adventure which happened to him at Dubuque some time before we met. Being obliged to pass the night at a low tavern, frequented by miners and gamblers, and knowing their habit of gambling until a late hour, he went as soon as he had supped to the only bed-room there was in the house, and out of a great number of beds, selected the one that appeared the most promising, a surgeon in the American army, with whom he was acquainted, taking the next adjoining.

This dormitory, like the hotel itself, had an entrance, but no door, or hinges to hang one by, so

that passengers could enter into both without noise, at any hour of the night. Towards morning M. was awakened by a fellow turning down his bedclothes to get into bed to him. Aware that no time was to be lost, he gathered the clothes up, threw himself into a boxing attitude, and told the fellow in a peremptory tone that he should not get into his bed without fighting for it to the last moment. A little puzzled at this unusual reception, and not fancying the attitude M. had put himself into, he exclaimed, "Stranger, you sartin don't kalkerlate upon keeping all that are bed to yourself?" "Yes I do," said M., "and that you shall find." "Well, then," replied the fellow, "if you are so almighty pertiklar, I swar I'll be as pertiklar as you, and I'll turn in to this ere gentleman." But the doctor, finding how things were going on, had got upon his haunches too, and told the fellow to stand off, or he'd knock him into his ninety-ninth year in no time. Thus rudely repulsed by these two specimens of civilization, this poor, ill-treated, social animal exclaimed, "If this don't beat all creation!" and, as he related in the morning, "walked" into the next bed, where three of his companions had turned in before him.

The landlord's family, finding we were in earnest, and that we put up with our humble lodgings, very good-naturedly now took compassion upon us, which they certainly would not have done if we had been at all restive, and sent us a couple of chairs, an old table, two small beds, and some linen; so that we really were better off than in the steamer, with all

its spitting and disorder. When dinner was announced, we went to the *table d'hôte*, and indeed found a very capital one. There were two saddles of delicious fat venison, exceedingly well roasted; two large wild turkeys, roasted; and beef, mutton, and pork in profusion. Great was the onslaught made by the guests upon this banquet, every individual of whom, with the exception of M. and myself, having bolted his ample share in less than ten minutes, left us to survey the destruction that had been made. The landlord was full of attentions to us, and as soon as we had dismissed our venison, sent us a couple of fat, well-roasted wild ducks, to which, and other good things that succeeded, we did ample justice at our leisure.

In the evening we walked to the suburbs, to examine those fine Indian mounds which had attracted my attention so much in 1834. As we proposed remaining here a few days, I sought out a lady, who was a friend of Mrs. Bliss, and being fortunate enough to find her, I placed young John under her care during my stay.

The succeeding morning we went, after breakfast, to see the new Roman Catholic cathedral, which was consecrated the day of my departure from this place in 1834. Learning from one of the priests that M. Nicollet, a member of the Institute of France, was at St. Louis, I called to see him. I knew that he had been engaged some time in effecting a series of barometrical observations, to ascertain the elevation of particular points in the United States above the general level of the ocean, and was desirous of

learning how far he had succeeded, and what assistance he had been able to obtain to carry on so important an undertaking. Very vague and superficial notions seemed, as far as I could judge, to prevail in the United States about barometrical observations. Many had thought it sufficient to go from point to point with one of Englefield's imperfect and cumbrous instruments, and report the results they obtained, which could not fail to be erroneous. At any one point, the apparent elevation, under a particular state of the atmosphere, might be increased or diminished another day, under the same process, with a different state of the atmosphere, from one to five hundred feet. The elevations I had seen recorded in books were found, upon examination, to be often absurd. Without numerous standard observations or fixed stations, where the true elevation has been obtained, and to which locomotive observations can be referred, no accurate results can be obtained. I found M. Nicollet a most amiable and sociable person, full of intelligence and zeal. He had registered his observations for a long time, and had left a barometer at one or two particular points, for the purpose of reference; but his instrument appeared to me to be a very unsatisfactory one, although I dare say his results would be less defective than those which had preceded his labours. M. Nicollet was said to be also a person of fine musical taste, and was kind enough to propose to take M. and myself to a private society, where we should hear some good music—a great treat to me, whose gratification in that line had for a long time been confined

to the Canadian boat-songs, and the scalp-dances at Lac qui parle. In the evening we had an opportunity of looking over Mr. Catlin's portfolio of drawings, consisting of Indians engaged in their national dances, their pursuit and slaughter of the buffalo, and some very good landscapes with sections of the banks of the Missouri; all full of life and graphic force, especially his animals, many of which merited the highest praise.

## CHAPTER XLI.

PROFUSION OF GAME IN THE PUBLIC MARKET.—A FASHIONABLE SOIRÉE.—GENERAL LAFAYETTE.—NEZ PERCÉS INDIANS AND THEIR PATRON SIR WM. D. S.—LEAVE ST. LOUIS.

THE weather was now very fine, and on the morrow we walked out to pay a visit to General Ashley, a fur-trader, celebrated for his expeditions to the Rocky Mountains, and for the address and courage with which he had upon various occasions extricated himself from dangerous situations. He had now retired with a competency, had married an agreeable wife, and together they inhabited a quiet suburban house built upon one of those Indian mounds which have been before alluded to. I did not learn that he had ever been in the army, but it is not necessary to be a military man in the United States to be called general. We found him a modest, intelligent, and rather a superior man, full of interesting information of the Indian countries he had visited, especially of those valleys and coves found in the interior of that great belt called the Rocky Mountains, which in some directions has a breadth of about one hundred miles. In penetrating through this belt, he had often led a life of great jeopardy, followed and tracked by the Blackfeet and other Indians, whose inveterate hostility he had escaped by his prudence and courage. Our dinner to-day at the hotel was a

most remarkable affair; such a quantity of well-roasted joints of fine venison, and other game, I had never before seen upon a table. The wild ducks I thought equal to the famous canvass-backs of the Susquehanna.

*November* 9.—This morning M. and myself rose early, and went to the Market as soon as it was opened, where we saw a surprising collection of good things. We counted eighty-seven fat deer with their skins on, at least two hundred large wild turkeys; the quantity of wild ducks, many of which were wood-ducks with their brilliant plumage, was enormous. We both agreed that we had never been in any place so well supplied by good things as St. Louis. Breakfast being over, I took up my hammer and chisels, and went with them to the limestone quarries, where I passed the rest of the day, returning home with a fine collection of good fossils. Having got through our usual banquet, we learnt that there was to be a ball at the hotel, in a long room exactly over our cellar, from which it was separated only by a plank. I was fatigued, and had no inclination to assist at it; but as it was evident that sleeping was out of the question, we thought it best on every account to purchase tickets and go there. There were some pretty women, and the thing went off as well as we expected. I left the affair about ten, but M. remained, and entered into the spirit of the thing. Meantime, I reclined patiently on my bed, listening to the stamping and laughing that were going on above me, until about three in the morning, when M. entered the cellar,

and said the ladies had gone home "considerable lively."

In the morning I went, after breakfast, to visit some quarries which I had not seen, and had the good fortune to procure some exceedingly beautiful fossils of the same genera I had taken from the beds at Quincy, on our way to this place, most of them undescribed species of corallines. It was late in the evening before I got to the hotel, having purposely abstained one day from the too luxurious table. About seven p. m., M. and myself, accompanied by M. Nicollet, went to the promised musical party, at a French gentleman's, named D——. This was a very agreeable family. Madame was a well-bred woman, and, with two pleasant daughters, did the honours of a very neat supper. Upon retiring from table, we adjourned to the music-room, where we had some good quartetts, M. D—— playing an unexceptionable first fiddle. The rest of the performers were amateurs of the place, members of respectable French families. The organist of the cathedral, Signor Marellano, an Italian, afterwards presided at the piano, and we had some very good vocal music. It was quite delightful, in this remote part of the world, to hear some of the finest passages of Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto* very tolerably executed. The organist was full of enthusiasm, and obliged us all to contribute towards the amusement of the evening, which passed off charmingly.

Amongst the guests was a Monsieur P——, a Parisian, who had resided several years at St. Louis, a very eccentric and amusing person, full of music,

but not a musician. The sarcastic and droll remarks he made upon the manners of the Americans established at this place amused us all very much, and were exceedingly relished by the French part of the company. The truth is, that the Americans have established themselves here in such numbers, that they have thrown the French, who were the original settlers, into the shade; and, being all Presbyterians, or Baptists, or Dissenters of one sect or another, had, by their austere and greedy mode of life, seriously interfered with the lively and amusing tone of society which had once been universal in the population; and, by their denunciation of Christmas-day, Easter, and the festivals which the French delight to honour, had created a great disgust amongst them. "Ces Messieurs," said M. P——, "ont toujours raison, et c'est pourquoi ils ne font pas scrupule à vous voler: je pense qu'ils font leur compte de traiter le diable au bout du chapitre, comme ils ont traité votre bon Roi d'Angleterre, de s'insurger contre lui et prendre possession des ses états." A traveller, who perceives how much they are wounded at heart by the restraints which the Americans impose upon them, cannot but sympathize with them, especially when assisting at such a pleasant party as this was; but the extraordinary energy and enterprise of the Americans are not the less to be admired on that account.

The weather continuing very fine, I rode out the next day to dine and pass the day with my worthy friend, General Atkinson, at Jefferson Barracks. I found most of the officers there whom I had seen

when on my way to Arkansas, and passed a very pleasant day with them, returning to St. Louis late in the evening. The succeeding day M. and myself made two or three excursions to various points, and in the evening went to another musical party at M. P——'s, the eccentric Parisian; but although our *petit souper* went off pretty well, we felt the want of the female society which had made the other party so pleasant, and came away very early.

*November* 13.—This day M. and myself were joined by a relative of his, who perhaps does not yield in eccentricity to any person living. This was Captain, now Sir William D—— S——, an exceedingly adventurous person, who had served in the British army on the glorious day of Waterloo. Perfectly *blasé* with European life, he had been wandering about two years amongst the Indians of the Rocky Mountains, and the north-west coast of America, and only reached St. Louis this morning from the Missouri River, which he had just descended. I was delighted to make his acquaintance, his conversation being exceedingly attractive. Of Indian life he spoke with the greatest enthusiasm, declared that it was infinitely more satisfactory than civilized life, and that it was his fixed intention to return to it; a singular declaration to come from one allied to some of the most illustrious families in Great Britain, and to whom the most agreeable career in Europe would seem to have been always open. We passed the day together conversing about the nations and the countries he had visited, of which and his

adventures he gave me a most interesting account. The Riccarees at one time surprised him and his party, and robbed them of their horses and every thing they possessed, leaving them destitute, upon a lonely prairie, hundreds of miles from resources of any kind. A person with less spirit and enthusiasm than himself would have perished upon this occasion; but resolved not to give up the only chance that was left to save himself, he attacked a fellow who was making off loaded, amongst other things, with the holsters containing his pistols. The Indian, who had never seen holsters before, and had not remarked the pistols in them, was not a little surprised to see one of them drawn out, cocked, and presented to his head. Without this persuasive argument he would never have been able to obtain his horse again, which he now did, and thus procured the means of delivering himself from this one of the most lawless and insolent of all the tribes.

*November* 14.—The succeeding day was excessively rainy and uncomfortable. St. Louis, as long as fine weather lasts, is agreeable enough for a residence of a few days. I certainly never was in any other place where there were so many people remarkable for the adventurous lives they had led. Almost all of them had been engaged as trappers in the recesses of the Rocky Mountains, and some of them were notorious for the desperate encounters they had had with the Blackfeet and other formidable Indians. The days passed very pleasantly when I could get out to talk to these men, and listen to their wild and rude narratives; but, confined to the

house, with incessant heavy rains, and no place to go to but the public room, frequented by the disgusting people who are always smoking, chewing, and spitting, accustomed to make no difference betwixt the inside and outside of a house, the moments passed heavily, and our cellar was becoming so damp that we were getting very tired of it.

*November* 15.—On the morrow we had no abatement of the rain, and the air in the cellar began to smell so unwholesome, that we were forced to go to what the servants called "up stars;" but up stars was as bad as down stars, so vulgar and filthy had everything become; and, going from one to the other, at length both M. and myself began to feel unwell. I began to fear now that one or both of us would have a fit of sickness, and determined to go on board some steamer, and proceed to the Ohio, if the weather did not change. I accordingly went to the quay and engaged a berth in the steamer Potosi, bound for Louisville. On my return we found an invitation for M. and myself to a soirée, the next evening, at Mrs. B——'s, a rich widow, whose husband had been killed in a duel some time before. As this would help to get over the time, we were glad of it, and accepted the invitation.

*November* 16.—The weather happily cleared up to-day, so that we could get out and breathe the fresh air. Immediately after breakfast I sallied out to the quarries, where every thing was nice and clean, and working away vigorously, I got rid of my headache, and acquired some fine fossils and a good appetite for the excellent dinner I found on my

return. In the evening we dressed and presented ourselves at the fair widow's, who received us most graciously. The rooms were filled with company, and I had no idea that such a collection of well-dressed and agreeable people could be got together in St. Louis. Every thing was done in the best manner; the refreshments were various and good; we had vocal music, both Italian and English, and many of the ladies were agreeable in their persons and pleasing and cheerful in their manners. I was told that this was one of the handsomest parties that had been given in St. Louis, and was almost equal in brilliancy to one that Mrs. B. had given to General Lafayette when he paid his last celebrated visit to the United States.

This distinguished person, whose career had been so extraordinary, who had done so much to overthrow the monarchy of his own country, and who had all but brought his own neck to the guillotine in his vain efforts to save the life of the sovereign he had assisted to ruin, and to guide the storm he had too inconsiderately been one of the first to set in motion, had a conspicuous failing in his personal vanity, which sometimes exposed his *amour propre* to be greatly wounded. His ambition was to be considered in France as a French Washington, and to be looked upon in America as an American Frenchman. He professed to love the Americans as much as he did his own countrymen, if not more; he always called himself an American, and indeed he was consistent in his conduct to his adopted brethren, extending to them individually, when in

France, more hospitality and kindness than all mankind collectively did. During his triumphant tour in the United States his popularity was unbounded; the government at Washington, those of the different states—all of which he visited—the citizens without respect of party, all considered him the national guest, being at that time the only surviving general officer of the American army, when Washington commanded it soon after the commencement of hostilities. Wherever he went, his table was found at the public expense, and all his expenditure during his journeys through the continent was defrayed by the authorities of the states through which he passed. During many months it was a perfect holiday and public rejoicing wherever he appeared. Long before he reached St. Louis his name was familiarly known to every man, woman, and child in the United States.

But as there is an exception to every thing, so there was in this particular instance, for a very worthy old lady of St. Louis, who was proof against enthusiasm of every kind, had never even heard of Lafayette until the moment that public fame asserted that "General Lafayette was coming to St. Louis," and from that time indeed nothing else was talked about. Mrs. B., however, was to give this great man a great party, and the old lady, being a friend, was invited with everybody that was respectable. Overpowering was the reception that he met with at this party; every individual there was personally presented to him, and had the honour of shaking hands and listening to a few honied

words from his practised lips. When it came to the old lady's turn, the General took her hand affectionately, and expressed a tender hope that she was in good health. "Lord, General," said she, "how well you speak English; was you ever in America before?" This tremendous state of innocency of the past almost overcame the General; the chief that had never flinched before a cannon faltered, for the first time; his vanity was disturbed, and he knew not what to answer. To relate to her his first furtive departure from France, with all his achievements, including the battle of Brandywine, or to advise her to read the newspapers for the last six months, where every paragraph spoke of hardly any thing but Lafayette, and his movements, was too great an undertaking. He thought it best, therefore, to make her a respectful bow without answering her, and, as my informant said, "looked very *scary*" when the next person presented was about to address him, apprehensive lest St. Louis had not been sufficiently penetrated by his fame. This looks like a story got up for the occasion, but it was related to me by a lady who was standing next to him when this eminent person was thus sadly disconcerted.

*Nov.* 16.—It was a late hour before we left the party and reached our cellar. In the morning I fell into a frightful dream, and struggling with it, awoke: casting my eyes around, to my great astonishment I observed the room filled with tobacco-smoke, and three slender-looking Indians sitting in silence upon our trunks smoking their pipes as

earnestly as if they were attempting to suffocate us, which, no doubt, they might have accomplished in time, the space being very small and without any chimney to carry off the poisoned air. I immediately jumped out of bed, drove them out of the room, and opened the little window which communicated with the yard. Who these Indians were, and where they came from, was a mystery to us until Capt. S. made his appearance, and then we learnt that they were Nez Percés from the western side of the Rocky Mountains, who had left that country with him, but who had only reached St. Louis in the night. Hearing that we were Captain S.'s friends, they took it for granted that where we were he would be found, and, therefore, established themselves in our room whilst we were sleeping, just as if it had been a tent. They were gentle, intelligent beings, corresponding with the accounts I had received of them from Captain S., who had resided a long time in their country. After breakfast I got a fair vocabulary of their language from them. When they were first called Nez Percés I do not know, but the Indian name by which they are known is Sah haptinnay.

Having seen so much of St. Louis and its society as we were desirous of doing, we determined to leave it immediately; but as my friends proposed visiting New Orleans and other places which I had already seen, before they returned to the Atlantic cities of the United States, we separated here with the hope of meeting again at Washington during the winter. Bidding them adieu, I sent my lug-

gage on board the Potosi bound to Louisville on the Ohio, and embarking early in the afternoon, got once more upon the ample bosom of the Mississippi. From hence the route by which I proposed to return has been partly described in the tour I made in 1834, and indeed has been so well described by other tourists, that it would be foreign to my purpose of only laying before my readers an account of regions of country comparatively unknown, if I were further to extend the narrative of this year's excursion, which will close here.

## CHAPTER XLII.

RETURN TO GALENA.—A SINGULAR LONDON COCKNEY METAMORPHOSED INTO AN AMERICAN COLONEL AND DRIVER OF A STAGE-COACH.—MANNER OF MORRIS BIRKBECK'S DEATH.—REACH MINERAL POINT.—AN OBLIGING JUDGE.—LEAD AND COPPER "DIGGINGS."—THE SUDDEN GROWTH OF TWELVE LARGE CITIES IN TWO YEARS.—THE CITY OF THE SAINTS.

*May* 19.—On my first visit to the Wisconsin territory in 1835, it will be seen, in the preceding pages, that I approached it by the way of the Great Lakes, and descending in my birch-bark canoe the river which bears that name, got into the Mississippi at Prairie du Chien. The extraordinary extent of the district in the western country from which galena is extracted, and the great quantity of it, which I afterwards learnt at Galena was annually produced in the territory, made me very desirous, as I have before stated, at page 36, of inspecting it personally. Accordingly, in the spring of 1837, as soon as the proper season had arrived, I put myself in motion again, and after travelling more than 2,000 miles, reached the town of Galena, in the state of Illinois, on the 19th of May. On my way there I had the pleasure of meeting, at St. Louis, a scientific friend,* well known to English geologists, and, embarking in a steamer, we reached the town of Galena together. Having engaged a barbarous sort of waggon of a

* Mr. R. C. T.

curious, speculating person, called Dr. Phillyo, we left the town, as soon as we could get ready, for *Mineral Point*, a recent settlement in the interior, near to some lead mines, amongst which were intermixed, as we were informed, some veins of copper. Nothing could be more uninteresting than the prairie country we passed over. Regions of this character, whilst possessed by the Indians, have much interest attached to them: the traveller's movements are not without a touch of romance; and at night, when his camp is properly fixed, there is cleanliness and comfort to be obtained. But the advancing tide of white population, amongst which we had now got, had destroyed every chance of these: the miserable low taverns were kept by greedy, vulgar adventurers, who had come into the country to torment it with what they call "diggings," a name they give to the rude, shallow shafts, a few feet deep, which they sink in search of metal. Nothing could exceed the ignorance and filthy habits of the working miners; the greater number of whom, being without skill, and becoming finally disappointed in their expectations, had fallen into the lowest state of poverty.

Mr. Phillyo had given us as the "driver" of our vehicle, a droll Cockney Englishman, about five feet high, and near sixty years old, born in London, who, by his own account, had never had either father or mother that he knew, and who had picked up his living in the streets there from his fifth year. By some chance, he had fallen under the protection of Mr. Morris Birkbeck, who had brought him to

the United States; but since his death he had been knocked about in various capacities, and had at length reached what may be called the bathos of all human desires for an Englishman, the situation of *driver* of this most wretched stage, as he called it, which was dragged by two lame, miserable horses, through a country without the vestige of any thing like comfort.

At the top of his strange physiognomy was stuck the filthy remnant of what had once been a fur cap; about his neck was a disgusting handkerchief that had never been washed; an old, ragged, red blanket coat, thrice too large for him, covered his person, and beneath its ample skirts appeared two odd boots, that had been patched and repatched so often, that, as he said, they had been made nowhere. One of them, he remarked, was so plaguily large, that he had cut a hole in the foot to let the water out; and the other was such a blessed sight too small, that he had cut a hole in that to let his toes out. Everybody we met seemed to know him, and called him colonel, except one person, who said: "Ginneral, I guess it's a toss-up whether your cattle or your stage break down first."

From this fellow I got a detailed account of the manner of poor Birkbeck's death. He was crossing a very swollen stream on horseback, when he got entangled with a tree that was coming down with the torrent, and finding it doubtful, perhaps, whether he could extricate himself, he endeavoured to dismount and swim to the bank; but, unfortunately, as he was striking off, the horse, that was struggling

very hard, kicked him in the temple, and becoming senseless, he sank and was drowned.

At a place called Belmont, about twenty-eight miles from Galena, we stopped for a short time to rest our nags, and after driving about twelve miles further through a more wooded country, we reached Mineral Point, or rather its suburbs, where were various small wooden houses, stuck up at a distance from each other. With difficulty, we procured a room to sleep in at the post-master's; and, it being evening, had scarce got our trunks out of the vehicle, when we were marched to his brother's, who was an apothecary, to sup. The supper consisted of fried ham, coffee, bread and butter, and treacle, served up in a cleanly way, and being hungry with our drive, we made a very hearty meal. As soon as our repast was over, I walked out to look at the place.

The village of Mineral Point is built upon the edge of a coulée (as a ravine or valley betwixt two ridges is called in this part of the western country), a short distance from the upland containing the suburb at which we had stopped. It was an exceedingly miserable place, built there, apparently, on account of a small rivulet, which is a branch of the Peccatonic River. It contained two filthy-looking taverns, into which I ventured to enter for a moment, both of which seemed to be very full, a court of justice being held at this time, which had collected a great many parties and witnesses. We had been referred to these taverns for lodgings, as the post-

master had told me it was not possible for him to give us quarters for more than one night; but I was not sorry to learn that none were to be had, being thoroughly disgusted with the dirty appearance of every thing; and then such a set of "ginnerals, colonels, judges, and doctors," as were assembled there, was any thing but inviting, and most of these dignitaries, as I was informed, were obliged to sleep on the floor. This was exactly what I had to do at the post-master's, whose house, at any rate, was clean.

*May* 20.—On awaking the next morning, I found it exceedingly cold, and asked permission to have a fire lighted, which was very obligingly granted. Some wood was accordingly brought in, and just as I had got it nicely burning and was preparing to make my toilette, a dirty, unshaven, but confident-looking fellow, walked into the room, with nothing but his nether garments on, and immediately turning his back to the fire, engrossed it all to himself. His free-and-easy way was not at all to my taste, and threatened to interfere very much with my comfort. Under other circumstances, I should not have hesitated to have turned him out; but, situated as I was, it was far from a safe proceeding, or, indeed, a justifiable one. It was certainly very cold, and I should have been glad to have had the fire to myself; but I had been treated hospitably, and the least I could do was to be hospitable to others; besides, my bare-footed friend had an air about him that imported something beyond the low swaggerer, something that smacked of authority—for authority is a thing that, from

habit or from the dignity inherent in it, has a peculiar, inexplicable way of revealing itself. This might be the governor, or some great man, *en déshabille*, so I thought it best to meet him in his own manner, by slipping a pair of pantaloons on, and then addressing him in a friendly manner. It was most fortunate that I acted just as it became me to do, for he soon let me know who he was. He was no less a personage than "the Court," for so they generally call the presiding judge in the United States, and was beyond all question the greatest man in the place. He was, in fact, *the* personage of the locality for the moment, and it turned out that the postmaster had given him up his only good bedroom, and that he had good-naturedly given it up to me for one night, and had taken the "Majesty of the Law" to sleep behind the counter, in a little shop where the post-office was kept, with blankets, crockery, cheese, and all sorts of things around him, and had very naturally come to warm himself in his own quarters.

The Court and myself now got along very well together; he had been bred to the law in the western country, did not want for shrewdness, was good-natured, but was evidently a man of low habits and manners. He was very much amused with my apparatus for dressing, which was simple enough; a nail-brush was quite new to him, and he remarked that "it was a considerable better invention than a fork, which he said he had seen people use when they *had too much dirt* in their nails." He "didn't see why I wanted so many tooth-brushes." He "once

carried one, but it was troublesome, though the handle was convenient to stir brandy-sling with." After a while he left me, to dress himself after his fashion, and a little after 6 a. m. I was called to the apothecary's to breakfast, where the same viands with which we had been regaled the preceding evening were spread upon the table, without any change.

I had at various periods investigated portions of the extensive western district containing galena or sulphurate of lead, but never had had sufficient leisure to make an accurate and minute survey of the strata, and their metallic contents. Having now with me a scientific friend, and being in a part of the country offering many natural facilities, we agreed to make something like a regular survey, and ascertain the real geological structure and nidus of the metallic contents of the rocks. As a preliminary step, we walked over to what they called the *Copper Mines*, and found that very little work had been done, and that altogether superficial. Very extravagant accounts of these copper mines had been circulated by interested persons, and we saw at once that they would require a great deal of gullibility on the part of purchasers to be got rid of; my description, however, of these, as well as of the beds containing the sulphurate of lead, will be thrown into a separate chapter. After wandering about the whole day, we returned in the evening to our quarters, and sat down again to ham and treacle. Here it was announced to us that we had to "shift" our lodgings, as the Court had only bargained to sleep behind the counter with the crockery and cheese one night. We had, therefore,

to make the best of it, and lay down on the floor of the eating-room. It was evident that every thing was make-shift at Mineral Point, but certainly we found everybody very obliging.

*May* 21.—My berth was both cold and hard, and I longed for the morning. About 5 a. m. a woman walked into the room and told us we must get up, for she wanted to sweep the room and "lay the things," as the family breakfasted at six. Having borrowed a bucket from her, I drew some water at the well, and having made my toilet, came back to the room to warm myself at the fire; but, alas, there was not even a fire-place in it; so I took to walking up and down the middle of the high road to keep myself warm. Not a leaf was to be seen on the few stunted trees here and there, and the chilly, comfortless state of the weather was in perfect keeping with the dismal aspect of the place. At length came the summons to the never-failing repast of coffee, rice, treacle, and bread and butter. Having got into conversation with some of the people of the place, I found that the inhabitants produced nothing of any kind whatever for their subsistence, not even a cabbage, for there was not a garden in the place, and that they were as dependent upon others as if they were on board a ship. Every thing they ate and drank was brought from a distance by waggons at a great expense. Flour, the price of which in the Atlantic states was five and six dollars a barrel, was as high as fourteen here: fresh meat of any kind was altogether unknown; and indeed everybody lived from hand to mouth, without once dreaming of personal comfort.

The sole topic which engrossed the general mind was the production of galena and copper, especially the first, upon which they relied to pay for every thing they consumed, no one possessing capital beyond that which a transient success might furnish him with.

It was, in fact, a complete nest of speculators, with workmen following in their train; traders again upon their traces, to sell goods and provisions; doctors, to give physic and keep boarding-houses; and lawyers, to get a living out of this motley and needy population. With but few exceptions, the diggings for metal were quite superficial; such a thing as a steam-engine, to drain a shaft or hoist out the "mineral," as it was called, was unknown here; so that, as soon as the superficial diggings were exhausted, the population was always prepared to flock to another quarter. But change of place is not often accompanied with wounded feelings in the United States. Men do not always seem to select situations in that country with a view to live tranquilly and happily, but to try to find ready money by digging for it, or to live upon others; the moment they find there is no likelihood of success, they go to another place.

After our treacle and coffee, we started again for the copper diggings, and passed the whole day examining the ravines where any rocks presented themselves, to make ourselves masters of the stratification; visiting some shafts that had been sunk, and commencing a general levelling of the whole locality. This was a day of some fatigue to us, as

we extended our examinations several miles down the Peccatonic, where we found a blast-furnace in operation, for smelting the galena.

We reached our quarters at the apothecary's at sunset, and just as I was going to the usual dose of treacle and rice, I became aware that I had lost my bunch of keys, all of them patent locks: a very serious misfortune in a country where it could not be repaired. I was exceedingly annoyed, as there was no remedy but to break open all my locks, including my secretary; but remembering that I had stooped some time at a heap of copper ore, hammering some pieces for the sake of procuring some fine specimens of green acicular crystals, I announced my determination to return there at once.

Much pains were taken to deter me from this attempt, but in vain: the loss would be productive of so much inconvenience, that I was determined to make an effort to prevent it; so taking a lantern with me, and matches to light it, if it should be necessary, I started at a round pace, and quite alone, for the place I had in view, which was about three miles off, on a lone sort of moor, where no individual resided, and reached it just at night. In vain did I search the whole locality for an hour, and was just about to depart, with the intention of making a more thorough search the next day, when, by the aid of my light, I saw something rather red peeping from beneath some ore, and, delighted at the discovery, I seized hold of it, and dragged forth my keys. I mention this trivial incident for the purpose of stating that in my excursions I always tie a piece of

red official tape to the ring of my keys, for that is seen better, if you drop them, than they are. This was not the only time it had been so serviceable to me. On my return, I said nothing at first about having found my keys, and the party at the apothecary's, believing I had not succeeded, attempted to console me by saying I had done a very foolish thing in going at that time of the night to look for them. I could only answer them, that as I was not in the habit of only washing, shaving, and dressing myself once a week, my keys were almost as necessary to me every day as my food. When they learnt, however, that I had been successful, they very good-naturedly expressed their satisfaction, and I came in for my share of the treacle as well as themselves, the apothecary declaring that I deserved it, and that he would not have taken such a walk as that alone, at that time of the night—no, he guessed "not for a dollar."

On our way from St. Louis to this place, I had observed that the conversation amongst the other passengers in the steamer turned almost exclusively upon the value of lots or building-places in some new cities, upon a magnificent scale, which had been projected since I had visited this part of the world in 1835. These cities were so numerous, that at first I was completely baffled to find an adequate cause for such an amazing increase of population as had forced into existence at least a dozen new cities, each capable of containing 500,000 inhabitants; for towns in America, at least in the new parts of it, are only congregations of people who intend to live upon

the surrounding neighbourhood. But that those cities had a real substantial existence, no person, at least no European, could reasonably doubt; for elaborate engravings of them, executed with taste by artists in the Atlantic cities, were profusely circulated. Cathedrals, cottages, churches, institutions of all kinds, squares, theatres, and streets without number, all bearing the most attractive patriotic names, were set forth with a detail and minute accuracy that bade defiance to scepticism; and to these engraved plans were annexed eloquent descriptions of the salubrity of the climate, the purity of the waters, the curative qualities of the rare mineral springs, with many other unparalleled advantages incident to these much-favoured localities.

It was quite impossible for any uninitiated person, especially if honest himself, to suppose that all this was architectural poetry, and that in almost every case the engravings had been made without any reference to the nature of the ground upon which these modern Thebes were supposed to stand; and above all, to imagine it possible that in no instance had any survey of the ground, where all these squares and streets were laid out, been at any time made.

On approaching, therefore, on the second day of my departure from St. Louis, that most respectable metropolis called *Marion City*, I was perfectly certain of seeing at least the rudiments of a great city, and the sons of Hiram busily engaged with the level and the square. This wonder of the western world—which I had been told it was destined to be

—was projected by a well-known preacher, of very extraordinary piety, in one of the Atlantic cities. The title of the land upon which it was to be erected was first acquired at the government price of a dollar and a quarter an acre, which is about six shillings. A noble plan was then lithographed, containing churches, colleges, squares, and streets, all bearing evangelical denominations. It was to be a *City of the Saints*, and only to be inhabited by *the Elect*. God, it was declared, was to be glorified there as he never had been glorified; and what was particularly attractive was, that wealth was to be amassed as it had never been amassed before. There were to be no profane dwellers in it and no paper-money, and salvation and specie-paying banks were to constitute an earthly paradise of Marion City.

The reverend gentleman who was the prime mover of so much worldly blessedness used his opportunities well, and the faithful purchased their lots freely of him. A well-known senator of the United States, who knew all about his proceedings, assured me that nothing could surpass the zeal of the pious proprietor to get the Chosen together into this happy Marion City, and that one of his reverend coadjutors in one of the western towns informed his congregation, after a very exciting discourse delivered from the pulpit, that the Rev. ——— was in the vestry ready to sell pious brethren lots in Marion City; and so excited were they by the extravagant expectations they had been taught to entertain of the spiritual and other advantages which an interest in the City of Saints

would give them, that they rushed to the bait, and again made a temple consecrated to the Lord a den of thieves and fools.

When, after hearing so much of this Marion City, my eyes first opened upon it, I saw nothing but an extensive bottom of very low land, *with a few straggling wooden buildings* scattered here and there. A more desolate and unpromising-looking residence I never beheld. The captain of the steamer, who from his constant voyages, was familiarly acquainted with the place, told me that it was inundated at every rise of the Mississippi, and that it was a place that never could become a "resting-place for man." The few persons that had attempted to settle there were, he said, perfectly wretched, and were already looking out for an abode blessed with fewer perfections.

*May* 22.—All this was forcibly brought to my recollection by the arrival of a person at the apothecary's, bringing with him some elaborately-engraved plans of various cities in the territory of Wisconsin, some forty miles from Mineral Point, in the vicinity of *Tychŏberah*, or the Four Lakes. These cities, this person insisted, had at least been surveyed, the lots had all been regularly marked out, and the settlements most flourishingly commenced. One of them, according to him—and our host confirmed this part of his story—was to be the seat of government of the future State of Wisconsin, and was named Madison. Judging from his earnestness that he was concerned in the success of these magnificent enterprises, I made no suspicious remarks, and merely asked for some information, as I intended to

visit those lakes, of whose beauty I had heard a great deal said. But I missed my mark this time, for our friend did not possess a tithe of the information about the country that I had collected myself. All that I could gather from him was, that they were the finest cities upon the "univarsal arth:" which was the best of them to live in he could not tell, but he "guessed that any man that would lay out his money in lots in Madison, it would tumble overtail twenty times in five years, and you can't do better than that, stranger, go whare you will." I learnt afterwards that this fellow had never been in this part of the country before; that he had purchased some of these engraved plans not long before at Louisville, and with that prodigious stock of assurance that so much distinguishes the "go-ahead" men in these western parts, had started upon the very original plan of offering for sale at least 100,000 city building-lots for any thing whatever he could get for them from the dupes he might meet with, pretending to have an office of business at Milwaukee, and giving an engagement to deliver a title there as soon as some formality or other had been passed through the legislature. He had even paid his fare in the steamers more than once with his lots, and had sported them at the gambling-table.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

SMART MEN.—A TRIAL FOR MURDER.—THE JUDGE TOO DRUNK TO PRONOUNCE THE SENTENCE.—DEPART FOR TYCHOBERAH.—VISIT GOVERNOR DODGE.—GREAT BEAUTY OF THE WISCONSIN PRAIRIES.—ADVANCE IN SEARCH OF SEVEN LARGE CITIES, EACH CAPABLE OF CONTAINING HALF A MILLION OF INHABITANTS.

*May* 23.—I was promoted from the floor of the eating-room to a small apartment at the top of the house, having reached which, I discovered it was the apothecary's shop of our host, and the smell of asafœtida being inconveniently strong just where I was obliged to lay my head, I passed a most extraordinary night. The weather in the morning continued extremely cold, not a bud on the trees swelling. I was informed that warm weather was so uncertain in this part of the country, that many persons did not take their fire-stoves down at all. After breakfast I met with the vender of cities again as I was walking to the copper-veins, and got into an easy conversation with him, without pretending to question the respectability of his vocation. Certainly, nothing can be more disgusting than the barefaced frauds practised by these "smart creeturs" that are roving about wherever men are to be found, for the express purpose of cheating their fellow-beings.

*May* 24.—In the course of the day I met with a very clever sort of person, called Messersmith, uniting in

himself the vocations of miner and farmer. He informed me that his settlement was not much out of the way to Tychōberah, or the Four Lakes, and invited me to call and see him on my way there. The account he gave me of the sufferings of the Indians from the small-pox was very affecting. He had found a chief dead in one of the purification lodges of the women: having become blind and helpless, his two squaws, fearing that he and they would perish from the infection, as the whole tribe had almost done, had abandoned him and endeavoured to reach another part of the country; but they also were found dead in the woods some time after, of the same disorder. I extended my excursion some distance down the valley of the Peccatonic, and having got out of the reach of the settlement, started a great many fine tetrao. The stream was now a mere rivulet, but flowed in an ancient channel 800 yards broad, which bore all the marks of being once filled with a powerful river. The adjacent country was almost entirely prairie, of a rolling and anticlinal character, the strata dipping N. E. and S. W., and sometimes presenting natural sections in the coulées or valleys, much dislocated and shattered, the face of the country sufficiently resembling the character of the Alleghany mountains to refer such configuration of surfaces to the same cause.

*May* 25.—This was an exceedingly cold morning, but having laid in my supply of coffee and treacle, I betook myself into the interior again, and after rather a fagging day, returned in the evening to the treacle-pot. In my various adventures I never had been

more curiously fed than at present; and what appears rather odd now is, that I began to take very kindly to it. The fact was, that, knowing there was nothing better to be had, I followed out my old plan of being contented with the best, which is the true way of getting accustomed to the worst.

I had heard much of a trial for murder that was to take place in the evening, and as amusement and characteristic manners are usually to be found upon such occasions, especially in the western country, I went to the court-house, which was a log building made of squared timber. It was but a sorry exhibition of a court of justice, dark, and filled with filthy-looking men, spitting about in every direction. The prisoner was an impudent, ill-looking fellow, of the name of McComber, and it appeared on the trial, that in a revengeful spirit, for some supposed injury, he had steadily followed up one Willard, a nephew of General Dodge, the governor of the territory, and seizing his opportunity, had shot him. The *court* was my old friend with his breeches on; but, sorry I am to say, he was ill-dressed, excessively dirty, unshaven, and had his jaws tied up in an old silk handkerchief, having, as he told the jury, "got the mumps." The prosecuting attorney, who summed up, exceeded all the pleaders I ever listened to for absurdity of language and bad grammar, and had evidently come from the very lowest class. The following was one of his grave passages, intended to be very impressive.

"Yes, gentlemen of the jury, he is proved to have been maliciously and aforethought contriving this here

business. He was seen walking up and down, backwards and forwards, with solemnity, and to make the act more solemn, he did the solemnest thing a man can do when he is coming to a solemn thought, and determines on it, by the smoking of the pipe. Yes, he concluded by the smoking of the pipe; and if that beent, as you may say, putting the cap a top, why then, I don't know what is." The twang, the appearance, and gestures of the orator are wanting to do justice to this eloquent passage. At the conclusion of this speech the court adjourned the proceedings until the succeeding evening, and dismissed us, to go where we pleased, jury and all.

*May* 26.—This day my companion and myself, having procured some assistance, continued our levellings, and at the conclusion of our labours we returned to our quarters, where we learnt that the jury had sent a sealed verdict to the judge, having found the prisoner guilty, and that sentence was to be passed upon him at eight o'clock. The court, my old friend, had not arrived when I entered the court-house, and I was occupied looking at the convicted prisoner, whose eyes were glancing in an unquiet manner about the room, when the judge, his person in the greatest disorder, his neck-handkerchief awry, and his clothes partly unbuttoned, entered the court-room, *staggering drunk*, and after the most frightful exhibition of impotent inebriety, just managed to reach his judgment-seat without falling.

I have been present at many rare and curious

spectacles, but never before assisted at one so peculiarly and intensely shocking as this; most of the persons present evinced great dissatisfaction, and some of them proposed to lead him away. Leaning sideways, and not looking at anybody, he attempted to address the jury, but he was too far gone even to "talk straight." This horrid burlesque was gradually creating a strong feeling of indignation in the spectators, and I thought it probable at one time that they would seize him and duck him in the stream, which would certainly have been putting the "cap a top," as the solemn attorney said the preceding evening. As to the prisoner, who no doubt was turning the chances in his mind, he looked at his judge and seemed quite baffled at the probable nature of the coming sentence which the fiery dictates of whiskey might suggest. The prosecuting attorney, now feeling that his own dignity was at stake, addressed him, and entreated him to defer the sentence until morning. As it was out of his power to utter any reasons against the court's adjourning until that time, the attorney directed proclamation to be made, and we left the court, the reeling majesty of the law being led publicly to his lodgings by two of the constables.

*May* 27.—After breakfast I returned to the court-house to witness the conclusion of this disgraceful affair. The judge arrived and took his seat with that wretched and haggard appearance that individuals bear who are far advanced in mania potu; and, after a few absurd phrases, sentenced the murderer to pay a fine of three hundred dollars, and

to be imprisoned until the fine was paid. The disgusting farce being over, the convict was conducted to the log hut which was appointed to be the jail, and as soon as they opened the door to let him in, I saw him make a couple of ground somersets, the last of which carried him into his lodgings. These consisted of a solitary log-house, with one room on the ground and a window with some iron bars. No sooner had they locked him in, than he began to crow with all his might. His numerous friends now went to talk to him at the window, and during the day brought him food and whiskey. In the course of the night he evaporated, and so ended the affair; for as to apprehending him a second time, few persons would be found to attempt that, it being universally known that when frontier bloods of his calibre once imbrue their hands in blood, they entertain no scruples about taking the lives of those who come with hostile intentions against them.

*May* 28.—Having finished our investigations in the course of the day, I began to pack up my fossils and minerals, preparatory to an excursion to Tychōberah. A more melancholy and dreary place than this Mineral Point I never expect to see again: we had not tasted a morsel of fresh meat, or fish, or vegetables, since we had been here. There was not a vestige of a garden in the place, and the population seemed quietly to have resigned itself to an everlasting and unvarying diet of coffee, rice, treacle and bread, and salt butter, morning, noon, and night, without any other variety than that of occasionally getting a different cup and saucer.

*May* 29.—Having engaged a waggon, we took our places in it very early, and I turned my back, not unreluctantly, upon our late quarters, leaving my luggage to keep company with the assafœtida until my return. We were now bound to Tychōberah, and to those prairies and lakes whose beauty had been so much extolled to me. *Madison City*, too, was an attraction before us; in truth, we had been so wretchedly off at our apothecary's, that we were convinced any change would be much for the better, and were ardently longing to see new faces in the shape of potatoes, fresh fish, and meat. As to architectural expectations, I was cautious enough, in consequence of my late experience, not to entertain any very exalted ones, and therefore limited my anticipations to the larder of the best tavern of the metropolis of the territory, where it was clear there must be something better than treacle and assafœtida. About five miles from Mineral Point we called upon the governor, General Dodge, at a quiet cabin he had built for himself in a small secluded valley, tolerably well wooded, and spent half an hour with him. This gentleman, at that time the chief magistrate of the territory, was said to be a perfect western *character*. I had seen him on horseback in the streets of Mineral Point, and was struck with the appearance of his accoutrements, having, although dressed in plain clothes, immense horse pistols staring out of his holsters. He had been brought up on the frontiers, and since his manhood had been rather notorious for his desperate feuds with various individuals, many of whom still surviving, he always

went armed, the invariable practice of bloods of his calibre being to fire immediately at any hostile approach.

On taking our leave of his excellency, we passed some "diggings," with a few miserable huts erected near them, dignified with the name of *Dodgeville*. From hence we pursued our way across a rolling prairie, covered with charming wild-flowers, and then came to some woodland, where the country became somewhat hilly. Here, at noon, we were met by my acquaintance, Mr. Messersmith, who was on the look-out for us, and who conducted us to his farm-house, situated at the bottom of a little wooded dell, near a copious spring of delicious clear water. We were received in the kindest manner by his family, and after partaking of a homely repast, served to us with unceasing kindness, we set out on a long ramble to visit *his* diggings, which appeared to be very productive. On our return to the farm we were surprised by a hurricane and a heavy storm, accompanied with torrents of rain, in which we had to walk about four miles drenched through and through. We were glad to get back to our host's cabin, and repair our misfortune as well as we could at a rousing wood fire. Mrs. Messersmith then gave us a cup of coffee, and we lay down whilst our clothes were taken care of by the good lady.

*May* 30.—At the dawn of day I rose, and, finding my clothes comfortably dried, dressed, and went to the beautiful spring, where, having made my ablutions, I took a stroll before breakfast; and, having taken our cup of coffee and thanked our friends for

their very hospitable reception, we again got into our waggon, and drove sixteen miles over the prairie to the Blue Mounds, two considerable elevations of rock, consisting of a silicious hornstone, resembling that which I had seen in 1834 in the lead district of Missouri. The galena procured in this neighbourhood is so very white and brittle, and contains such a superabundance of sulphur, that upon breaking many of the cubes, I generally found crystals of pure sulphur within. We here found an old bachelor, named Brigham, living in a log hut at this solitary place, following, as everybody does in this territory, the occupation of a miner. He gave us a couple of hard-boiled eggs and some stale bread, and charged us about ten times what they were worth for them.

Pursuing our journey, at one p.m. we passed the military road leading to Fort Winnebago and Navarino, and soon afterwards got into one of the most exquisitely beautiful regions I have ever seen in any part of the world. The prairie that had hitherto been distinguished by a regular rolling surface, here changed its character, and took the form of ridges somewhat elevated, which frequently resolved themselves into masses of gracefully-rounded hills, separated by gentle depressions, that occasionally became deepened valleys. In these, some of the heads of a stream called Sugar River, a tributary of Rock River, took their rise. In whatever direction our eyes were turned, the most pleasing irregularities of surface presented themselves. But that which crowned the perfection of the view, and imparted an indescribable charm to the whole scene, from the

knoll where we stood to the most distant point where the alternate hills and vales blended with the horizon, was the inimitable grace with which the picturesque clumps of trees, that sometimes enlarged themselves into woods, embellished this rural landscape from the hand of Nature.

Here a thick grove hanging upon the slope of a hill, distinguished by its symmetry from its numerous companions, impended over the amenity of the valley beneath; whilst, further on, a more robust line of dense foliage betrayed the ample volume of some pellucid stream whence it was nourished. Turn where we would, every object within the ample range concurred to cherish and to establish more indelibly the pleasing impression caused by the whole; whilst the softness of these attractions contrasted here and there so strikingly with the noble rock escarpments peering out from the bluffs, that Nature might be said to speak to you in a voice that must be listened to, and to tell you that she had here surpassed the most polished efforts of English park scenery, the most difficult of all her achievements. America will justly boast of this unrivalled spectacle when it becomes known, for certainly it is formed of elements that no magic could enable all Europe to bring together upon so great a scale.

The aspect of this lovely country at once accounted for so great a population flocking to the lakes, on whose enchanting banks those cities were founded of which we had heard so much, and to which we were now advancing. Four noble lakes in the centre of a region of such unrivalled beauty must constitute

perfection itself. Our expectations were exceedingly raised; every moment produced a new excitement; the occasional glimpse of the shy deer, with their elegant fawns, and the more frequent flushing of the prairie-hen from her nest, gave animation to the still beauty around us. Enraptured with all I saw, I could not but occasionally reflect on the oddity of *seven* large cities, each capable of containing a population of half a million of people, having congregated so close together. There was *Madison City*, which was the metropolis. Adjacent to this was the *City of the Four Lakes*. A short distance beyond this was the city of *North Madison*. Close upon this again was the city of *East Madison*. Then there was the city of *West Madison*, the city of *South Madison*, and, finally, the *City of the First Lake*. Of each of these I had a beautifully engraved plan, with all its squares, streets, institutions, and temples.

The path we were upon was an ancient Indian trail, holding its course steadily from the waters of the Mississippi to Tychōberah, or the Four Lakes; and, as if all things rare in their nature had here gathered together, to enhance the interest which was inspired by this romantic country, we came to some Indian monuments of a very remarkable character.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SERIES OF ANCIENT INDIAN MOUNDS. — GREAT EXPECTATION OF GOOD FARE AT MADISON CITY.—THE SEVEN CITIES ALL CONTAINED IN ONE SMALL LOG HUT, WITH A SINGLE ROOM.—MRS. PECK SWEETENS OUR COFFEE.—TWO SMART QUAKERS.—A WINNEBAGO BEAUTY AND HER CAVALIER.

THESE were figures of animals and men, formed of the soil upon the surface of the ground, about six feet high, in alto-relievo, all of them perfectly distinct, and covered with a sod that appeared to be coeval with that of the prairie itself. Not one of them appeared to have been opened; and this circumstance, with the novelty of the spectacle, could not fail to detain me until I had examined, measured, and sketched these interesting objects. They were very numerous, and extended more than half a mile on each side of our road, which, as before mentioned, was an ancient Indian war-path, leading from the waters of the Mississippi, in the direction of the Four Lakes, to Lake Michigan.

At a point very near to the trail, was the figure of a man, amidst some oblong mounds, his arms extended north and south, his head lying to the west, and his legs to the east. East from this figure, about 200 feet, was a round tumulus, sufficiently high to overlook every thing around; and about 600 feet east from it was a line of seven buffalo mounds, each representing distinctly the head, horns, neck, fore and hind legs, body, and tail of that animal. Each of these animal mounds measured, from the nose to the tip of the tail, about 120 feet, of which the tail alone measured thirty-six feet. The figure of the man was about 150 feet long, from one extremity to the other, the limbs twenty feet apart at the east, and all the parts stood in bold relief, about six feet high from the face of the prairie. To the left of the trail was a circle, about sixty feet in diameter.

As we proceeded westward, we found other mounds of a similar character; a few, however, differed from them, and appeared rather to take the form of a beaver, as others, in distant parts of the Wisconsin territory, did that of the turtle. At one point near to the trail, was a large animal mound, embossed upon the prairie, betwixt a rampart of earth at least 200 yards long, and a vertical escarpment of incoherent sandstone, of the same quality with the friable sand-rock I had seen on the banks of the Wisconsin, which underlies the metalliferous limestone.

From the great abundance of mounds, of various kinds, which exist in this fertile territory, it is evident that it must have been in ancient times a

favourite abode of powerful tribes, remarkable for their ingenuity. We know that, having separated into tribes, the buffalo, the turtle, the beaver, and other animals, became the totems or badges of the Indians; and that, after their rude and simple manner, they used them as heraldic symbols. Amongst the various Indian nations, of which we have any knowledge, in the continent of America, we find its principal beasts and birds selected by them to designate their races, just as those objects in nature, the lion, the eagle, the horse, have been adopted in various parts of the old world; and it deserves notice that the presumption that the horse was not indigenous to America is strengthened by the fact that no Indian tribe has ever taken that animal for its totem or badge, and that no ancient name for it is to be found in any of their languages.

That these mounds, whatever form has been given to them, are deposits of the dead, has been proved upon numerous occasions. Some of them, of all kinds, have been opened, and have uniformly been found to contain human bones. Nor is each mound the tomb of one individual, for bones are found distributed throughout, and in such a manner as to shew that layers of bodies have been placed side by side, then covered over with earth, and another layer deposited. I can speak with certainty of this, having been present at the opening of more than one of them. A collection of such mounds, then, is to be regarded as an Indian cemetery, placed near one of their great war-paths; whilst those representing men may really have been so figured in

honour of some conspicuous warrior, whose tomb, thus situated, could be seen and honoured by all who passed up and down the war-path.

Having stopped to make the preceding sketch of these interesting objects, the first of the kind I had ever seen, we hastened on, as the day was drawing to a close, and we had yet some distance to go to Madison City. For some time I had kept a good look-out for some of the enterprising farmers, who must have come from great distances to this fertile country, and was rather surprised that we should hitherto have met with no one. We had not passed a single farm, and concluded that, being an Indian country, the settlers had clustered round the great city we were bound to, and had established themselves near that lake where the best fish abounded. Fresh fish! prodigious varieties! cat-fish, pike, pickerel, salmon, trout, buffalo, perch! What anticipations for men who had for so many days been bolting pieces of tough fat bacon, cured 1,000 miles off. At length we came to a belt of open trees, and, passing through it, we reached the flat, marshy shores of the largest of the four lakes: we could see almost entirely around it, and much did we look; but, alas! no vestige of human dwelling was in sight.

This considerably changed the current of our thoughts, and materially impaired the beauty of the prospect. Not being disposed to express all we felt, we reluctantly took to the woods again, along the margin of the lake, in the hope to stumble upon some one or other. Night was gradually drawing her veil over every thing, and it became rather doubtful whe-

ther we should not have—in the language of backwoodsmen—to camp out. Keeping, therefore, all my visions of fried fish in the background for a while, I felt for my box of matches, and, finding it safe, turned my attention—as old Indian travellers always do—to the next best thing, a rousing fire to lie down by. Black clouds were forming in the horizon; we had been drenched thoroughly the day before, and it became pretty certain there would be another storm. Groping our way, and occasionally jolting over the fallen trees, we, at the end of an hour and a half, got to the shore of the third lake, having somehow or other missed the second lake, where *Madison City* was supposed to be. We now changed our course again, and keeping to the north-west, and meandering, and wondering, and shouting for my companion, who had got out of the waggon to follow a small trail he thought he had discovered, I at length gave up the attempt to proceed any further, and, selecting a dry tree as a proper place to bivouac near, had already stopped the waggon, when, hearing my companion's voice shouting for me in a tone that augured something new to be in the wind, I pushed on in that direction, and at length found him standing at the door of a hastily-patched-up log hut, consisting of one room about twelve feet square.

This was *Madison City!* and, humble as it was, it concentred within itself all the urban importance of the seven cities we had come so far to admire, and to which, according to our engraved plans, Nineveh of old, Thebes with its hundred gates, and

Persepolis, were but baby-houses. Not another dwelling was there *in the whole* country, and this wretched contrivance had only been put up within the last four weeks. Having secured our horses, we entered the grand and principal entrance to the city, against the top of which my head got a severe blow, it not being more than five feet high from the ground. The room was lumbered up with barrels, boxes, and all manner of things. Amongst other things was a bustling little woman, about as high as the door, with an astounding high cap on, yclept Mrs. Peck. No male Peck was on the ground, but from very prominent symptoms that went before her, another half-bushel seemed to be expected.

My first inquiry was, whether she had any fresh fish in the house. The answer was "No!" Inflexible and unwelcome word. No fresh fish! no large, delicious catfish, of twenty pounds' weight, to be fried with pork, and placed before the voracious traveller in quantities sufficient to calm those apprehensions that so often arise in Indian lands, of there not being enough for him to eat until he falls fast asleep. "Why, then," exclaimed my alarmed companion, "what's to be done?" "I calculate I've got some salt pork," rejoined our little hostess. "Then, Madam, you must fry it without the fish," I replied. So to the old business we went, of bolting square pieces of fat pork, an amusement I had so often indulged in, that I sometimes felt as if I ought to be ashamed to look a live pig in the face. Our landlady, however, was a very active and obliging person; she said she would make us as comfort-

able as it was possible for her to do, and "she guessed" she had a little coffee, and would make us a cup of it. Whether it was acorns, or what it was, puzzled me not a little; it certainly deserved to be thought tincture of myrrh, and, as we drank and grimaced, dear Mrs. Peck, in her sweetest manner, expressed her regret, that she had no other sugar for our coffee, they having, "somehow or another, not brought any with them."

Whilst we were at this repast, the thunder-storm broke over us, and a deluge of rain came down, streaming through the roof in various places. In the midst of the confusion two other vagabonds came in; one of them a ruffian-looking fellow, who said he was a miner, on his way across the Indian country from Milwaukee: the other, a stupid, boorish, dirty-looking animal, said he had not tasted any thing for two days, having lost his way on the prairie; and, having been overtaken the preceding night by a very heavy rain, whilst making his way up a coulée or vale, had been afraid to lie on the ground, and had passed the whole night sitting on a fallen tree. Fortunately, there was pork enough for us all, and when our landlady had put the frying-pan to bed, she did the same to us by the act of blowing the candle out. Where she stowed herself was her own secret. Choosing a place between two barrels, I lay down, and drew my cloak over me; of sleep there was very little to be had, for it rained in torrents almost the whole night, and, not having pitched my camp skilfully, it poured upon me from the unfinished roof as I lay stretched upon the floor,

not daring to move in the dark, lest I should pull some of the articles of Mrs. Peck's museum upon me, or break some of her crockery.

*May* 31.—With the first ray of light I jumped up from my uncomfortable berth, and, having procured some dry clothes from my carpet-bag, strode over the two hang-gallows-looking fellows that were snoring near me, and gained the door. The illusion was now dissipated, and I had completely awoke from my dream of the Seven Cities, wondering how I could have ever thought it possible to have so deceived myself. *Smart* as I knew these western Americans were, I had not thought them so systematically and callously fraudulent as to cause engravings to be made of cities, with all their concomitant appendages, in countries where not a human being was to be found, and where not a single tree was cut down; and this for the purpose of robbing their own countrymen. To rob strangers might, from the prejudice of education, be considered even meritorious; but to rob their own countrymen so remorselessly argued an absence of principle so universal and total, that I do not know where it is to be paralleled in history.

The all-absorbing passion for money, which the absence of those moral distinctions that so much protect society from it in Europe has established in the American mind, has, with this class of men, obliterated every sense of that feeling that naturally inclines men to obey the divine injunction of "doing unto others as ye would they should do unto you." If a smart man cheats any one, no part of the dis-

grace of knavery falls upon him; and if one smart man cheats another smart man,* he receives the most

* An apt illustration of this was familiarly spoken of and admired when I first visited New York, near forty years ago. An active, extremely shrewd, and "considerable smart" Quaker merchant expected the arrival from India of a valuable ship and cargo belonging to him; and she was so much out of time, that he partially insured her at a high premium of twenty per cent. The policy, of which a very large portion remained uncovered, was in the hands of a brother Quaker, of great reputation for sagacity and caution, but fond of large premiums. One morning, Friend Jacob B——, the insurer, was seen out very early, laughing and chatting, as if in one of his happiest moods. The other "Friend," who still hesitated about taking the risk, was in the habit of having Jacob's movements watched, for he calculated, very naturally, that his temper would be affected one way or the other by the news that he would receive of his ship, and would be a safe guide, in the absence of other information, for his determination about covering the policy. Learning that Jacob had been seen in such a very lively mood, he began to think seriously about the premium; and whilst he was meditating, a note was delivered to him from Jacob, which ran thus:—

"Friend ——

"If thee has not signed the policy, I wish thee to send it to me immediately by the bearer. Thy friend,

"JACOB B——"

"Verily, Jacob," said the good man to himself, "thee did not put on cheerfulness for nothing this morning; thee hath private news of the arrival of this ship, and I may as well have the premium as not." Saying this, he filled the policy, and giving it to the messenger, said, "Thee may tell Friend B—— that I have taken the risk." A quarter of an hour afterwards, another friend dropped in to tell him, that news was in town that Jacob's ship was a total loss. His state of mind may be imagined, when he found himself thus overreached.

Setting aside the undoubted *smartness* of this transaction, a more fraudulent proceeding, on both sides, it would be difficult

unbounded admiration; so that these smart fellows, having no motive whatever to be commonly honest, at last become callous, and forget even the nature of justice, living only to carry out their own base and selfish manœuvres. The vender of cities spoken of at page 79 took no particular pains to conceal from me the atrocious nature of the occupations he had followed, and was hardy enough, in an argument with me, to attempt to justify his practices. "Men," said he, "that keep a bright look-out are never taken in; it is only fools that take themselves in, and they are of no account."

It is fearful to reflect what will be the condition of society here when honesty retires altogether from the field of action, and leaves fraud, *smartly* perpetrated, to be the principal feature in all transactions; how much is to be apprehended from the future, when the generations of men, that will have no good examples before their eyes, may abandon even the intention to be respectable.

Having now fully made up my mind that I was in an Indian country as wild and unsettled as any I had yet visited, I hastened to the shore of the lake to espy what truly turned out to be the nakedness of the land, not a vestige of any human being or habitation being to be discerned. Rambling, however, along the lake-shore, picking up unios and

to produce. The insured, knowing his vessel was lost, assumed a cheerfulness he did not feel, and by his fortunate finesse, tempted his *brother* Quaker to underwrite the policy. And his unlucky victim, convinced the risk was over, signed the policy, when he must have felt he could not honestly claim the premium.

anadontas, I came upon a wigwam, inhabited by a squaw of the Winnebago tribe, and learnt from her that her mate was a French Canadian, and was fishing from a canoe a little lower down. Thither I hied, and having found him, engaged him, with the assistance of his squaw, to procure us a mess of sunfish. This being accomplished, I sent them to Mrs. Peck, and following my messenger to Madison City, requested her to prepare them for our breakfast. No time was lost in doing this, and we made a very hearty meal without putting her to the trouble of preparing us any coffee. Sallying out again, I walked across a tongue of land which separated this from the fourth lake, and soon reached its shore, from whence I had a view of an extremely beautiful sheet of water.

Advancing along, I found more signs of humanity: two men were cutting some poles down; the one a Canadian, the other a somewhat desperado-looking young American, with cropped hair. Near to the lake I observed other poles laid aslant upon a fallen tree, forming a sort of shed, and looking beneath, beheld a youthful Winnebago squaw lying down on a filthy blanket, thoroughly drenched with the rain of the preceding night. She was pursy and immensely fat, but had some good features. Near to her was a bower of a similar character, containing an elderly squaw, with only one eye, as hideously wrinkled and frowsy as she could well be. Whilst I was standing near to these creatures, the men came up, and I soon saw that the young American was the cavaliero of the fat squaw, and that the

couch where she was lying was their bower of bliss. This fellow, having a canoe, agreed, for a dollar, to take me out upon the lake, and down a channel that connects the fourth with the third lake, and thence to Madison City. Accordingly, getting into a badly-constructed log canoe with his fat beauty, we paddled off.

After visiting various parts of the lake, and being more than once nearly upset from the awkward management of this youth, at whom the squaw laughed heartily, we entered the channel which connects the two lakes. It was about three miles and a half long and about forty feet in breadth, and we found the current so very strong at the entrance, that we shot down it with great rapidity, the shores on each side being, for the greatest part of the distance, a swamp very little raised above the level of the stream. At length we came to a piece of ground where a part of the band of Winnebagoes had their wigwams. Three horrible-looking frowsy she-savages were eviscerating fish, which they were curing by fire on some stakes. Their matted, coarse, black locks stood out at right angles, like the strands of a mop when it is twirled; scarce any thing was to be discerned in their lineaments that was human, and more loathsome and disgusting objects I never beheld. Every thing about the wigwams was in keeping with their revolting and odious persons; ordure and dead fish in the last stage of corruption made a perfect pestilence around, amidst which they moved in the most contented and philosophic manner. Alecto,

Megara, and Tisiphone, the far-famed furies, must have been beauties compared to these hags. I just stayed long enough to purchase from them a fine alligator gar (*Esox osseus*) for the sake of its skeleton, and then came away. Just as we were starting, one of these she-devils, wanting to visit the one-eyed squaw we had left behind, strode into our canoe, and a pretty inside passenger we had of her. The canoe itself was a wretched, tottering affair, imperfectly hollowed out of a small log, and wabbled about in such a doubtful manner that we had been several times near upsetting in crossing the lake. In this "dug-out"—for that is the expressive name they go by—I had taken my seat on the bottom near the prow, with my face towards the stern, holding the sides with my hands; thus situated, this she-monster, clapping herself immediately in front of me, and seizing a paddle, of which she seemed a perfect mistress, most vigorously began to ply it. At first I was amused by her motions; but, alas! my satisfaction was of short duration, for warming with the exercise, every time she raised her brawny fins to propel the canoe, she at each stroke almost bobbed a particular part of her person into contact with my nose, when such lots of unknown odours came from her that I soon became wretchedly sick at my stomach, and was delighted when we arrived at dear little Mrs. Peck's paradise.

These Howchungerahs, or Winnebagoes, well deserve the name of "Puants," which the first French adventurers gave them. Establishing themselves

where fish is plentiful, they never change the site of their wigwams, at the entrances to which they throw down the entrails and offal of their fish. They have thus become notorious amongst the other Indians for the filthy existence they lead. I learnt from our hostess that the young Adonis, in whose canoe I had been, had deserted from the American garrison of Fort Winnebago, had been apprehended, flogged, his head shaved, and then drummed out of the fort to choose his own mode of life. He had wandered about until he fell in with this band of Indians, and, rejected by his own race, had found refuge and a mistress amongst the savages.

As soon as we had taken a good reconnaissance of the country around, and packed up the unios, and other fresh-water shells I had collected, we bade adieu to the little inhabitant of Madison City and turned our faces to the prairie again. It had been part of my plan to strike across the country to a branch of Rock River, being desirous of examining the remains of an ancient city which I had heard a great deal about, and to which the name of Aztalan had been given. This had been described as of large dimensions, having archways and casements made with brick and mortar, as if a city had in ancient times existed here, built of cal y canto, like those which Cortez found when he advanced into Mexico. But having spoken with various Indians well acquainted with the country, who declared they had never seen or heard of any thing of the kind, or indeed any thing but some mounds near the supposed locality, and considering the small

success I had had in my researches after modern cities, I gave up my intention of looking up this ancient one. It would have taken us at least two days to reach the mounds, and being without a guide in a region where there was neither road nor inhabitants betwixt the lakes and them, we inclined more willingly to the supposition that it was quite as likely that the whole affair was a poetical speculation got up to establish a modern Thebes upon the ruins of the older one for the purpose of selling the lots; an ingenious device, of which we soon had a curious and instructive instance.

## CHAPTER XLV.

A NEW YORK FLAT.—THE WISCONSIN RIVER.—GENERAL GEOLOGY OF THE LEAD-BEARING DISTRICTS.—THE CITY OF SAVANNAH.—THE SNAKE DIGGINGS.—SINSINNAWAY MOUND.

We had advanced about seven miles from the lakes into the prairie, when we met with the old bachelor, Mr. Brigham, whose cabin we had stopped at, at the Blue Mounds, accompanied by another person, holding various papers in his hand, and who appeared somewhat agitated as we came up with them. This man's name was Picketts, and his story was as follows. He had left New York on a trading expedition for Milwaukee, on Lake Michigan, and on arriving there, had sold and delivered to a person there, of the name of Glennie, butter, bacon, and other commodities, to the amount of nine hundred dollars. Mr. Glennie, it appeared, being desirous of introducing respectable settlers into the western wilderness, and being gifted with very persuasive powers, had induced Mr. Picketts, when in a remarkably verdant state of mind, to receive in payment for his goods nine lots admirably situated for erecting city buildings, in the city of West Madison, which, as the engraved map most forcibly exhibited, was advantageously situated upon the banks of the Third Lake. Mr.

Picketts had thought it one of the best bargains that had ever been made, which was probably also Mr. Glennie's opinion; who, in addition to his deeds in fee-simple, delivered him a handsomely engraved plan of the city of West Madison, with its imposing squares and streets, and the most charming of lakes lying in all its quiet beauty in front of the city.

Now, these deeds were bounded by certain ranges and lines that had been surveyed by the surveyors of the general government, so that, of course, the lots were there. Having obtained from the Land-office some directions and instructions as to the numbers of his lots, he brought Mr. Brigham with him to identify that part of the township where they were situated. Mr. Brigham, who understood all this machinery very well, had just communicated to his companion, that the lots described in his deeds were exactly where he was standing. Mr. Picketts, therefore, had all that satisfaction that a man can have who has found a mathematical point; but as to its value to him, which depended altogether upon its being in a city founded on the bank of a large lake, it was as clear to his comprehension, as any thing could be, that it was *nil;* for, however true it might be that the lots were there, it was no less so that the lake was seven miles off, and could not be seen from them.

Upon looking over his papers, I saw into the fraud at once. The plot of ground where we stood had been laid out into squares and streets *on paper*, and

the building-lots in the streets had been regularly numbered and conveyed in the deeds, in which no mention whatever was made of the lake. By way of embellishment, the vender had added the lake to the engraved plan of the city, and had called the city West Madison. This was the best that he could do for his customers; he had brought the lake and the city very prettily together on paper, and it was most unreasonable to ask him to bring two points together in any other way that nature had so far divided. He had merely sold the lots by their numbers and bounds, and there they were: to be sure, there was not a drop of water, nor a tree, nor a being, within seven miles of them, and it was pretty certain that there never would be; so nothing was left for Mr. Picketts but to make the most of his wrinkle, and to part with them to some untravelled friend in New York, who had a romantic turn for lake scenery.

The issue, however, of all these projects, raised upon such unexampled frauds, cannot but suggest serious reflections; for the amount of fictitious evidences of credit that thus get into circulation is incredible. Besides these unsubstantial cities, railroads, as shadowy as themselves, have, by the manœuvring of speculators, become incorporated by the state legislatures, ostensibly to connect these imaginary towns. Hence, bonds, and mortgages, and promissory notes, railroad shares, and other apparent evidences of property, have got into circulation by the ingenuity of shrewd indivi-

duals, and the connivance of those who have the management of banks with nominal capital; indeed, I have been informed, that in many instances evidences of credit, having no basis whatever, have, in the intemperate haste of speculation, got so mixed up with *bonâ fide* securities, that they have been received equally in payment with them in the liquidation of real transactions. Thus do fraudulent transactions receive direct encouragement, and are continually on the increase, and the knowing individuals connected with them, as well as the culpable banks that facilitate their operations, become enriched; but the moment cannot be far distant when these false securities will have increased to such an amount, that they will no longer be convertible, and an explosion must take place that will force all the ramifications into a liquidation; it will then be found that half the banks in the country are rotten to the core, and an immense number of persons must be ruined. This moment may, to be sure, be deferred by the ingenuity of individuals, especially if they succeed—as many are now attempting—to get American securities into circulation in England: the high rate of interest they will profess to pay will tempt many persons there, and if they only manage to pay the interest a few times, the distinction between the real and fictitious securities may be lost sight of for a long time.*

* This passage was entered in my Journal in these terms, in 1837, since which period the world has witnessed the ruin of the Bank of the United States, with the squandering of all its power-

Leaving the outwitted New Yorker to his reflections, we rode on to the buffalo mounds which had attracted our attention the preceding day, and having re-measured several of them, pursued our way to Brigham's, where we had to content ourselves with such wretched fare as this parsimonious old fellow had provided.

*June* 1.—Hard boards and an empty stomach had not assisted me to sleep during the night. I rose at early dawn, and took a walk on the prairie, where plover were feeding in the freshness of the morning, and where I started several tetrao. As soon as the horses were put to, we started again, and reaching Mr. Messersmith's about eight a. m., got a substantial breakfast. Being desirous of riding across the country to the Wisconsin River, about twelve miles distant, our kind host volunteered to accompany us, and we set off immediately after breakfast. The surface of the country was very irregular with hill and dale, and one of the valleys we crossed was singularly beautiful. The whole distance consisted of ridges, coulées, and vales, the escarpments often exhibiting an anticlinal state in the gaps occasionally separating the ridges; which,

ful capital, consisting of thirty millions of dollars, or six millions sterling. When President Jackson severed its connection with the general government, by vetoing the renewal of the charter, speculation was let loose in every direction, and, if this were the place to undertake it, it could be shewn, that the ruin of the bank, and the universal injury sustained by American credit, were greatly produced by the state of things here described.

however, our guide informed me, were often continuous for several miles. It was very evident that the stratification had been much modified, either by an undulating movement from below, or from superficial pressure, from causes analogous to those which have acted upon the strata of the Alleghany chain.

On reaching the shot-tower, on the bank of Wisconsin, I found every thing much improved since my visit there in 1835. Although called a tower, it was, in fact, a perpendicular cylinder cut from the top of the escarpment, through the incoherent sandstone, to the depth of 180 feet, and the adit below, from the surface of the escarpment to the water-tub, was 90 feet long. Their method in the manufacturing of shot was to put 10 lbs. of arsenic to every 1,000 lbs. of galena, to make the lead brittle and disposed to separate; three-fourths of this arsenic evaporates whilst melting, and does not combine with the lead. The lead, when melted a second time, is poured through a perforated ladle, and falls from the top of the tower into the water below, in all sorts of sizes and shapes. When taken out and dried, it is poured over a series of inclined planes, separated by small troughs. Those globules, which are quite orbicular, run over all the planes, whilst the imperfect ones wobble along, and being sometimes double, and having no spring in their movement, drop into the troughs, and are melted over again. The perfect shot are finally sifted in a machine containing various drawers with their bottoms perforated in holes of all

sizes, from buckshot to mustard-seed. The machine is moved by the hand. The shot, when separated into sorts, is glazed and put into bags.

But a very short time ago, the whole country was a wilderness, containing only a few roaming Winnebagoes, and already the white men had established a well-conducted and prosperous manufactory. The colony of swallows, too, which I had observed in 1835, had increased greatly, continuing to make holes in the face of the soft sandstone with their beaks, and filling them with nests of clay, having small orifices; in some instances the nests were built upon the face of the vertical escarpment. Many hundreds of them had established themselves in the rock; some of the nests had eggs, and from others young birds were peeping out. It was truly a very pretty sight. Having got something to eat at the house, we lay down to sleep on the floor, and surrendered ourselves to myriads of pitiless mosquitoes.

*June* 2.—What with the mosquitoes, and the heavy thunder and rain that were performing almost the whole night, I rose at the dawn, sleepless and feverish.

The Wisconsin River, which interested me so much when I came down it in my canoe in 1835, was as beautiful as ever. Having got a cup of coffee, we left its banks about nine p.m., and returned to our garden, where, taking leave of our hospitable friends, we proceeded on our return to Mineral Point, which we reached about four in the afternoon. Here, I found, by the newspapers, that all the disso

banks, including that of the United States, had suspended the cash payment of their notes.

*June 6.*—We remained at this place, reviewing our investigations, and making a few more excursions, until this morning, when I paid my bill to the worthy apothecary, in whose house I had been staying. To have a decent place to remain at as your head-quarters in such a wretched village as this, was an advantage I felt daily, and which deserved to be well paid for. But our host's bill was twice as high as it would have been at a good hotel in one of the Atlantic cities, and many more days were charged than I had been at the house. This I remarked in a friendly manner to my host, who listened to me politely. Not wishing to dispute with him, I placed the amount of the bill on the table, and told him to make what deductions he thought proper. Upon which, coming to the deduction that I was a greenhorn, he conveyed the whole of it to his pocket, and leaving the room, I saw no more of him. I therefore left a house, where I had been treated in a kind and obliging manner, with a reluctant disgust, which, but for this instance of rapacity, I never should have entertained.

I now proceed to give a brief general account of the geology of this land-bearing district.

In a part of the work referred to in the note below,* notice is taken of a bed of sandstone of an inconsiderable thickness, which underlays the galenifer-

* Vide Excursion through the Slave States, vol. i. pp. 206–207.

ous strata of the State of Missouri, about thirty miles west of the Mississippi, in N. lat. 38°.

The lead district of Wisconsin, distant about 350 miles from that point, lies in a direction from it similar to the general strike of most of the metalliferous districts of North America, viz., a few points east of north; a circumstance which, aided by the geological affinity of the rocks along the whole of the distance which separates these two districts, and by the strong fact of the galeniferous rocks in Wisconsin being also underlaid by an incoherent sandstone, encourages some probability that galena may hereafter be found at many points along that line of 350 miles, although until this moment it had only been found at its extremities.

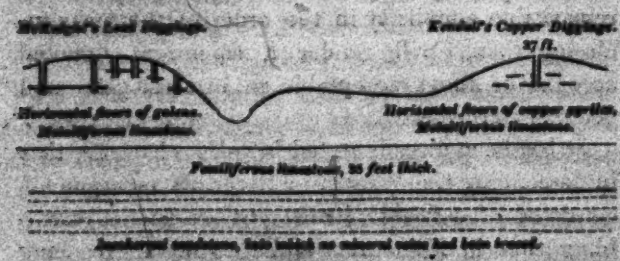
The peculiar arrangement of some of the galeniferous and cupreous beds in Wisconsin, and the remarkable simplicity in the order of the rocks inclosing them, will render a somewhat detailed account of them acceptable to mineralogical and geological readers.

It has been already stated in vol. i. chap. 19, that in descending the Wisconsin River, its escarpments consisted of a friable, incoherent sandstone, resembling that in Missouri; and that on approaching the Mississippi, the sandstone on the left bank supported a loose, fetid, calcarious rock, not dissimilar to that which inclosed the galena in Missouri; and as it was only twenty miles from this point to the "diggings" in the interior, where the metal was

obtained, I always kept a good look-out for this sandstone, believing it to be the key of the stratification of the country.

The "diggings" in the vicinity of Mineral Point, where our survey was conducted, were situated in a prairie country, sometimes rolled out into ridges 1,500 feet long, interrupted occasionally by great depressions of the surface, the slopes of the ridges being steep, especially where truncated by the transverse valleys. This state of the surface was favourable to making out the stratification, the valleys generally cutting down to the sandstone, through the metalliferous and fossiliferous limestones of the annexed vertical section, which represents the stratification of the country.

STRATIFICATION OF THE WISCONSIN GALENIFEROUS DISTRICT.




As the greatest quantity of the copper ore was stated to have been extracted from "Kendall's Diggings"—referred to in the vertical section—we first turned our attention to them, and found

that the deepest shaft sunk at this locality was only thirty-seven feet. In going down, the miners had followed an earthy, ferruginous *lead* for eighteen feet, consisting of clay, silicious matter, and oxide of iron, to which the Cornishmen who had been employed had given the provincial name of gossan: here they struck a floor, dipping slightly to the south, consisting of oxides of iron, light, earthy, cupreous carbonates, and coarse, harsh lumps of sulphuret of iron, much intermixed and coated with green carbonate of copper, and occasionally blended with sulphurets of the same metal. These lumps were characterised by a vesicular structure, the fracture of which disclosed small cavities filled with diverging acicular prisms of green carbonate of copper, of great beauty, and not unfrequently coated with small but brilliant crystals of blue carbonates. From this floor the workmen had pursued the lead of gossan seven feet further down, to a second floor of cupreous matter, much superior to the first. Intermixed with this ore, were found cubes of galena. The general appearance of the contents of both these floors was that of a ferruginous scoria, much coated with cupreous carbonates, of a low value, the assays of the first not being rated higher than 8 per cent., and of the second, not higher than 20 parts in 100 of copper. Having emptied this second floor, they had pursued the lead about four feet further, and then abandoned the undertaking. These floors are no doubt irregular expansions of true veins, such as

are common in all mining countries; and, indeed, south of a vale through which the Pekatonica flows, at a place called Ansley's South Copper-diggings, we found a small vein of hard, substantial, grey copper ore, which yielded upon assay 50 parts in 100 of good copper.

The diggings and excavations which had been made at all the places in this district did not appear to warrant much expectation of present profit, taking into the account the nature of the country, the great scarcity of fuel, and the high price of labour and provisions.

The deposits of galena, however, at *McKnight's Lead-diggings* (see vertical section) had already rewarded the miners. Various shafts had been sunk upon the summit of the ridge, down which the workmen had successively come to different floors of galena, all perfectly horizontal, from a few inches to a foot in thickness of metal, accompanied with a dry red earth, that seems to be the general concomitant of all galeniferous deposits, both in Missouri and Wisconsin. The workmen stated that when they had emptied the floors of the metal, they had generally found a lead of galena running down at a sharp angle, in the form of a vertical vein, to another floor. This was repeated so often, that it had become a preponderating opinion amongst the miners that, whatever the form of the flat floors and their ramifications, all of them were connected with a descending lode, gossan always leading down from them where galena was not present.

At other localities, twenty miles east from this place, I found the floors also horizontal. Still, this is not the constant form of the deposits, for in the vicinity of Fever River, veins of galena came to the surface, through hard limestone rocks, in strong vertical lodes. I made the observation at the time, that where the metal was found in horizontal floors, the rock was of a soft, rubbly character, and easily excavated; as if the direction of the metal, when projected from below, had been governed by the state of induration of the rock through which it passed, diverging into floors where there was the least resistance.

The vertical section (at page 114) represents the circumstances under which deposits of galena may be expected to be found in any part of the galeniferous district, the chance of finding the metal depending upon the presence and thickness of the metalliferous bed nearest to the surface. At McKnight's Lead-diggings, the thickness of the bed, from the surface down to the fossiliferous limestone, was 118 feet: here, as elsewhere, were various floors of galena, but in no instance did I learn that any had ever been found, either in the fossiliferous limestone, or in the inferior sandstone. In whatever part of the lead-bearing district this metalliferous bed was shallow, not exceeding a few feet in thickness, no metal was to be found. This was the case in the district where the Snake-diggings—hereafter to be mentioned—were: there the bed was thick, and, at a distance of not more

than twenty-five feet from the surface, a quantity of metal, amounting to about 800,000 lbs., had been collected in a superficial area not exceeding four hundred yards in length; whilst in the vicinity, at places where the bed had thinned out, no galena had ever been found. Whilst the sandstone, therefore, is to be considered as the key to the lead-bearing district, the presence and depth of the metalliferous limestone is to be taken as a sure indication of the probability of finding galena.

It deserves a remark also, that whilst in the Missouri galeniferous district, the galena is frequently found in solid horizontal bands of bright metal, encased in a moist, waxy, red clay, in the Wisconsin country it is as frequently found in floors, in the form of masses of aggregated cubes, of a dull aspect, and generally accompanied by a quantity of red, argillaceous earth, perfectly dry. In both cases, the red clay appears to have been projected along with the metal.

Resuming our waggon, we finally left Mineral Point, and proceeded on our visit to some more "diggings," intending to descend to the Wisconsin at a place called "English Prairie," which had attracted my attention in 1835. We found the country cut up by ravines and coulées, and soon broke down at a place called Pedlar's Creek, where we had to remain a couple of hours to repair damages.

We next traversed a naked prairie, on which

shallow excavations had been made in every direction, and reached Parish's, a settlement in a small valley, with a few straggling trees. From hence we went to the diggings on Blue River, and got on a good hard prairie road: for the last six miles the country was very picturesque as we descended to the low lands on the Wisconsin, and there was a great deal of wood, until we reached the English Prairie, an extensive sandy bottom. On nearing the river, a Mr. Stevenson, the agent of a gentleman named H——, who had a lead-furnace there, conducted us to a sort of hut, filled with countless myriads of mosquitoes; at the door of which was a negro attending a fire, and creating as much smoke as he could, with the vain intention of preventing their entrance into the hut. What they had to eat, though not inviting, was hospitably offered; but, having a distressing headache, I lay down as soon as I was permitted to do so.

*June* 7.—I arose at half-past four, in a perfect fever with the mosquitoes, and, on looking around, saw that six other individuals, the negro amongst the rest, had been pigging in the small tenement, which I afterwards learned was the private room of Mr. H——, when here. There was no looking-glass, no washing furniture, no towels, and, indeed, nothing to minister to human comfort: on standing up, however, my face was almost in contact with a shelf, containing a few odd volumes of Voltaire's writings. Such was the retreat of one who submits to all these inconveniences for the sake of the "al-

mighty dollars" that his lead-furnace produces him.

After partaking lightly of a most filthy and disgusting breakfast, we drove away from this wretched place, consisting of a badly arranged log-hut, and a very inefficient smelting-furnace, together dignified with the title of "City of Savannah."

The mosquitoes seeming disposed to devour us on this low prairie, we hastened to gain the upland, and at eleven a. m. got to the Blue River diggings. There is a deep ravine here with a perpendicular escarpment of sandstone, curiously disturbed, and of a brick-red colour at the top, which is very crumbling. Upon this lies about twenty-five feet of fossiliferous limestone, supporting about the same thickness of galeniferous rock. The greatest quantity of galena is found at eighteen feet from the surface, lying in flat floors, and mixed up with what they call "dry bones," and "black Jack." From this place we got upon a sort of blind road, twisting and turning in every direction over the prairie, sometimes going due east, sometimes due west, the only encouragement we had to proceed being that it must lead to some place or other.

At length, having wandered about twenty miles, and our horses and ourselves being heartily tired, we came to a settler's, called Morrison. Finding a good spring of water, and civility, we determined, with the permission of the mistress of the house, to remain here the night. She provided us with some bread made of Indian corn, and,

for the rest, I drew upon my store of good black tea and loaf sugar.

*June* 8.—I awoke much refreshed by my night's rest, in what appeared a strange sort of sleeping-room. There was no door to it; my bed consisted of a few rags that the family could no longer wear —but clean—strewed on the floor, some pieces of harness for a pillow, and every thing else to correspond. I rose, however, cheerfully, and went to the spring, which was quite a luxury. The mistress of the house offered me every facility to accomplish my ablutions, and was unwearied in her obliging attentions. She was in a rapid decline, and, from her appearance, could not survive beyond the autumn. She expressed her apprehension of this to me, and attributed her condition to having had a numerous family too quickly. As soon as we had breakfasted, we started again, passing, soon after, a place called Lancaster, about twenty miles from the Mississippi and the Wisconsin. The soil around was excellent, and promised to make a fine agricultural country.

About noon, we reached "Snake Diggings," so called from a nest of rattlesnakes being found there in a cave. Galena had been found in great quantities in this neighbourhood. From one floor, not more than twenty-five feet from the surface, upon a length not exceeding 400 yards, they had already collected about 800,000 lbs. of galena, in masses of small aggregated cubes, of the first quality. I was permitted to select some curious and beautiful spe-

cimens of these masses. Here I learnt that some of the diggings had been carried to the depth of sixty feet, in consequence of the thickness of the galeniferous rocks.

About two p. m., we reached a settlement called Paris, where a Frenchman, called Detun de Barats, had a store and some poor buildings. The houses here were excessively dirty, and the people seemed stupid and drunk, which is generally the case where rum and whiskey are sold in the stores. The natural situation of this settlement was very interesting, being an extensive cove near the forks of the Platte, surrounded by lofty bluffs. Having crossed the Platte in a ferry-boat, we ascended a very steep road to the summit of an escarpment about 250 feet above the valley, from whence I had a fine view of the cove below, with the Platte and its branches. Just below me the little Platte ran at the foot of the escarpment, with a lofty and narrow ridge to the north on its right bank; at the southern base of the ridge the north branch of the river flowed, with lofty bluffs to the north. To the west was the spacious cove, extending half a mile from N. to S., evidently scooped out by the stream in ancient times.

From the summit level we crossed the prairie to the Menominy Diggings, and about sunset reached Sinsinnaway Mound, the residence of Mr. G. W. Jones, a member of Congress from the territory of Wisconsin; here we were very hospitably received by himself and lady. Every thing in this

house was the very reverse of what we had lately been accustomed to, and we sat down to a very nice repast, enlivened by the agreeable manners of the mistress of the house, and a most pleasant sister of our host, who had been educated in Wales, and had only just returned from a visit to England.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

ARRIVE AT GALENA.—AN OBLIGING LANDLADY.—GET ON BOARD AN INFERIOR STEAMER.—REACH PRAIRIE DU CHIEN.—EMBARK ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—MORE CITIES.

*June* 9.—I rose at the dawn of day and sallied out to examine this mound, which, like the Blue Mounds, rises far above the general level of the prairies. It consisted principally of the fossiliferous limestone, and after collecting the characteristic fossils, I returned to breakfast. This repast being over, we reluctantly took leave and drove to the town of Galena, where we found the beastly tavern full of all sorts of low people, and not a bed to be had, unless I would consent to share one with an animal of my own sex, in a room into which five other beds had been crowded. I therefore made up my mind to wait until the canaille had retired to roost, and then to lie down on the floor of the bar-room with the "waiters." Seeing me about to shake a bearskin down on the floor, the landlady—what acts of kindness are women capable of in all countries!—would not permit it, and, listening only to her own compassionate feelings, insisted upon giving up her bed-room to me. To be sure, it was not half wide enough to swing a cat in, and the

small window which opened upon the yard was exactly over the pigstye; but the luxury of being alone overbalanced these disadvantages, and upon her assuring me that she had another place to go to, I consented to the arrangement.

*June* 10.—I got through the night tolerably well, and was in the street again at daylight, the pigs not being very agreeable neighbours, and after breakfast, having paid my bill, with many thanks, I got on board a dirty little steamer, called the Envoy, bound to Dubuque and Prairie du Chien. My trunk was placed over the boiler in the anteroom, where, with its contents, it became, as I afterwards found, quite hot through. The steamer was filled with low gambling vagabonds, and had not a place in it clean enough to sit down upon; nevertheless, I was delighted to exchange the stench of Galena for the pure air of the Mississippi. From Dubuque we pursued our way to the Wisconsin, enjoying the charming picturesque views furnished by the bluffs on the banks of the river. The occupation of the passengers on board the steamer was unremitted low gambling and cursing and swearing during the voyage; the captain permitted every one to act as dirtily and as coarsely as he pleased, and the various little boys on board, from seven to ten years old, appeared to me to be as accomplished blackguards as the men. Towards evening one of our paddles got out of order, and we moored at a wood-yard on the left bank to repair it. Here, being obliged to remain all night, the musquitoes

literally took possession of our vessel, so that it was next to impossible to obtain any sleep.

*July* 11.—At the dawn of day we unmoored, and pursued our voyage, enjoying as much as I ever did in my various trips in this part of the river the curious and rare appearance of the banks, the strata often running great distances in straight ranges like the cornice of a room, and sometimes breaking out into huge bastion-like masses, giving to the whole the appearance of a ruined fortification. We stopped at Cassville several hours, and did not get away until nine p. m. It had improved very much since I first saw it in 1835, some substantial wooden buildings having been run up, and the foundation laid for a large hotel, to be constructed of stone. Some wealthy persons, I was informed, had taken an interest in it, so it may possibly succeed. I saw no preparations for gardens, the want of which is a great defect in all American settlements in this part of the country. Two gaily-dressed females, however, were walking about dressed in white gowns, with parasols in their hands, and were singularly contrasted with some Indian women near them, with their filthy blankets over their shoulders.

Things looked so unpromising on board, that I did not venture to lie down: this was not the first time that I had had the bad luck to find myself on board one of the numerous class of low, dirty steamers that ply on the Mississippi. Those of the first class are noble vessels, clean, comfortable, generally well commanded, and provided with every thing necessary,

and nothing permitted on board that can be reasonably objected to. The Envoy was one of a class of disreputable steamers, not seaworthy, usually commanded by low, drunken fellows, who run about from place to place, picking up freight and chance passengers amongst the coarse dissipated gamblers that abound on the western rivers and frontiers, and who, committing excesses at every place where they land, are happy in opportunities to escape from punishment. Many of these fellows live on board, and are the colleagues of the captain in various kinds of villany. They are eternally playing at a low game of cards, called poker, sleeping two or three hours in the daytime. The chance passengers we took on board seemed to want very little pressing to sit down to the gambling-table, and I presume were vagabonds no better than the rest.

During the confusion on board I had kept as near the stern as I could, seated on a large, loose bench, which, in the expectation that we should explode, and that I might have to float myself ashore, promised to be of some use; fortunately, perhaps, we ran aground after midnight, and remained stuck fast until near five in the morning. In this Pandemonium, how many of our passengers and crew were drunk, and how it came to pass that we were not blown up or set fire to, was not explained to me.

*June* 12.—The morning was beautiful when we got under way; the degraded beings on board had, at length, discontinued their orgies, and were asleep, and I saw no more of them; for at eight a. m. we reached Prairie du Chien, looking as beautiful and

picturesque as ever, with its magnificent bluffs, and its ample and verdant plain bounded by the noble river with its graceful islands.

Remembering the smoking I had got here in 1835, from my worthy host, Mons. R., I went quietly and secured myself a clean lodging in a private house, before I made any calls; and having transported my luggage out of the filthy steamer, and installed myself in my quarters, I called upon my old friend, whom I found with a cigar in his mouth, as usual; a drunken band of Winebagoes were rolling about in a high state of intoxication, and others were prostrated on the ground in front of his house literally sewed up in perfect oblivion. One of their party, who had been concerned in the murder of a white man not long before, had been arrested that morning; and this being an exciting event, they had made the most of it, after their own way. Towards evening I called upon the commandant, Colonel Taylor, and had a long and pleasing conversation with that worthy and intelligent officer.

*June* 13.—With a room to myself, a good bed, and clean sheets, I could not fail to pass a good night; and having breakfasted, I went to the Bluffs with my hammer and memorandum-book. At two p. m., having made a frugal dinner, I went to the French village to consult M. Rolette about making arrangements for an excursion across the Mississippi, to the heads of the Iowa and De Moine rivers. This matter was discussed over claret, champaign, and countless quantities of cigars, all smoked by himself. My jovial friend had engaged to remove every difficulty,

and procure me every facility; and, accordingly, he began with the first and most necessary want, an efficient guide. The man whom he sent for, however, and whom he represented as equal to any thing, was a little copper-coloured Canadian, as pert as it was useful to be, at least, but whose qualifications were not much better than my own. My plan was to cross the country from hence to the Missouri River, and to visit on my road the head waters of the Makatoh, or Terrebleu River, and the locality of the Red Pipe-stone Rock. The difficulties I should have to contend with were the necessity of carrying our subsistence on our backs, this being the season when all game was breeding, and the want of an interpreter. The little Canadian could neither talk Nacotah nor Sauk and Fox; he was a stranger to the country, and seemed weak and unequal to the task. I saw at once that he was not the man for me, and felt greatly the want of Milor. During my examination of the qualifications of this man, Rolette had smoked a prodigious number of cigars, and upon finishing my inquiries, and saying to him, "Eh bien, qu'en pensez-vous?" he replied, "Si vous aimiez le tabac, mon cher, vous pourriez aller au bout du monde: pour moi quand je fais des voyages, je fais toujours une bonne provision de tabac et je mange ce que je trouve. En cas de besoin je sais manger le diable et boire son bouillon." This is a valuable secret of the Canadian voyageur.

*June* 14.—I rose at five a. m., and it being a beautiful and refreshing morning, went to the Bluffs to enjoy the interesting spectacle of the night fog rising from

the waters of the Wisconsin and Mississippi. One of the most pleasing natural sights of this country, intersected by so many streams, is enjoyed when you stand upon an eminence and see the night-mist gracefully rising as the sun ascends in the heavens; as if the earth, in its matutinal revolution, flung those long horizontal and airy columns from the bosom of the numerous lines of waters where they had reposed. During the day, I made many inquiries respecting the practicability of my excursion to the Missouri at this season. Colonel Taylor did not approve of the means I should have of accomplishing it; and discussing it again with M. Rolette, with whom I dined to-day, I found he was of the same opinion. I therefore at once determined to give the excursion up for the present, and to employ the remainder of the summer in descending the Mississippi, exploring the iron and lead region of Missouri a little more, and then finish the season amongst the Cherokee Indians, and in the gold regions of Dahlonega, in Georgia.

*June* 15.—I arose before five, and going, as usual, to the Bluffs, saw the smoke and steam of the Palmyra steamer at a considerable distance to the north, descending the Mississippi from Fort Snelling; and nearly at the same time that I observed this interesting object, the smoke of the Burlington, another large steamer expected from St. Louis, appeared advancing to the prairie. This, which would have been a beautiful sight anywhere, was a most interesting one in this remote Indian country. I now hastened to my lodgings, breakfasted, and sent my luggage on board the steamer bound to St. Louis, and following

it, secured a clean and commodious state-room to myself. On board the Burlington I found Mrs. Hamilton, the widow of the celebrated Alexander Hamilton, and mother to the gentleman in whose hut I had lately slept at English Prairie. This lively old lady, now about eighty years old, told me that, knowing she might not have a long time to see things of this world in, she had determined to avail herself of the great facilities for travelling, and pay a visit to her son; and having an inclination to see all she could, was determined to ascend the Mississippi to the St. Peter's. I could not but admire her spirit and vivacity.

At half-past ten I bade adieu to the pleasant and, with me, favourite shores of Prairie du Chien: the Mississippi being full of water from the melted snows and ice of the upper north country, we were rapidly borne along. The islands were so overflown, I could scarcely recognise them, and on passing the mouth of the Wisconsin, I could not but deplore the melancholy fate of one of the noblest of those magnificent cities, intended (on paper) to be the ornaments of this interesting country. In old times, before the enjoyable romance of this Indian country was destroyed by the introduction of the white man's improvements, I had often wandered on the beach where the Wisconsin joins the Mississippi, collecting fresh-water shells, and little dreaming of the mighty metropolis that was to be raised within so short a period on the identical spot. But to those who resided at a distance, it was now announced, that the "city of Prairie du Chien," with all its architectural wonders, was

"located" at the confluence of these mighty streams. This city the "Father of Floods" had now taken under his especial care, converting it into one vast cold bath; all the streets, bearing the illustrious names of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, &c., being at least twelve feet under water, and nothing indicative of what sober people call "real estate" being visible, except the tops of a few willows, which wriggled about as our noble steamer shot rapidly over them.

With much interest did I look upon this beautiful country as I left it behind, never, most probably, to be revisited by me. The selfish, vulgar, white man had got possession of it, and had destroyed the *prestige* which once made it so attractive. It will take many generations to civilize and refine the descendants of the present settlers, and make them as agreeable as the educated people are in the old American settlements. Only eighteen months ago, when I passed through this country, something of romance was still left for the sanguine traveller, and all the incidents of his life were more or less connected with Indian adventure. Then, on arriving at the Indian posts, the universal topic was sure to be the Indians, their manners and customs, and the stirring incidents continually arising amidst their doomed race. Then, you were asked if you had seen the celebrated *Howchungerah* chief, "Whirling Thunder." Now, you are asked if you have seen "Governor Dodge." Ere long, the whites will tread upon the graves of the whole red race. At six p. m. we reached Dubuque, but got

aground, the waters of the Mississippi having covered all the landmarks, and made the pilot mistake the channel, nor did we get afloat again until eleven p.m.

*June* 16.—Awoke very early this morning, lying at the wharf at Galena, the steamer touching here to take a cargo of lead on board. Nobody being up in the town, I walked to a quarry and got some fossils, from the beds that appear to be the equivalent of the Wenlock limestones. After breakfast I called upon my old acquaintance, Mr. Gear. He has been a practical miner here eighteen years, and informed me that the veins or crevices at his "Diggings," as they are called here, are vertical, and run nearly north and south. Sometimes the sulphuret failed, and the vein closed; at other times it was filled with gossan, but he had always followed it downwards, and, hitherto, with success, though always without intersecting any floors like those which prevail near Mineral Point. Sometimes he had found lumps of galena at the surface, weighing 1,000 lbs., which he supposed had been thrown out of the crevice, but which, more probably, were left behind when the surface had been degraded, and the earthy matter carried away. I suggested to him to run adits from the lowest valleys, or coulées, and intersect them by shafts through the lower sandstone, which he seemed inclined to do. In the neighbourhood of Mineral Point, no shaft had ever been sunk through this sandstone, and the metal had invariably been found in horizontal floors in the metalliferous limestone, superincumbent upon the fossiliferous bed. Supposing,

therefore, the metal to have been injected from below in both cases, it is to be inferred, from the circumstance of the galena being found here in vertical crevices, that the causes which produced these vertical fissures did not extend to the beds near Mineral Point.

*June* 17.—We left Galena before daylight, and soon got into the Mississippi, and having passed another city, called *Savannah*, consisting of *two log houses*, came, soon after seven o'clock, to a pretty prairie, with two more log huts upon it, dignified with the name of *New York*. At another place, on a slope with a few trees, was a solitary log hut, called, in honour of the president of the United States, *Van Buren*, and, a short distance from it, was a settlement, consisting of two huts, called *Albany*. Plans of these flourishing places were in circulation, but I was told that the lots of places with New York names did not sell well. We passed a settlement, however, called Bloomington, which had been formed under curious circumstances, and which may possibly succeed. By the theory of the law, all lands belonging to the federal government must be advertised to be sold at public auction, by order of the President, at the minimum price of one dollar and a quarter an acre, which is about six English shillings. Those who intend to settle in a particular part of the country usually pay a preliminary visit to it to suit themselves, and, having done so, erect a log hut, and make a small clearing, where they establish their families, until the appointed period of the public sale. But the speculator, who watches the movements of the

*bond fide* settler, appears, as the time draws near, and announces to the farmer that he means to bid against him at the sale. To prevent the price running very high, the poor man is frequently induced to give the settler a heavy gratuity in some form or other. Where, however, this last is [illegible] of spirit, he often contends with the speculator, but in vain; for in these distant parts of the United States, where the agents who conduct these land sales are so far removed from the eye of the government, they often collude with speculators, and, by various frauds and devices, make the settler pay five dollars or more an acre, for what ought not to have cost him more than one dollar and a quarter. These malpractices, which had been too common of late, had irritated and disgusted the *bond fide* settlers, and, at this particular place, had driven them to a mode of defending their interests, quite as illegal as the proceedings of the others were dishonest. The settlers, then, at this Bloomington, having agreed amongst themselves to occupy an allotment or farm not to exceed 320 acres each, and to mutually guarantee the possession to each other, offered the minimum price at the public sale, and if they were overbid on the part of the speculators, took possession of the land nevertheless; and, when the person to whom the farm was knocked down at the sale, or his assignee, came to claim it, a jury was summoned, by the person in possession, from amongst the fraternity of settlers, which was sure to bring in a verdict that the land belonged to the person in possession. If the claimant was disposed to be troublesome, they brought him before

Judge Lynch; and the alternative being then put to him, to surrender his pretensions, or undergo due process of law, upon his bare back, with a cat-o'-nine-tails, a compromise usually took place. No doubt, this scheme will occasion much litigation, when regular courts of justice are established; but as it will be a long time before they have the power to enforce their decisions, the first attempts to do so will probably give rise to much violence. In the mean time, the speculators have been very much baffled.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

REACH THE OLD FRENCH SETTLEMENT OF ST. GENEVIÈVE.—AN EXCURSION TO THE PILOT KNOB.—RECEIVED BY AN AMIABLE FAMILY THERE.—DESCRIPTION OF THIS REMARKABLE MASS OF IRON.—THE CITY OF MISSOURI.

*June* 24.—After a pleasant passage I reached the town of St. Louis again on the 19th, and remaining there a few days, embarked on the 24th, on board the William Glasgow, a fine steamer bound up the Ohio. Intending, however, to make another excursion into the interior of the state of Missouri, I landed at the old French settlement, called St. Geneviève, on the right bank of the Mississippi, where the steamer stopped for a few minutes at the wharf, and walking about a mile to the village, was very hospitably received for the night by an acquaintance residing here.

*June* 25.—I arose very early, and walked out to look at this interesting place, which is an ancient French settlement. The streets are narrow, and the houses almost all built after the humble but grotesque fashion of the people of Normandy, whose descendants form a great majority of the inhabitants. Each cottage had its fertile and productive garden, full of vegetables and fruit-trees. When Louisiana was transferred to the United States, the Americans took

possession of this place; but very few had been induced to settle at it, the religion, manners and customs of the French being so different from their own, and there being no opportunities of pushing trade at it. The few, however, who did reside here, lived upon very friendly terms with their French neighbours, and the settlement was said to be a very happy one. Adjacent to the village was a very extensive alluvial bottom of rich soil, upon which the inhabitants plant their Indian corn and pulse, and as the river, by rising a foot in the course of the past night, threatened to inundate their crops, some anxiety was expressed on that account. In consequence of every one possessing great abundance of cereal and leguminous products, and raising their own poultry, there was no market held in the place for any thing whatever. When any of the inhabitants caught any fish in the river with a seine, which is easily done, every one who was desirous of having fish could have it without purchasing. Neither were vegetables, turkeys, chickens, or any kind of poultry, sold in this place, the surplus quantities being sent by the passing steamers to be sold at New Orleans. But this is only done when the waters of the Ohio are so low that no supply can be furnished from that quarter. At such times, the people of St. Geneviève can sell their turkeys at New Orleans for five dollars each, and their fowls for twelve dollars a dozen.

There was a good school in the place, kept by an intelligent Frenchman, where French, English, music, dancing, and many useful things were taught; so that the young French and Americans, educated there,

not only could acquire each other's languages, but be respectably educated. Judge Bogy, a very well-informed inhabitant, of the French stock, informed me that the two races lived in the most amicable manner together; and indeed he gave me a most pleasing account of the place and its society. The adult inhabitants, with an exception or two, had not yet learnt to speak each other's language, though a certain degree of fusion was commencing, if one may judge from the following notice, which I saw over a door.

BENEZOIT TIENT
GROCERY.

In the course of the day, I hired a clever-looking little pony, and having managed to procure a rather inconvenient saddle, I left my luggage and started for the lead-mines, and crossing some bad and miry branches of a stream, called the Vase, got upon a barren sandstone country, where I rode fifteen miles without finding a human being. There being various tracks leading to the "diggings," it was not difficult to lose myself, which I contrived to do; being, however, quite indifferent about it, as the whole country was new to me, and knowing from long experience that every road leads to some place or other, I rode confidently on. Instead of Fredericton, however, to which I was bound, I came to Farmington; so, riding up to the house at which I had alighted in 1834, when going to the Mexican frontier, I found Mr. Boice, the landlord, who recognised me, and gave me a tolerable supper and a clean room to sleep in.

*June* 26.—I arose early, and making a hasty breakfast, pursued my way to Mine Lamotte, distant fifteen miles, and having passed a couple of hours examining the excavations, which are described in another work,* I remounted my slow, lazy pony, who often obliged me to dismount and lead him by the bridle, and rode on towards Fredericton. A remarkably thick, smoky atmosphere had prevailed for some days, which was said to be unusual at this season. On reaching Fredericton, a little after five p. m., I met in the street an old acquaintance, in a senator of the United States, who conducted me to, I think, one of the most wretched taverns I almost ever entered; but, for the sake of his society, I agreed to remain there for the night. In the evening, he took me to sup at a Mons. Pratte's, the son of an old French trader. Here Madame Pratte, a young Frenchwoman of lively and engaging manners, gave us a very comfortable repast, and we talked French and were very gay. I was sorry when the hour came to retire, for I had a perfect horror at the idea of sleeping at the beastly tavern; but there was no remedy, and only one room, with six or seven detestable, filthy beds, upon one of which I lay down, surrounded with all sorts of disgusting people. To be sure, I had merely stretched myself on the coverlid, and drawn a cloak over me; but I scarcely got asleep once, for if I happened to doze, I felt the bugs crawling on my face, or fancied I did. My companions, it appeared, had taken their clothes off: one fellow, who, with another, occupied the bed next to me, was constantly

* Excursion through the Slave States, vol. i. p. 322.

doubling himself up on his hams, to scratch away as energetically as if he was paid for it. If the little animals who were trying to penetrate into his hide had understood English, they could not but have admired with me the various compliments he paid them, which for original deep blasphemies were unequalled. How I got through the night in this ruffian-like hole, kept by a tall, lazy hulk of a Yankee fellow, called Idson, I know not; but the dawn at length came, and I rushed down stairs before it was light enough to see the horrors of the place where I had passed the night.

Finding a well, with a pail near it, out of doors, I kept possession of them for half an hour before anybody was stirring, and having dried my towels and partaken of a breakfast prepared by the landlady, that was almost as disgusting as herself, I joyfully mounted my pony again, and, taking advantage of an old Frenchman, named Le Saint, who was going in my direction, turned my back upon these brutal people, who were quite as filthy in their habits as any Indians I had ever been amongst.

My companion, who was an old inhabitant of this mineral country, had, like many others in the neighbourhood, his head full of dreams of silver-mines, which he believed he should find some day or another; and this induced him to pick up every glittering stone, hoping it might turn out to be gold or silver. He had heard something of my pursuits, and had formed a little plan of his own, to draw me to a hut he had in the woods, and get my opinion of his treasures. When, therefore, we reached an

obscure fork in the road, which was altogether in the forest, and where we had to separate, he entreated me to accompany him to his cabin. "Ce n'était qu'à deux pas, et de là je vous remettrai moi-même sur votre chemin. J'ai trouvé de l'argent, j'en ai la conviction, et je crois aussi avoir trouvé de l'or, mais je ne suis pas si sûr, vous pourrez me resoudre cela, et vous pouvez penser, Monsieur, combien je serai redevable à votre politesse."

With even a slight inclination to be obliging, there was no resisting this; so, in my capacity of *savant*, I rode through a bridle-path in the woods, at least two miles, to his domicile, where he had a patch of cleared land. His treasures, unfortunately, turned out to be pieces of iron pyrites; and, on leaving him, I was sorry to think that my visit had not contributed to his happiness, for the last thing he said, when I had remounted my horse, was: "Vous pensez donc que mes pierres ne sont bonnes à rien?" "Absolument," I replied, and rode away. When I had got about ten or twelve miles from Fredericton, I came to the St. Francis River, which was full of water, and the current very strong. Seeing a cabin at no great distance, I rode up to it, to inquire if the ford was safe, when another Frenchman came out, and before he would give me any definitive answer, insisted on my going into his house, to see "des échantillons magnifiques d'argent qu'il avait trouvés." I told him to bring them out and I would look at them; but, like the others, they turned out to be worthless; and whether this man, who told me his name was La Guerre, was angry at

my decision or not, he certainly directed me to a part of the river where my pony and myself crossed with difficulty and in doing which I got completely wet. Pursuing my road, I crossed several branches of what is called *Stout's Creek*, and, as evening drew on, came to a lofty and precipitous ridge, about 650 feet high. Having scrambled over this, I came to a valley of fertile soil, and extremely well wooded.

Night was rapidly approaching; I was very wet, and, looking anxiously and vainly for a settlement, began to fear I should have to pass the night on the ground. The pony followed the blind path we were upon with more spirit, however, than he had shewn during the day, and I was comforted with this, having had numerous proofs of the undoubted intelligence of horses upon similar occasions. At any rate, I determined to go as long as he would, and on we jogged until we came to a more open part of the country, when I saw, at no great distance before me, a lofty conical mountain, which, from its shape, I supposed to be the "Pilot Knob." Being apprized that there was a settlement near to it, and seeing the track of wheels, I followed and came to a fence, and having got through it, came at length in sight of a large log cabin. Riding up to it, I learnt it was the dwelling-house of a Mr. Pease, an enterprising person, who, with some of his friends, had projected the establishment of some iron-works here. Mr. P. and his family, consisting of his wife and her sister, two amiable and very clever females, from New England, received me in the kindest

manner. The cabin was neatly furnished, had two rooms on the ground-floor and two above. They lost no time in giving me a very refreshing cup of tea, with very good fried meat and bread, and then shewed me to a nice small room, containing a comfortable, clean bed. Having laid my clothes at the door to be dried, I laid myself down in the most perfect confidence that none of the Idsonian species were to be my companions.

I arose at six, thoroughly refreshed, after a charming night's rest, and full of admiration at the tidiness with which these worthy ladies had arranged every thing in their cottage. This I determined to make my head-quarters for a day or two, if I should be permitted to make them a compensation for their hospitality. After breakfast Mr. Pease and myself made preparations to ascend the very remarkable phenomenon I had come to see, and which deserves a detailed description.

This Pilot Knob is a well-wooded cone, about 650 feet in height from the base, and may be estimated to contain, from the base to the summit, a circumferential area of 500 acres of land. But what makes it so rare and curious a phenomenon is, that it entirely consists of a micaceous iron ore, which yields from 50 to 65 per cent. of pure iron. It is, in fact, a mountain of iron, and how far the metal extends beneath the base, must be of course unknown. The skirts of the base are covered for a considerable distance with ponderous masses and pebbles of this ore, and the ascent to the top is everywhere strewed with broken fragments of the same, some of them

exceedingly sharp. About half-way up, on the S. W. side, is a depression or ravine, both sides of which are piled up with enormous masses of iron-stone, as though a fissure or crater had once existed here; bands of silicious stone are found alternating with the oxide of iron, but in such instances the ore always appears to be very heavy.

On the east side is a steep escarpment of about 150 feet in height, at the foot of which is a terrace, succeeded by another escarpment. Towards the top, the ferruginous rock appears to turn in broad flat plates to the S. W., whilst the natural cleavage has separated it into thin seams, which resemble strata on their edges. At the summit, where I found whortle-berries and wild vines growing in great profusion, the cone divides into two pinnacles, each about thirty-five feet high, and much weather-worn. The view from the top was, of course, very extensive, the whole country being at your feet. I now perceived that this Pilot Knob stood at the north edge of a basin, surrounded by mammillated hills, less lofty than itself, describing a circle to a considerable distance, whilst beyond it was a universal forest. It formed a most pleasing picture, and I hastened to make a sketch of it (*vide* frontispiece). Many trees upon the mountain had been struck with lightning, but none of the specimens of ore which I examined were magnetic in the slightest degree. On the east side the ore lay in courses not more than one or two inches thick, and the grain was so fine, that Mr. Pease had used it successfully as a hone for razors and knives. Here

the beds dip to the west, in such a manner as to lead to the inference that the whole mountain has been heaved in that direction, and that the huge fragments lying on that side had been shaken from the top when the pinnacles were separated. I found some tolerable crystals of specular iron ore on the south side, though far inferior in beauty to those of Elba; and at the base, on the east side, was a cool chalybeate spring. I did not visit the mammillary cones I have spoken of, but Mr. Pease informed me that they consisted of a silicious rock, sometimes very much impregnated with ferruginous matter. From the general appearance of things, all the cones appeared to me to have been produced at the same time, by an eruption from below.

Having passed the greater part of the day examining this extraordinary mass of iron ore, which, without taking into calculation the subterraneous portion no doubt subjacent to it, would suffice several thousand years for the consumption of the United States, we returned to the house with a collection of specimens, and having taken some refreshment, rode to a waterfall on Stout's Creek, where Mr. P. contemplated erecting some works. This was situated at the confluence of several mountain streams, the water coming brawling along over the rocks with great rapidity. The silicious rocks here passed into a sort of porphyritic granite, containing prodigious quantities of irregular crystals of red felspar, the quartzose matter being an opaque flint-looking substance, intermixed with occasional seams of micaceous iron.

Many geologists would class these with metamorphic rocks.

From Mr. Pease's conversation I perceived that he was an enterprising man, and very sanguine as to the result of his operations in smelting the unlimited quantity of iron ore in his possession. Of this it is true he holds an entire mountain, which if iron ore were a scarce mineral would be invaluable; but it is, as it appears to me, too plentiful in the Atlantic states to be valuable at present, especially in Pennsylvania and New York, where canals and railroads abound to take it to market, so that competition with them from this quarter cannot be attempted without an immense expenditure of capital in roads and works, and it is very problematical whether the iron would not cost more than it would sell for. In the evening Mr. Pease took me to see a Mr. Van Doren, another settler, with whom he appeared to be connected, who, with his wife, son, and three daughters, had moved from the Atlantic states into this remote part of the world, to live upon the iron mountain. In this day's rambling I became wet through twice, but my comfortable bed made amends for every thing.

*June* 29.—I rose early and prepared for an excursion of twenty miles to that extensive deposit of micaceous oxide of iron which I had visited in 1834, and which, without being quite a mountain, is also called the Iron Mountain, whilst this true mountain is called Pilot Knob. On leaving Mr. Pease's house I offered him a bank note for my entertainment, which he politely but promptly declined,

adding that he thought it a duty to entertain respectable strangers, but that he took no money for doing so. I was somewhat embarrassed at this, as I had rather unceremoniously ordered grain for my pony, and perhaps too much conducted myself as travellers usually do when they are at houses of entertainment kept by respectable farmers; but as he offered to accompany me as guide in the ride I was about to take, I thought some method of obliging him might present itself before we parted; so, accepting his offer with pleasure, we rode away together through a beautiful and fertile country. On our way we visited a picturesque outlier of huge masses of granite, loaded with crystals of red felspar, which my guide said was called—and I thought oddly, the "Grindstone Quarry." We came suddenly upon it in a flat woody bottom, which had evidently been denuded, and it presented a curious appearance. In one part the rocks towered up to a great height, assuming all sorts of grotesque forms, and presenting a picture which became still more interesting by the appearance of a beautiful deer, which came and gazed upon us from one of the masses. All these rocks were exceedingly bright and smooth at the surface, as if water had passed rapidly over them for a long period.

We remained a couple of hours at the Iron Mountain, which is in fact composed of two distinct hills of micaceous oxide; both of them perhaps contain together an area of 500 acres of land. In many instances the ore was composed of a mass

of imperfect crystals, with a bright fracture of a steel-grey colour; and there was an unequivocal character of fusion in many of them. Immense masses of ore were laid at the top of the two hills, the spaces between them being filled up by fragments that had been broken from them, with angular edges a little rounded by the weather. Some portions of the ore were mixed up with quartzose matter of a flinty character, and in some instances crystals of iron were imbedded in the quartz. The other hills which I examined adjacent to these two, consisted of a dark-coloured coarse quartz and red felspar without mica.

Mr. Pease at this place disclosed to me a project in which he was concerned with the Van Doren family, viz. the building of an immense city at this place, to be called the "City of Missouri," and conducted me to a brick-yard where a person named Chapman was making bricks. He shewed me also a beautifully engraved plan of the city, evidently destined to be larger than the largest size. The universities, the colleges, the cathedrals, the churches, and the streets were innumerable. In the mean time there was not the foundation of a single house yet laid, nor could I conjecture for what purpose a house, much less a city, should be built here; but it was difficult to object to what might take place hereafter, or to the intention of the projectors, because there really was a live man on the ground making bricks, which was a step far beyond any preparation I had witnessed at any other pseudo metropolis. I avoided

conversing about it as much as I could, because if a fraud was not intended, the affair appeared to me the most extravagant piece of folly that ever came under my notice. There was not a drop of water near the place, nor any satisfactory reasons to be given why even a village should be built there. Iron ore at such a place had no more marketable value than the granite that abounds everywhere, and must remain valueless for centuries. Men might as well try to put all the coal-fields in the world into operation at once, as all the iron ore. These remarks, however, I kept to myself, as I had before had proofs that a traveller is hardly ever safe from the resentment of speculators if he crosses their purposes by his observations.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

ITINERANT PREACHERS.—NEGRO ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST WHITE MAN.—NEGRO DRIVERS.—A MAN-KILLER FROM CHOICE.—BEAUTIFUL FOSSILS.—MISSISSIPPI COVERED WITH DRIFT WOOD.—EMBARK AGAIN IN AN INFERIOR STEAMER, AND TRICKED BY THE CAPTAIN.

After a pleasant ride, I came at night to Mr. Van Doren's, where I had promised to alight, and found, besides the family, two travelling Methodist ministers there. One of them had been amongst the Indians on the Missouri, and had seen enough of life in other situations to make him a practical and rational person. The other was a coarse sort of country preacher, with manners appropriate enough for a back settlement apostle. His conversation was ever of the shop. Not an observation could escape from any of us but he instantly brought us back to the necessity of "glorifying God." He was a violent abolitionist, and spoke very freely, considering that we were in a slave state; but I believe he was quite safe, for the whole family entertained his opinions. It is the practice of these itinerant preachers, during their journeys, to stay only with those families who agree with them in religion and politics, for many of them are active agents in canvassing the votes of back settlers, and circulating party newspapers. Brother McDougall, for so they called this man, expressed, amongst other things, an

opinion that the blacks would have been just as white as ourselves, but for the crime of their ancestor Cain, and that the penal mark set upon him was his black complexion, for, as he forcibly observed, "there aint no mark under arth equal to the black face of a nigger." Upon which I told him the following story, that I had heard of a black preacher, when holding forth to his congregation. He said: "It was berry kurous how peopel wid de same parent should be sum of dem black, and sum of dem as white as a turnip. Now, de Scriptur, my bredren, says dis is de way dat it kum about. When Cain kill his brudder Abel, Goddermity meet him one day and said, 'Cain, what is become of your brudder?' So said Cain, 'Massa, it an't none of my business to look arter him.' And den he meet him anodder time, and he say jist de same ting. Well, den, I tell you, he git considerably angry, and said, 'I know what you been about, as well as yourself, and I set a mark upon you dat won't kum off so easy.' Den Cain get frightened, and have de cold chills, and when de fever and agy left him, his face was jist as pale as a snowstorm, and he was de first white man, my bredren, what ever lived." They all laughed most heartily at this, and brother McDougall shook his sides over and over again.

After this we had prayers and a hymn, and, to wind up, brother McDougall gave us a tremendous long prayer, in which he specially mentioned every individual of the family, complimented each of us, spoke of our intelligent conversation, and sent us all to bed exceedingly well pleased, I suppose, both

with the orator and ourselves. The two reverend gentlemen and myself were shewn to the attic, where two beds with clean sheets were spread on the floor. I tucked mine into as narrow a compass as I could, flung off my clothes, got into it, and bade them good night, in a tone to make them comprehend that I meant to sleep by myself; but I had no occasion to apprehend any interference, for they got very cozily into bed together, and I heard no more until about three in the morning, when we were all roused by a contest betwixt Mr. Van Doren's dog and some wolves, that had come into the yard; and it must have been a sharp one, for we found in the morning that the poor fellow had been severely bitten.

*June* 30.—I rose at five a. m., and taking my towel in my hand, found my way to the well, and having shaved and brought up my notes of the preceding day, I went to the breakfast-table. Having finished our repast, we had prayers, after which the family bible was circulated, each of us reading two verses and passing it to his neighbour. I was much pleased with the manner in which this was done. There is nothing which unites human beings so thoroughly into a brotherhood as a knowledge of the bible, and I believe we all rose from our exercise most kindly disposed to each other.

Having heard of an extensive tract of statuary marble, some ten miles off, in a direction where I had not been, I expressed an intention of visiting it, and Mr. Pease kindly offering to accompany me, we mounted our nags, and had ridden some miles through

the woods and valleys chatting along, when suddenly we saw a huge black she-bear with her two cubs, on a hill-side a short distance before us. We immediately alighted, and having tied our horses to trees, led our dog up the hill, and pursued her; every now and then she would turn and rear upon her hind legs to look at us, and then rush through the woods with her young ones. When we reached the top of the hill, we lost sight of her, and the dog being, I suppose, intimidated, refused to go any further, knowing that when they have young ones, it is very dangerous to contend with them. Having remounted, we rode on to the marble, which turned out to be a ridge of altered silurian limestone in horizontal strata, some of it being partially coloured red, and the rest highly crystalline, of a dullish white colour, resembling statuary marble. There appeared to be about 1,000 acres of it exposed at the surface. On my return, I stopped again at Mr. Van Doren's, and after a cheerful supper, we went to prayers, the master of the house officiating, and the ladies singing very pleasingly.

*July* 1.—Breakfast being over, I took leave of this kind family and departed, admiring the simplicity and tranquillity of their lives, and sorry to see that they were involved in speculations that, according to my judgment, could produce no useful results. On my way, I called to repeat my thanks to the worthy members of the Pease family, and then directed my course N. E. by the east flank of the granitic hills, here composed of a dark red felspar, and a small quantity of quartz. I had a pleasant

woodland ride of five hours, enlivened by the occasional sight of deer, to Farmington, which I reached about four p.m. Here I hoped to have Mr. Boice's nice clean room to myself, but was afraid I should be disappointed, as a dirty spitting insolent fellow, with the most offensive manners, was playing the great man at the tavern, and I began to dread that it would be proposed to me to sleep in the same room with him. On being called to supper, however, I found a woman at table, who was called his wife, and her presence relieved me for two reasons. First, I was delighted, because it was probable he would sleep with her in the room generally provided at these places for married people; and secondly, because I should not have to sleep in the same room with her, for a more unfeminine she-jack I never met with: their conversation was entirely about runaway negroes, the state of Mississippi, and yellow fever. I soon came to the conclusion that he was what I afterwards found him to be, an agent for purchasing refractory negroes to drive to the sugar-mills at New Orleans.

After supper, I called to see a son of Mr. Van Doren, who was a Presbyterian minister at this place; but he was gone on a journey, and I only saw his wife. I think I never looked upon a more beautiful young woman than herself, and upon her repeated invitation, I walked in and sat down. She must have thought that I was one of the brethren, for she several times urged me to stay all night, adding that there was nobody at home but herself, and she could accommodate me very well. When a man contends

against a she-bear, and prevails against her, he is generally thought to have performed a great feat; but what sort of a feat is that compared to resisting the temptation of sleeping in a suburban cottage, with no other person in it but a lovely young woman, who in the innocency of her heart would draw a man into so perilous an adventure. And as if the temptation were not dangerous enough, nothing could be neater and cleaner than the inside of the cottage, which promised infinitely more comfort than was to be had at the tavern. But, believing that her guilelessness and hospitality deserved the best return I could make her, and remembering the great kindnesses I had received from her friends, I told her that I was not a minister of the gospel, but an English traveller, who had been entertained by her father-in-law; and as her husband was from home, I would, if she would permit me, decline her kind offer, and return to sleep at Mr. Boice's. She seemed to understand me, for she pressed me no more, and I took my leave. I passed a very indifferent night at the tavern, a strong smell of tobacco prevailing during the whole of it, which I have no doubt proceeded from the negro-driver and his woman, who slept in a room about eight feet long and six feet wide, and who comforted themselves with smoking, and cursing, and swearing at the hot weather.

*July 2.*—I arose at the dawn of day, and after breakfasting with the negro-driver and his companion, mounted, and took to the woods again, meeting with nothing but deer and wild turkeys until I reached the Vase River. It was a pro-

digiously hot day: during my first stage of twenty-two miles, I stopped a few moments under the shade of a tree, and, suspending my thermometer, found that it stood at 91° of Fahrenheit. It was three p. m. before I reached St. Geneviève, and upon returning to my old quarters, I found that both the master and mistress of the house had gone on a visit to Kaskaskias, an old French settlement in Illinois, but had left word that I was to consider myself at home. I had engaged to spend the 4th of July with them, the great American festival; therefore I took possession of my old room, and contriving, with the aid of a negress, to get a quantity of water into it, I made a sort of sponge shower-bath, from which I had often received great relief in such hot weather. This is effected by loading a large sponge with cold water, and placing it on the top of the head, and pressing it gently. A quarter of an hour's exercise of this kind refreshed me greatly, for I had become so inflamed with riding in the sun, that my head was rather disordered. Having further refreshed myself with a comfortable cup of tea, I strolled out into the village.

How different the tranquil existence of this primitive French village from the busy excitement of a populous city! At nine p.m. there was not a soul to be met in the streets; here and there the chords of a guitar, accompanied by a French voice, agreeably interrupted the general silence, whilst the only tread that was audible was that of cows slowly moving up and down the streets. Returning to the house, I sat upon the steps until a late hour,

hoping that a breeze would arise, or that I should become sleepy. There was no door to the house, but in its place was a large piece of striped calico, which served as a curtain, and which reminded me of those exhibitions I had seen in my youth, where an Irish giant, or a lady cutting watch-papers with her toes, was sure to be placed, to the high gratification of my juvenile appetite for wonders. Here, at least in the house where I was, there was no door to be locked, a fact that spoke volumes for the habits of the lower classes of French and mixed negroes, who, indeed, living in the midst of abundance, are not under the necessity or temptation of stealing.

*July* 3.—Here I remained until the arrival of the master and mistress of the house. On the 4th, they had company to dinner, to celebrate the day; when some striking anecdotes, characteristic of the country, were related of a notorious person, once well known here, by the name of John Smith T. What the T stood for I could not learn, but this was the name he went by. In the course of his career, he had killed fourteen men either in duels, or by unceremoniously blowing their brains out. He was said to take great pleasure in manslaughter, and to be in the habit of killing men with as little remorse as others would deer, and had, not a very long time ago, put a ball through the head of a young man, whilst sitting at a table, for merely differing in opinion with him. These repeated cold-blooded murders caused him to be so much dreaded, that although he had been more than

once put upon his trial, no jury had ever been bold enough to find him guilty. He used to say, openly, that if any man injured him, he had a right to take his life, and as everybody knew that he was equal to carrying his words into effect, he was respected accordingly. The man with whom he had had the longest feud, was General Dodge, the governor at Wisconsin, whom I had visited near Mineral Point. Inhabiting the same part of the country, they always travelled with horse-pistols in their holsters, in expectation of meeting, and it was for this cause that Dodge had his pistols with him when I first met him in the street at Mineral Point. He was a half-brother of the senator in whose house I was staying, and who, although a most obliging and amiable person, was, as I was afterwards informed, a decided *dilettante* in that line, having figured in a great many adventures. One of our party was an ex-member of Congress, by the name of S., a well-informed man. The day being hot, he had come to the party dressed in a light jacket and loose waistcoat, which being open, everybody could see what indeed he took no pains to hide, a pair of pistols and a bowie-knife stuck in a belt that went round his waist. I was told afterwards, that he also invariably went armed in that way, having some ancient feuds yet unsettled. In the evening, I went to a ball given at a French house in a room about fifteen feet square; there was a room full of these French creoles dancing most vehemently to a wretched violin, with Fahrenheit at least at 100°.

*July* 5.—The morning was tremendously hot. I walked to the landing-place to see if there was any steamer bound down the Mississippi, and leaving a person stationed there to bring me information, I returned to breakfast, under one of the most fiery suns I ever experienced. Our repast being over, I observed my worthy entertainers engaged in close and low conversation, after which my host apologized to me for having an engagement that would detain him an hour or so, and I took leave of him with many thanks for his kindness, expecting my messenger within that time. Soon after I heard pistols firing, and in twenty minutes the master of the house returned, and told me he had been out on the ground, in the capacity both of second and surgeon in a duel; the principals were two young Frenchmen of the place—one of them, named Rozier, a youth of nineteen years of age; happily, the parties having fired without hurting each other, became reconciled, and thus acquired their glory very cheaply. Upon my asking how he could reconcile his taking such a part with two boys, with what was due to his character as a senator of the United States, he said that he went out with no other intention than to give them a lesson how to manage such affairs by preventing mischief, and that he did not think the parties would have been reconciled without his interference. This was certainly very humane in him, and shewed that he had more consideration for them than for himself; for if one of the parties had been killed, one would deem it difficult for a man turned fifty years of age, and a senator of the United

States, to justify himself with the sober portion of his countrymen, for taking so principal a part in a duel between two inexperienced boys. No boat having arrived, I went again to a singular bed of limestone in the neighbourhood, containing some beautiful large fossils of the genus *Bellerophon*, in jasperized silicious nodules of a red colour. In many parts the limestone, for a great extent, was brought into the same jasperized state.

*July* 9.—During the last three days no steamer touched at the landing, and I was compelled to remain at this place, to my very great regret, for the heat was overpowering, and for the last forty-eight hours we had constant exhibitions of heavy thunder, vivid lightnings, and surprisingly heavy rains, so that it was very difficult to stir out of the house; nevertheless I always went to the landing after breakfast to watch for a steamer. The current of the Mississippi was furious; its waters were loaded with sediment, and were constantly rising. Enormous quantities of floating drift, covering at times the whole breadth of the Mississippi, were passing down at the rate of five or six miles an hour. This was a state of things which explained clearly to a spectator how the alluvial bank of a river, formerly deposited when the stream was perhaps three or four times the present volume, was again worn away by the river now moving in a confined channel below the surface of its ancient bottom. Masses of the bank were washed away before my eyes, and I was informed that about six acres of land had thus been abraded and carried away within the

last five years. I have before observed, that north of the mouth of the Missouri, and especially north of the Wisconsin, the Mississippi is crowded with islands formed of its ancient bottom, when it occupied the whole breadth of the channel between the bluffs; but that south of the Wisconsin, and more especially south of the Missouri, few or no islands are to be observed, the torrent having carried them away. Here, in the countries south of the Missouri, the Mississippi is gradually doing that to the alluvial bottoms, which it has already done to the islands that were contemporary with them; restoring to the diminished flood its ancient dominion by again occupying at a shallower depth the whole area lying between the bluffs, and bearing to its mouth, and there spreading into new alluvial bottoms, the ruins of the older ones.

This process can be observed, in times of great floods, upon all the tributaries of these great rivers. With the falling masses of the alluvial banks, the forest trees also come down, plunging into the torrent, and borne along into the main stream: thus, many are carried out into the ocean, others sink, and are covered with silt, as in the case of the great raft on Red River. Such, probably, has been the origin of the great deposits of lignite at Bovey-Heathfield in Devonshire, and in the banks of the Upper Missouri. It is in this new world that a geologist has those opportunities of studying the origin of phenomena, which do not explain themselves in the more limited fields of Europe, especially in England. In America, there are forests and rivers

two and three thousand miles long, where the beginning and ending of such phenomena can be witnessed; whilst the area of England, which presents a fine specimen of European formations and geological systems, communicates very few hints as to the causes which have either brought them there, or modified them.

After watching for a steamer from seven in the morning, and contemplating the tumultuous state of the river, which was rising at the rate of an inch an hour, a steamer, about three p. m., bore in sight, and I gladly got on board of her without asking where she was bound to, or what she was; this was a hasty step, and one that I should not have taken, if I had not been wearied out with my protracted stay at Geneviève. The boat turned out to be one of the very bad old ones, and dirty enough. On we went, however, borne by the furious flood at the rate of twelve miles an hour. She was bound, as the captain informed me, to Louisville, so that I could land at Paducah, and from thence proceed up the Tennessee River. With this I was very well satisfied, and when evening came on, I lay down in a berth which was assigned to me, and soon fell asleep.

*July* 10.—I awoke about a quarter past four a.m., feeling no motion, and hearing a voice as if it came from the shore, went upon deck, when I found we were at the wharf of a place called Bird's Point, in the state of Illinois, near the mouth of the Ohio. Having shaved and washed before the other passengers turned out, I landed, and found a couple of

frame houses, on a very low piece of alluvial ground, thickly timbered, and filled in a most extraordinary manner with mosquitoes. The papaw trees (*Asimina*) on this bottom were taller than I had ever seen them before, many of them being nearly thirty feet high, and all the trees were covered with elegant creepers. It resembled a fertile and thickly-wooded bottom in South America, and I tried to penetrate into it a short distance, but was soon obliged to give it up on account of the mosquitoes, that invaded, in the most resolute manner, my ears, my mouth, and my nostrils. Calling, on my return, at one of the frame houses, I was informed that this was a very sickly place towards autumn, and that the present hot, moist weather would probably produce cases of fever. This was not pleasant; but I now made another discovery equally disagreeable, which was, that our steamer was not going to Louisville, but had come here for a cargo of plank, with which the captain intended to return to St. Louis. I immediately went on board to see him, and going below, found the steamer almost as full of mosquitoes as the shore. I now saw into what a trap I had fallen by my too great haste, and that to look before you leap is quite necessary, however tired you may be of the place from whence you are going to leap.

The fact was, that our captain had advertised to go to Louisville at a very low fare, and had by that means succeeded in getting passengers, who, tempted by the prospect of saving money, neglected the opportunity of going on board one of the regular Louisville boats. It was not for me to reproach

him: I was a voluntary passenger, and it was my interest to be upon good terms with him. I therefore, in a good-humoured tone, asked him if his going to Louisville was really a joke; upon which he frankly told me, that the advertisement he had put out at St. Louis was only a decoy, adding: "Why, doctor, you must see, that if I had advertised for such a place as this, I shouldn't have got not a beginning of a passenger in a month." Why he had chosen to call me doctor, I was unable to tell; but it was of no consequence, as a traveller meets with all sorts of titles in this part of the world. He comforted me, however, by saying that a steamer was to leave St. Louis for the Ohio soon after him, and that she was sure to "turn up" this morning. As to the passengers, they were outrageous when they found out the "fix" they were in, and if he had not had a good share of humour, he would have found it difficult to pacify them, which he at length did, by promising to abate something still more of their fare, which was the tenderest point with them, for he was obliged to keep us all as long as we were on board him, and they had got so far on their journey for very little money, and time being of as little consequence to them as personal comfort, they saw an advantage in being kept at his expense.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

LAND AT A SETTLEMENT AT THE MOUTH OF THE TENNESSEE RIVER.—TRANSITORY STATE OF THE POPULATION.—A GENTLEMAN BLACKSMITH.—SUSPECT THE MASTER OF THE STEAMER OF AN INTENTION TO LEAVE ME IN THE WOODS.—CAPTAIN AND MISS KITTLE.—SENSIBLE WAY OF DRYING THE HANDS AND FACE.

About noon we saw a steamer bearing down towards us, which he told us was the Lady Marshall, and that she would come alongside. "That you may be quite sure of," said he, "for she knows I have got passengers for Louisville." "Then," said I, "you always set this trap for people, and they know it, I suppose, in yon steamer?" "Why, doctor," replied he, "I know it ain't right; but you can't get on no how on this river without lying a little." Such are the morals of the Mississippi, and the unscrupulous manner in which they are avowed. I now transhipped myself on board the Lady Marshall, one of the regular Ohio steamers, and in five minutes we entered the Ohio, which, mighty a stream as it is, appears small upon leaving the ample Mississippi; the current, too, although the river was full, was gentler, and the water much less muddy. At half-past seven p.m., I landed at Paducah, a pretty settlement, built on a fine dry bank, about fifty feet high, at the mouth of the Tennessee River, another of the noble streams of this continent. Here I was so fortunate as to secure a comfortable bed-chamber

to myself, at the house of a Widow Piles; and, having books and paper with me, I proposed waiting contentedly until a steamer should present itself, to ascend the Tennessee.

*July* 11.—The good widow gave me a clean breakfast, and though a very hot morning, she sallied out to reconnoitre and procure information as to the probability of a steamer soon appearing. It was an animated little place, and afforded another proof of the untiring enterprise of the Americans. Here, upon a piece of flat alluvial ground, where such a thing as a rock or stone was not to be seen, they had, in four years, run up a neat and comfortable-looking town, sufficient for their present population of 1,500 persons, with a large brick court-house for the lawyers, and an imposing-looking brick hotel, called the Marshall House, for travellers; in addition to these, there was an excellently-constructed steam saw-mill. The ground upon which the town was built commanded a fine view of the Ohio, upon which numerous steamers were constantly plying.

The population of such places, being brought together by speculation, is necessarily transitory, and constantly changing. At the time I was here, the proprietorship of the ground upon which the town was built was disputed in a lawsuit, yet every one went on making his improvements with as much apparent confidence as if he had a substantial title in his possession. When causes of this kind are decided, they then set about making a compromise, and generally effect their purpose to some extent or other, the party who has not received perfect satis-

faction flying to some new place or scheme. If all the doctors, lawyers, tavern-keepers, itinerant priests, tradesmen, speculators, and bankrupts, that are roaming about this great western country, "seeking whom they may devour," were to congregate into one place, it would be the most populous and extraordinary city out of China.

In walking the streets, I saw the words "coffee-house" painted at almost every tenth house, which I was told were all low, gambling dram-shops, frequented only by the most profligate and desperate, who always went about armed. Quarrels with such men are not light matters, for, as the saying is, "they always go for killing." In the evening, when I was writing quietly in my room, I could not but consider myself fortunate in having escaped the Marshall House, which was also frequented by these fellows. At the widow's I was safe and quiet, and from her I was sure to learn every thing that was passing in the village, my worthy hostess seeming to know everybody, to be up to every thing, and to be incapable of containing her knowledge long.

*July* 12.—In the United States, the best friends the trunk-makers have are the "drivers" of stages and the hands on board the steamers. On landing here I had requested the captain to let one of his men put my trunk ashore, it being too heavy for myself, who had a carpet-bag and a portfolio to take care of. Accordingly, one of the men took it upon his back, and, when he reached the wharf, dashed it impatiently on the ground, adding, "If that aint heavy I don't know what is." I had been too much among

the Sovereign People, and knew too well that a trunk crammed with minerals and fossils must be heavy, to dispute the point with him; but it came to the ground with such violence, that a large rivet in one of the iron bands at the bottom was started. On inquiring this morning if I could get it repaired at Paducah, I was answered "that a *gentleman* who boarded in the house could do it." I was rather curious to see such an animal before I emptied the trunk of its contents, and, instead of sending for him, I went down stairs to see him, and found a coarse, impudent-looking blacksmith, seated, without his coat, at the breakfast-table. This fellow, being under no restraint from religion, law, education, or decency, and who, in his way, was as proud as Lucifer, pretended to make a favour of it; so I told him, very quietly, that if he had been, as they had told me, a gentleman, I should have considered it a favour; but as he was only a blacksmith, and would expect me to pay him for his work, the favour would come from me for giving him the job in preference to another, and that I did not care whether he did it or not. The gentleman made no reply; but it did him good, for, half an hour afterwards, he came up stairs, and did the work cheerfully and well. I am persuaded that the better classes in the United States suffer by not checking the Sovereign People in their insolence, having observed, that if you are frank with them, and treat them with reasonable indifference, they usually come to, if there is any thing to be got by it. This evening Fahrenheit stood at 93° in the shade;

I walked out, but soon found it advisable to return, and sit perfectly still, with nothing but my shirt and trowsers on.

*July* 13.—This was another fiery day, every thing flinching from beneath the beams of the sun. I could do nothing but sit still the whole day, reading and writing, and using pocket-handkerchiefs. Towards evening information was brought me that the Warren steamer was arrived, and would proceed up the Tennessee to-morrow. Being heartily tired of the dull life I was leading, I was delighted at the prospect of pursuing my journey.

*July* 14.—The air was so hot and close in my room, that it was almost impossible to sleep until late in the night. At break of day I awoke to another, blazing sun, and, going to the steamer, was informed she would certainly start during the morning. This time the master of the vessel kept his word, and at noon I joyfully received a message to embark, and went on board the Warren, a small, worn-out steamer, with a phthisicky engine, making a hoarse noise at every stroke of the piston, as if its lungs were worn out. There was no private state-room for me; but, by giving a douceur to the steward, he secured me a pair of clean-washed sheets, and a decent-looking mattress, to lie down upon. Having secured this principal point, I resigned myself up to the exquisite pleasure of beholding a country I had never seen before, to me one of the greatest of all enjoyments.

The mouth of the Tennessee River contains a beautiful island of about 350 acres, and as we passed

along, I observed that both banks of the river were fringed with willows, gracefully hanging over the water in front of the dense woods. What a pity that so attractive a country should be so infested with mosquitoes and fever and ague! The captain informed me that he was bound to Florence, in the state of Alabama, distant from Paducah about 300 miles; that his steamer made about five and a half knots an hour, and that the first piece of rock that cropped out on the bank of the river was about twelve miles from Paducah. Everywhere the tall cane (*Miegia*) was growing plentifully around. Having made twenty-two miles, we stopped at a wood-yard, where there was a small open shanty, and as I knew it would take the steamer an hour to ship a supply of wood, I told the captain I would stroll meanwhile into the woods, who answered, "Very well." But I had not penetrated into the forest 100 yards, when I heard the bell of the steamer ring, and knew, from much experience, that it was the signal for passengers to go on board. I now set off as fast as I could run, and on reaching the wharf, found they had unmoored the boat, and were all but in the stream. Fortunately, I was in time to jump on board, but only just saved myself. There was no appearance of an intention to wait for me, nor was any interest expressed about me; on the contrary, the captain was sulky, and looked as though I had deprived him of some advantage he thought within his reach. If I had been a quarter of a mile off when the bell rang, the steamer by a turn of the river would have been out of sight, and

I should have been left in a perfect wilderness, without provisions, and without the means of getting backwards or forwards. It was now evident to me that the captain, who had been quite civil on my embarking, had conceived the plan of abandoning me on shore, and plundering my luggage. He knew that I was in the wood, and that I believed he would remain at the yard an hour; and certain it is, that if I had walked instead of run after I heard the bell ring, I could not possibly have reached the wharf before she was steaming on her way, and whatever noise I made, he would have pretended not to have heard me.

This was a lesson to me, and I lost all confidence in him. Not thinking it prudent to come to an open quarrel with him, I merely asked him why he had not taken wood in at the wharf, as he had proposed to do. His excuse was, that the man who had the charge of it asked more than it was worth. I did not believe a word of this, for he was almost the only steamer on the river, and being the only customer, it was not likely that the poor woodcutter would raise the accustomed price upon this occasion.

About thirty-four miles from Paducah we came up with some strong rocky bluffs in the banks, and as he had promised me to stop now and then at such places as I should point out, I expressed a wish to examine these rocks for a few minutes, but he was in a bad humour and refused. About six in the evening we stopped at a ferry on a high-road leading to Cadiz, in Kentucky, where there was a poor sort

of settlement. I was told at this place that the Cumberland River was only distant eight miles to the east. The people here, especially the women, were scarce above the level of savages, either in manner or appearance, although, having slaves under them, they appeared to have a prodigious idea of their own importance. But this is an invariable consequence attending a state of slavery; for the white animal, however degraded, dirty, and illiterate, will always think himself a superior being where the black one is his slave. In this obscure place, inhabited only by a few of the lowest of our species, consisting of two ruffian-looking free whites and their equally repulsive-looking she's, political placards were stuck up addressed to the Sovereign People. The soil was very fertile here, and the clearing in the forest, which was extensive, was an old one, and might have produced them every comfort; but they had neither butter, eggs, milk, nor vegetables of any kind. Salt-pork, bad corn, bread mixed up with dirt, tobacco and whiskey, formed the whole list of their necessaries and luxuries.

The entire distance from Paducah to this place had presented an unvarying scene of dense woods down to the water's edge, the monotony of which was somewhat relieved and softened by a belt of willows that hung over the stream, with the exception of an occasional clearing at intervals of about twenty miles, made by woodcutters, who have piles of this fuel split up ready for the steamers, of which the price is one dollar and a quarter a cord.

As it is not my custom to eat more than once

a day, I had not gone below when dinner was announced, reserving myself for the evening's repast, when my appetite is usually less fastidious. The steamer was an unpromising looking affair; the captain's conduct had prejudiced me much against him, and I had certainly not formed any pleasing anticipations of supper. *Ne crede colori*, however, is a just maxim; for on going to the evening's repast, what was my surprise to find a clean table-cloth, coffee, sugar, dried beef, preserved apples, excellent bread and butter, with plenty of beautiful transparent ice. Besides these good things, there were two neatly-dressed and comely-looking women, perfectly well-behaved, whom, not having descended to dinner, I had not before seen. They were the wives of the captain and his clerk, and to them I justly attributed all this neatness.

I now transferred all the kind feelings I had once been disposed to entertain for the captain to his wife, and was very civil to her, knowing that if I made a friend of her, I should stand a much better chance of occasional indulgences in leaving the steamer to examine the rocks than if she had not been on board, for he was a very different animal in the presence of his wife than when upon deck; in short, every thing shewed that she played the first fiddle, and then when he sang to it, it was *sotto voce*. I have for an article of faith, that when a woman is neat and clean, she is good; cleanliness and godliness being said to be near akin. As to the clerk and his wife, they were young, had not been long married, and the lady

did not appear yet to have turned her attention to the delicate science of government. She had fine eyes, and appeared to have found out that she could look at others besides her husband with them. Music, too, she was not insensible to; for when we were all upon deck in the cool of the evening, and I had taken out my accordion and played a few notes upon it, as we were gliding along, she said, in a tone of most decided approbation, "Well, if that ain't the leetelest piazzur-forty (piano-forte) I ever seed: don't it beat all, now don't it, Miss Kittle?" —this being the name our commander and his wife rejoiced in.

As to my tidy friend, the captain's lady, for it was most evident from her mate's subdued manner that she was married to him, — she was everybody else's miss, for by that title it is usual amongst certain classes to call married women in the United States; a very refined fastidiousness making them, as I have been told, object to the word "mistress," not knowing, in their innocency, that the word "miss" has its faults too. But in a country where the *legs* of the piano-fortes are said to be sometimes covered with muslin trowsers, from excess of delicacy, we may expect very ingenious refinements in other things, especially where there is a total ignorance of the usages of really well-meaning society. Be these things as they may, I established such a capital understanding with the ladies this evening, by telling them stories about the Indians, about storms on the

ocean, which they had never beheld, and especially about General Jackson, for whom, in common with all the people in this part of the world, they had an unbounded veneration, that when I went to bed I felt I was quite independent of the captain, and that he would never venture to leave a passenger in the woods a second time, who had seen both Ginneral Jackson and Mr. Van Buren, and who was decidedly of Miss Kittle's opinion, that the last "was a considerable leeteler man than the first."

*July* 15.—We were obliged to come to during the night, on account of a fog as dense as a cloud. On rising from my mattress at the dawn, where, from extreme heat, I had got but little sleep, I observed that the other passengers, who were lying around, were sleeping upon sheets as dirty as tarpaulins. Half a dollar had saved me that horror. Quietly rising, I went softly to the washing-place, where I not only got the first turn at the clean towel, but had the whole locality to myself, with plenty of elbow-room for my ablutions. Thence adjourning to the deck, my friend, the steward—who had a most remarkable pair of spindle-shanks—got me a tub of water for my feet, and the luxury of another towel. Having made myself up for the day, I saw my fellow-passengers turn up in succession: two of them got my wet towels, and after in vain attempting to find "a dry" upon them, went to the door of the boiler, to make them serviceable. But these were unsophisticated people, incapable of making themselves unhappy because a towel is not what we call a clean

one; it suffices for them to be able to accomplish their principal object, which is to dry their hands and face.

One of the passengers told me that he had been lately on board a steamer on Red River, where they allowed them no towels. "And how did you manage?" said I. "Why," replied he, "I washed my face with my hands, and when I had dried them in my pantaloons, I wiped my face with them." And I thought it very sensibly done, for travellers of his class have seldom but one handkerchief, and that they wear round their necks.

We were now 100 miles from Paducah, the banks of the Tennessee still preserving the same beautiful character, only being a little higher, and sloping gracefully down. Here and there, the universal wilderness was partially broken in upon by the intruding squatter, who, depending upon the sale of wood fuel to the steamers, and upon the sale of venison and deer-skins, hardly plants maize enough for the support of his family, preferring to take bread in pay for his commodities from the passing steamers. For some time the banks had consisted entirely of tertiary beds, apparently made from tranquil waters, when a great part of the states of Mississippi and Alabama were deposited. The catalpa was growing wild, and signs of southern vegetation were increasing. Occasionally I saw strong beds of gravel at the water's edge.

At half-past seven, we reached a settlement called Point Mason, with a plantation on the east side, some old buildings and a house for curing tobacco

being on the west side. This plant is grown in considerable quantities about here, and when cured, is put into hogsheads and shipped for New Orleans.

A curious instance occurred this morning, of the extreme insolence of those uneducated, puffed-up sons of equality sometimes found in steamers, and of their equally extreme meanness when any thing is to be made by coming down from their high ropes. The steward of this steamer was a disgustingly conceited, long-legged, ill-made, cadaverous-looking youth, boiling over with self-importance, for no reason but that he was not a negro, and had got a vote. Whilst we were at table it was his business to wait upon every body; he had to make the beds, to sweep the floors, and to do the most menial offices; but when he was upon deck, to shew that he was a being altogether superior to the negroes who navigated the steamer, he ventured upon the most intolerable familiarity with the passengers, uttered the most horrible oaths, indulged in the most extravagant republican boasting, and seemed to consider himself not only equal to, but to be above, every one. Perhaps he was made worse by the court many of the passengers paid to him; these, knowing that he had it in his power to oblige or disoblige them, and unwilling to secure his services by paying for them in gratuities, endeavoured to propitiate him by mean submissions, courting his notice, and encouraging his insolence. Boasting that he was equal to "any man on arth," I was saved his familiarity and insolence by bribing his assurance.

Close to the corner of the floor where I slept, was a small table, with an ill-contrived mirror hanging over it, from the corner of which was suspended, by a string, an extremely filthy, broken hair-brush, probably contemporary with the steamer. In the morning, when I was dressing before the glass, this puppy, to give himself importance in the eyes of the other passengers, came and stood between me and the glass, seized the brush, and having taken a most approving view of his dirty shirt and conceited face, began to labour away at his hair. Whilst he was in the midst of his operations, I ordered him, in a decided tone, to leave the glass to myself, and to go on deck and fill a tub with water for me to wash my feet. I saw that his pride was wounded, and he hesitated. "Very well," I said; "I thought such a fellow as you would do any thing for money, and if you don't do as I order you, I shall give you nothing when we reach Florence to-morrow." This decided him; and he sneaked off with the big words rising in his throat. I told the captain's wife of this incident in the evening, who laughed, and said, "It will do him more good than his victuals."

Near ten a. m. we passed Reynoldsburgh, consisting of one farm-house. One of the roads from Nashville to Memphis crossed the Tennessee here by a ferry, and here we found a steamer called "Walk in the Water." Further on was another road at Kirkman's Ferry. At such places the steamers land groceries, &c. for the villages and settlements in the interior. At five p. m. we were about 150 miles from Paducah, and the channel had

narrowed from 800 yards to about 450, the banks sloping down gracefully, and the trees in their freshest foliage. Altogether, the scene was very beautiful. The soil was a micaceous sand mixed with vegetable loam, and underlaid with strong beds of clay, and occasional beds of tertiary limestone. At six p. m. we reached *Perrysville*, a miserable-looking settlement on the left bank, consisting of two or three poor brick houses. There is an escarpment of thin, laminated limestone beds here, and the washing of the water has removed the seams of softer matter that separated them, so that the edges of the lamina appear with grooves between them from the top of the escarpment to the water's edge, whilst, below the surface of the river, the rock preserves continuously a smooth face, affording a curious illustrative proof of the river having worn its channel from the top of the calcarious strata to its present level. In other places I observed the beds were in the same state.

## CHAPTER L.

WATERLOO.—WHY A LONE HOUSE WAS CALLED PALMYRA.—ARRIVE AT TUSCUMBIA.—GO BY THE RAILROAD TO DECATUR.—AN OVERSEER OF SLAVES.—PURE ENGLISH NOT UNDERSTOOD.

*July* 16.—On awaking, I learnt that we had been steadily going on all night, which was very satisfactory, as the affair was beginning to be monotonous. At five a. m. we came to a small place on the left bank, about ten miles below Savannah, in Harding county. Three women and five children were standing on the bank, looking pale and sickly, as if oppressed by fever and ague: one of the females was smoking a pipe, with a wretched-looking baby in her arms; near them were two men and a boy, all dismal-looking objects. An Arcadia of yellow fever, and Corydons and Daphnes living upon calomel and whiskey! Unfortunate children, issued into such wretchedness as awaits them in an existence devoid of the smallest hope of comfort or respectability! Heavy beds of blue clay and ferruginous sands, with stout lignites, began now to prevail, and probably extend to the Mississippi.

Near eight a.m. we passed the village of Savannah, at some distance from the right bank. I saw also a large brick house, pleasantly situated on an eminence, with some fields of maize planted around.

The Tennessee, which for the first 150 miles had preserved a nearly north and south course, governed by the bluffs of silurian limestone, had been some time meandering amongst the tertiary beds. For a few miles it divides the states of Mississippi and Alabama. The further we went south, the language and state of the people became, as it seemed to me, more degraded. The people at the wood-yards had a peculiar set of slang phrases, larded with the direst execrations, occurring about as frequently as commas and other punctuations do in printed books. It was perfectly frightful to hear them speak.

Soon after four p. m. we passed a place called *Waterloo*, consisting of a few ruinous-looking framed buildings on the right bank. Betwixt this place, with its illustrious name, and the Mississippi, there is a similar monument erected to *Bolivar*. *Moscow*, a little south of this last, has not been complimented quite so much, having only one tenement. This is quite the American taste, for in creating the new towns and counties, which speculators endeavour to force into notice, there is scarcely a conspicuous name in the annals of humanity which they have not pressed into the service, and which is not displayed upon the maps. Lonce asked a magniloquent young fellow why they called a lone house which we saw, *Palmyra*, when he answered, "Stranger, I don't know no more than you, but I expect it likely that Jackson gave the British a most complete whipping there." This singular mixture of ignorance, impudence, and bombast, drawn in genuine draughts from the school of "Ancient Pistol," is un-

known in any other part of the world, and certainly it is exceedingly amusing to hear some of these fellows "let their steam off." Equally certain is it that these wholesale whippers of men are very easily whipped themselves, for upon more than one occasion I have found that they relied upon big words, and gave it up when they would not do.

The river south of Waterloo acquires its first breadth of about 800 yards, the banks become more elevated, and greatly improve in beauty. About five p.m. we came up with some pretty islands in the stream, and the crest of a fine ridge appeared running nearly parallel to the left bank. Nothing could exceed the density of the foliage of the forever-extending woods, equal to any of the Indian countries I have ever visited: but the Indians that would have rendered this forest so attractive, have all been driven away by Moscow, Bolivar, Waterloo, and Co.

*July* 17.—At eleven last night, after I had retired, we reached a wharf, which is the terminus of a small railroad that has been constructed from here for a distance of forty miles, to a town called Decatur, built at the eastern termination of the Muscle Shoals. These shoals are formed by an immense collection of fragments of rock, the ruins of the former strata, which have been deposited in the bed of the river along a line of from thirty to forty miles, so as effectually to interrupt the navigation for that distance.

Upon going on deck at break of day, I found the steamer lying at the foot of a strong limestone bluff,

about seventy feet high, upon which the buildings of the terminus are erected. Two miles from this place was a small town called Tuscumbia, through which the railroad passed. I availed myself eagerly of this opportunity of liberating myself from the monotony of the voyage, for time always passes very irksomely where there is so little to compensate for want of comfort and rational society. The ladies had taken so decidedly to bolting immense quantities of fried onions at every meal, that we had not been very sociable of late, and the audacious blasphemy that escaped from every individual on board was intolerable. I accordingly hastened to transfer myself and luggage, at eight a.m., into a one-horse car, and was driven to Tuscumbia. Here I found a new and spacious brick hotel, called the Franklin House, of which the landlord, Mr. Ransom, promised, in a printed card, to make "travellers agreeable," meaning or despairing to make his house so.

Notwithstanding that Fahrenheit stood at 90° in the shade, I sallied out to look at the place, which is prettily situated. The place was laid out in broad streets, at right angles to each other, and many substantial brick warehouses were erected here and there. I found also that they used bituminous coal here, brought from a place called Moulton, about forty miles from hence. The commerce of the place was sustained by cotton, which is the staple of the country, and finds its way down the Tennessee, to New Orleans, to be shipped for Europe. Later in the day I went to a limestone quarry, the silurian rocks of which are composed

of a congeries of encrinites, flustra, cardia, and innumerable small fossils, almost entirely converted into calcarious spar. There is a magnificent spring near this quarry, twenty feet in breadth, which flows from beneath a limestone ledge. Having forgotten to bring an umbrella with me, and remaining too long at work in the sun with my hammer, and my back quite blistered with the heat, I suddenly felt an unpleasant sensation in the head, accompanied with sickness at the stomach; and, apprehensive of the consequences, I hastened back to the tavern to the bed-chamber which had been assigned me, but it felt like an oven. Here I lay down, bathing my head and body from time to time, until my unpleasant sensations abated. Feeling much better in the evening, I descended, and asked for something to eat, and never have I been more agreeably surprised, than when they placed before me a nice little clean dinner, with delicious fresh milk, and excellent apple-pie to eat with it. At night, we had heavy thunder with rain, and the burning earth became cooler.

*July* 18.—I arose at five a.m., with the air in my bedroom so deadly hot, that, seizing my gown, I used the greatest haste to go down stairs to the well, where I desired a droll old negro slave, whom I preferred to wait on me because he never swore, to bring me two chairs and a bucket-ful of water, and a tumbler. I believe the old fellow thought at first that I was going to drink mint-julep, and to enjoy myself after the fashion of the gentry of the country, but when he discovered that I was only

going to wash myself, he laughed as if he would split his sides; "Massa," said he, "I call dat make youself berry greeable;" but when he saw me shave myself without a mirror, he exclaimed, "I don't believe, massa, dere a lawyer in all Albama can do dat." The landlord at this house was a very obliging person, and ordered a nice breakfast for me of coffee, cream, bread and butter. Few persons in this very hot climate have the courage to be clean and nice in their doings; exertion seems to be painful, and it is evident that the general slovenliness is very much to be attributed to the weather. On leaving the house, I thanked the landlord for his attentions to me, and I could see that he was much gratified with what I said. When I gave the old negro his gratification, he said he "was berry sorry massa was going, dat it did him so much good to hab a gentleman in de house, dat shave widdout a looking-glass."

At six a. m. the locomotive drew us out of Tuscumbia; it was a beautiful morning, and we had a charming breeze. The cotton plantations as we passed them looked just like potato-fields before they go into blossom, and a great number of slaves, particularly children, were in the rows weeding them. Horrible as slavery is, yet industry is always an agreeable spectacle, and since cotton must be had in this manner, it is most fortunate that these poor creatures can work in these fiery suns. The picture the fields presented would have been upon the whole a pleasing one, but for the sight of a swarthy ruffian-looking overseer, whom we passed, sitting on

a fence, holding a short-handled whip with a knotted lash in his hand. Perhaps it was only to intimidate those who were idle, and, like the staff of the beadle, denoted that punishment was at hand for those who deserved it; but the sight of this villanous-looking agent of tyranny excited my indignation; I could no longer admire any thing, and saw nothing but slavery in its worst form grinding to the earth helpless beings who had no appeal from the cruel greediness of their oppressors.

In this frame of mind I had no relish for the society of the car I was in, consisting of white, yellow, and black, indiscriminately packed together in a long sort of omnibus, including some young men of the country, who cursed and swore every time they opened their mouths. I had often observed, that when I asked for information of those with whom I occasionally got into company, they stared without answering me: finding myself often obliged to repeat what I said, I sometimes thought they were rather deaf, and at other times, attributed their silence to their not being accustomed to my mode of articulating words: but here I became clearly convinced that they did not comprehend me for a different reason, and that it was because I did not introduce what I had to say with an execration suited to the taste of those I was addressing, a sort of seasoning, as it were, of the conversation to their liking. When I remarked that "it was very hot, and that I hoped there would be some cool water at the next stopping-place," it produced no more effect than if I had spoken Polish or Italian. From

what I heard of the communications betwixt my travelling companions, I perceived that if I had made my remark in the following approved form, "I wish I may be roasted in to h—l if I don't call this reel b—d hot," I should have been instantly understood, and that a strain of eloquence would have been poured out of a sympathetic character. Certainly, the English language is in a strange way, in the southern slave-holding portions of the United States, which, in one way or another, may soon claim to be a new Pandemonium altogether unfitted for the few men of education, and sobriety of life, whose lot is cast there.

We made the distance, which does not exceed forty-five miles, in four hours, reaching Decatur at ten a. m. On getting out at the station, I walked into the town to see if there was any steamer bound up the Tennessee, and heard that one was expected from Knoxville very soon. Decatur is a rural little place, on the left bank of the Tennessee, every building in which appeared to be a store; the only one which looked like a private house turning out to be a bank. The principal tavern had rather a promising exterior, but on entering the bar-room I found the swaggering, cursing, and swearing gentlemen of the railroad car "carrying on there," and as this did not betoken much comfort for a residence that might last several days, I sought out another with a less promising exterior.

This was a very humble tottering-looking wooden concern, at which I was received by a good-tempered old negro, named Adam, who led me up a

rather dangerous staircase into some rooms in a very dilapidated state, and containing no furniture. Not a single bedstead was to be seen in any one of them; but perceiving that there was an airy corridor or balcony, into which the rooms opened, I asked Adam if he would try to make me comfortable if I determined to stay here; upon which he engaged to sweep and wash out any room I might select, to lay a clean straw bed on the floor, and put clean sheets and pillow-cases to it; would keep plenty of water in the corridor for my use, and would put nobody on that side of the house as long as I stayed. Having thus secured myself, as far as I could, from vulgar intrusion and tobacco-smoking, I took possession, procured a table and a couple of chairs, and determined to be comfortable. I was now within one hundred miles of *New Echota*, in the Cherokee country; and, but for the impossibility of getting my luggage through an Indian country without roads, should have attempted to go there by land. This not being practicable, I was altogether dependent upon the arrival of the Knoxville steamer; any accident happening to which would leave me in an embarrassing situation. Whilst I was looking over the map, and pondering over my situation, the dinner-bell rang at noon, and although I had not eaten since six in the morning, I entertained no intention of assisting at the dinner-table, certain visions of dirty table-cloths and dishes of bacon presenting themselves; but being desirous of seeing how they were off for the articles I placed my chief reliance upon, viz., milk, and bread and butter, I

descended into a dark, unpromising-looking room on the basement-floor, where I found locomotive engineers, stokers, boatmen, and all sorts of gentry of their caliber, discussing their dinners with their coats off. Great, however, was my surprise, to perceive, that not only the table-cloth was clean, but that opposite to an empty chair was a nice-looking dish of roast chickens, lower down, a very tempting-looking ham, some exceedingly nice-looking vegetables, and sundry glass pitchers filled with milk. I immediately felt very hungry, and down I sat, and made a most hearty and excellent dinner. So much for second thoughts, and for condemning people and things before you know them!

Just as dinner was over, that monster, an American stage-coach and four horses, drove up, to take passengers to Huntsville: it was the first machine of the kind I had seen since I left Wheeling in the month of May. It looked as it does everywhere, and as its brother, the French diligence does, like a very clumsy contrivance; but in the pestilent, miry state of the roads, at some seasons, in the newly settled parts of this continent, a machine less capable of resistance would, perhaps, not serve the purpose. It went once a week *viâ* Huntsville and Jasper to Knoxville, in Tennessee, and, if the steamer failed me, was the only resource I should have. I was now in the last settlement adjacent to the Cherokee country, where there was a railroad, a bank, merchants, a postmaster, and landlords, yet I had in vain endeavoured to acquire some information as to the best mode of getting into the Cherokee country.

I perceived that they took no interest in matters that they could make no money by. I had a strong desire to get into the stage at once, and if it had stopped an hour, I think I should have done so; but it soon drove off, and I was left to my only resource, the river. Towards evening, when it was less hot, I strolled out, and found some limestone beds in the vicinity, which were a continuation of those at Tuscumbia.

*July* 19.—Adam was as good as his word; he gave me a wholesome bed and clean linen. I slept soundly until the sun had risen, and proceeding immediately to the corridor, where the sweet air of the early morning prevailed, I saw to my great delight the expected steamer slowly descending the Tennessee. Hastily dressing myself, I descended, and having made a very fair breakfast, went to the wharf where the steamer had already arrived. The captain assured me that he should depart again to-morrow, that his freight would be taken in to-day, and that he had only to run down on the railway to Tuscumbia and come immediately back. All this he assured me of with great earnestness, and not one word that he said did I believe. I was perfectly sure that he was going to Tuscumbia to seek for freight, and entertained no hopes of seeing him again until he had found some. But the steamer was here, that material point was gained, so I secured a berth, and determined to be patient.

## CHAPTER LI.

A GUBERNATORIAL CANDIDATE.—AN ELECTIONEERING SPEECH.—GANDER-PULLING.—EMBARK FOR THE CHEROKEE COUNTRY.—SITUATION OF THE CHEROKEE NATION.—BITUMINOUS COAL.

In the course of the morning a Mr. Bagsby, a politician, on an electioneering tour with two friends and a domestic slave, all on horseback, came to the tavern I had put up at. He was a candidate for the gubernatorial chair of the state of Alabama, and, in conformity with the custom of the southern states, was on a tour for the purpose of declaring his political sentiments, and canvassing the people. This declaration was to be made in the open air, and we seemed to be all in the humour to be either edified or amused by it. Dinner being disposed of, the landlord assembled the inhabitants by ringing the tavern bell. There was a flight of steps that led outside from the street to the first floor of the house, with a pent roof at the top to keep off the scorching rays of the sun. Thither the candidate went for the benefit of the shade, and there the landlord had the kindness to place me a chair.

His appearance was prepossessing; he had a dark southern complexion, black hair, piercing black eyes, was modestly dressed, and I saw at the first

glance that he was a southern *gentleman*. From the great pains he took to assure his auditors that he really was of opinion that General Jackson was a great man, I came at a very early stage of the speech to the conclusion that he had once thought differently, and that the most difficult part of his task was to remove that impression from the minds of his hearers. It was clear that he had ratted to the dominant party, and was now an excellent democrat. He pledged himself, in the event of success, that he would govern the state with a sole regard to its interests, and that he would act in the most friendly and liberal manner towards every individual in it, as the people of Decatur, whose votes he should feel himself greatly honoured with, would find reason to acknowledge.

Throughout his speech, which was an able one, he appeared in the character of a temperate politician well versed in the affairs of his state, and actuated by a Catholic kindness towards every body. Of those opposed to him he spoke with moderation, praising them for their good qualities, and following his commendations with justifiable reasons why they were not exactly the men the state wanted at this juncture. If it had been his premeditated intention to rat a second time, he could not have been more cautious to avoid giving offence. But the influence which men acquire when they observe a charitable and amiable conduct to those who are opposed to them, was much manifested upon this occasion, for, upon bowing to his audience at the end of his speech, he was

heartily cheered by every body, although I was afterwards assured that many of his political opponents were present.

*July* 20.—An excessively hot morning: Fahrenheit at 92°. Going down to the steamer I was informed that she would certainly start at noon, as soon as the captain and his clerk arrived from Tuscumbia—an assurance that was soon belied by the arrival of the train without either of them, or even a message from them. I would gladly have got away from this place, for, notwithstanding old Adam's clean bed, I was very uncomfortable. It was so hot by day that it was painful to go out before sunset, so that I was obliged to keep the house. If I attempted to remain in the public room, I met nothing there but dirty, profane, smoking, spitting fellows, and the walls of my bedroom were so disgustingly covered with the tobacco-juice that its former occupants had squirted upon them, that I was obliged to drag my table to the corridor to escape the sight of them. Our landlord was a goodnatured Scotchman, named M'Kenzie, but dirt appeared to be so congenial to him, that I think he would have been unhappy without it. The proprieties of the table, which I had observed the first day of my arrival, had not been repeated; indeed the clean table-cloth of the dinner made its appearance the next morning at breakfast, in as filthy a state as if it had been in a pig-stye.

*July* 21.—Hearing that the clerk of the steamer had arrived, I went on board, when he told me very coolly that the steamer would not leave Decatur, at any rate, until the next day. The whole lives of

these fellows are passed in lying and fraud; they no longer pretend to veracity; advertising their steamers for places they are not going to, and swearing every morning that they are going, without the least intention of keeping their words. A more contemptible state of society cannot be imagined than one in which the people you are obliged to deal with attempt to deceive you upon every occasion, and, perceiving your dependence upon them, swagger and swear, and attempt to bully you if you say a word. These bad habits and vices, of men of this class in the southern states, grow out of the combined causes of climate and slavery. The climate makes them too indolent to help themselves, and slaves being at hand to do all menial and laborious offices, they acquire, from their earliest years, extravagant ideas of their own importance, and being brought up in the belief that blacks are created to work for them, and constantly hearing about Liberty and Equality amongst white men, they bluster when they cannot reason. That class, therefore, which, in the northern states, sustains the different branches of industry, is too often resolved here into a vapouring, disgusting, and unprofitable set of beings, devoid of education, religion, or manners, and have the audacity to call those who correspond to their own class in the north, *white Niggers*.

In the evening a dance was got up at the tavern by some young persons of the place, and I went into the room to observe them. It was the first time that I ever was present at an assemblage of young persons of both sexes in the United States,

where the females did not greatly excel the males in manners and personal advantages. The music was execrable, and the awkwardness and extreme want of grace of *tutti quanti* were not to be easily paralleled.

*July* 22.—I was glad to find, on going down to the steamer, that the captain had arrived, who assured me that he really should go to-day as soon as he had embarked four hogsheads of sugar. "I tell you this, stranger," he said, "because I know you are asked to go to the gander-pulling this morning, but you may depend the steamer will go." It was true that I had been invited to this polite amusement by some persons at the tavern, but having seen it once I had no inclination to be present a second time, especially at the risk of losing my voyage.

"Gander-pulling" is a sort of tournament on horseback, and is, I believe, of European origin. A path is laid out on the exterior of a circle of about 150 feet diameter, and two saplings are sunk into the ground about 12 feet apart, on each side of the path. These being connected towards the top with a slack cord, a live gander with his legs tied, and his neck and head made as slippery as possible with *goose* grease, is suspended by the feet to that part of the cord immediately over the path. The knights of the gander having each deposited a small sum with the manager of the game to form a sweepstakes and to defray the expenses, follow each other, mounted on horseback, at intervals round the ring, two or three times before the signal

is made to pull. When that is done, the cavaliers advance, each fixing his eye steadily upon the gander's shining neck, which he must seize and drag from the body of the wretched bird before the purse is won. This is not easily done, for as the rider advances he has to pass two men, five or six yards before he reaches the potence, one of them on each side of the path, and both armed with stout whips, who flog his horse unmercifully the instant he comes up with them, to prevent any unfair delay at the cord. Many are thus unable to seize the neck at all, having enough to do to keep the saddle, and others who succeed in seizing it often find it impracticable to retain hold of such a slippery substance upon a horse at full speed. Meantime the gander is sure to get some severe "scrags," and for awhile screams most lustily, which forms a prominent part of the entertainment. The tournament is generally continued long after the poor bird's neck is broken before it is dragged from its body; but some of the young fellows have horses well trained to the sport, and grasp the neck with such strength and adroitness, that they bear off the head, windpipe, and all, screaming convulsively after they are separated from the body. This is considered the greatest feat that can be performed at gander-pulling.

At two p.m. we unmoored and got into the stream, pursuing our way through a flat country for about ten miles, when a fine ridge of land, running apparently at right angles to the river, came in view. A person on board told me that it was sandstone,

and that there was a mineral spring of sulphuretted water, and another of chalybeate at its foot, not more than two or three miles from the river, which were resorted to by the gentry of Alabama. We reached Triana about five p. m. where the extensive clearings contrast themselves well with the deep wooded banks of the river: beyond this, and about twenty miles from Decatur, the country becomes very pleasing, lofty and graceful knolls rising up amongst the clearings. About sunset, we landed some rather livid-looking passengers at a place called Damascus Ferry, who were going to the mineral springs. The sandstone here lay regularly upon a silurian limestone. At night we had thunder and lightning in the distance, with a promise of rain, now much wanted, to increase the depth of the river, and without which, I was given to understand, we should be puzzled to get over a place called "The Suck."

*July* 23.—I arose at sunrise, and going on deck, found we were at Gunter's Landing, a collection of slightly-built, unpainted wooden stores, upon a high sandy bank, about thirty-five feet above the level of the river. Much rain had fallen in the night. We were now at the most southern bend of the Tennessee River, with the Cherokee country on our right. Various sandstone ridges were in sight. Fifteen miles further up, we stopped to take in wood, at the old Cherokee Coosawda village; and seeing a rude log house in a small clearing hemmed in by the woods, I walked up to it. Some peach-trees were around, with green fruit on them,

growing in a fertile, sandy, micaceous loam. On entering the hut, I found a stout Cherokee Indian, stretched out at his full length on the ground, near a hideous-looking woman, seated upon her haunches, and an Indian girl, her daughter, depediculating her mamma's head.

She asked me civilly, and in good English, to sit down; but, being apprehensive of carrying some of the live stock away, I advanced no further than the door. They said there were a great many Indians within two miles of the place, but that the whites had got possession of the country, and they all expected to be driven out of it. At this time the brave and intelligent nation of Cherokees was in a very distressing position. For the sake of tranquillity, they had not only in various treaties with the United States surrendered, as the Creeks had before done,* important portions of their territory to the state of Georgia, but had, *upon the urgent recommendation of the whites*, abandoned the savage life, had successfully entered upon agriculture, and universally adopted the Christian religion. A remarkable man,† who had appeared amongst them,

* *Vide* "Slave States, &c.," vol. ii., p. 305.

† This man, *Sequoyat*, called by the Americans *Guess*, was a native Cherokee. Having been informed that the characters which he had seen in the books at the missionary schools, represented the sounds made in pronouncing words, and pondering upon this, he finally invented a character for every sound in the Cherokee language, to the number of eighty-five. His countrymen soon acquired the knowledge of these characters, and all those whom I saw could read the books printed in them. As the distinct sounds do not modify each other, as the syllables in the Euro-

had invented alphabetical characters to express every separate sound in their language, and books of prayers, psalms and hymns, with the gospels, had been printed in these characters, in the familiar knowledge of which the whole Cherokee nation had been instructed. These poor people did more than possess the Christian religion; in the honest simplicity of their hearts, they endeavoured to live in conformity to its precepts, and were most exemplary in the performance of their religious duties.

In the treaties which the Government of the United States had made with them—the whole of which, on the part of the Cherokees, were treaties of cession—that Government always guaranteed to the Indians, in the most solemn form, that portion of their territory which was not ceded; so that they had the security for the performance of these treaties from the same people at whose instance they had embraced the Christian religion; a moral security, which national faith on the one side, and their own friendless condition on the other, invested with high responsibility.

It is, I dare say, but doing justice to the Government of the United States to believe, that at first they were disposed to observe the stipulations they had entered into with the Indians, and that they would not have turned aside from so sacred a duty, but for the pressure of the population of those states whose territory was contiguous to that of the

pean languages do, every one who can pronounce the characters correctly can read the words.

Cherokees, to whom every successful encroachment served but as an incentive to further invasions upon the rights of the Indians, and whose political influence was brought to bear upon the general Government for the accomplishment of their cupidity.

This state of things got at length to such a height, that it became evident the whites would never remain satisfied until they had wrested every acre of land from the hands of the rightful owners. The discovery, too, of several alluvial deposits of native gold in the Cherokee lands had removed the last moral restraint from the people of Georgia, who entered, without leave or license, upon the best possessions of the Indians.

At the time of my visit, the Cherokees were almost incensed to desperation; they were yet about 18,000 in number; were brave, and had leaders of great ability. An outbreak was therefore expected. The general Government, which was well informed of the oppression the Indians were suffering, were reduced to the apparent alternative, either of turning the national arms against the people of Georgia in defence of the Cherokees, or of leaving the Georgians to perpetrate every sort of wrong against the poor Indians they had solemnly agreed to protect. But another plan, and, perhaps, the one that was now most consistent with humanity, was adopted. A powerful draught of the militia of the state of Tennessee was called out, and these, aided with a few United States regular troops, proceeded to occupy the Cherokee country, for the purpose of preventing an insurrection of the Indians, and a

collision betwixt them and the Georgians. The Cherokee leaders were also invited to cede the whole of their territory to the Georgians, for a consideration to be paid to them by the United States, which engaged to provide them with other lands west of the Mississippi.

The proposition to abandon their native country was abhorrent to the Cherokees, with the exception of a very small minority of them, that had been gained over by some subordinate chiefs, whom the agents of the United States Government had induced to enter into a contract to cede the whole territory to the Georgians, with a stipulation that the entire nation was to evacuate the country within a short period. In this contract, the legitimate chiefs, who alone were authorized to transact public business for the Cherokees, and who, in fact, constituted the Government of the nation, had had no part. They immediately protested strongly against it, and at least five-sixths of the nation adhered to them, under the advisement of a half-breed, named John Ross, a man who had received a good education amongst the whites, had fine talents, great experience, an inflexible character, and who possessed unbounded influence over his countrymen. It was now more obvious than ever that the Cherokees never would leave the country voluntarily, and that their affairs were nearly brought to a crisis.

Under all these circumstances, which had a great notoriety, I felt a warm interest for this much-wronged people, fully persuaded, however, that although justice was not to be expected, the United

States Government would observe a merciful and humane conduct towards them. By landing at some point higher up the Tennessee River, I determined to avail myself of the opportunity of crossing the whole of the Cherokee territory, of examining its geology, and observing the real condition of a famous aboriginal race, with which Ferdinand de Soto communicated when, in 1539, he traversed that part of the American continent which extends from Tampa Bay, in East Florida, to the shores of Texas, in the Gulf of Mexico.

We continued to advance up the river to the north-east, a very extensive and well-wooded chain, called Racoon Ridge, holding a parallel course with us near to the left bank. The Sandstone Ridges appear to have been left behind by a great denudation which has laid bare the fossiliferous silurian limestone below. At half-past three p. m., we stopped at Bellefonte, forty miles from Gunter's Landing, to take in wood: here the Ridge, near 700 feet in height, came close to the river. At six p.m., we passed Crow Creek on the right bank, with a pretty island in front, and an hour afterwards we stopped at Caperton's Bluff, where a compact and sparry fossiliferous limestone cropped out on the right bank.

*July* 24.—Upon going on deck at five a. m., I found we were within the limits of the state of Tennessee, a short distance above Sequatchee River, and sixteen miles below the Suck. The scenery was very pleasing; the Tennessee had cut its way through the Cumberland mountains, leaving eleva-

tions of from 700 to 800 feet above our heads on each side. We had the same incoherent sandstone incumbent upon limestone, the mountain being densely wooded to the top, and abounding, as I was informed, with bears, deer, and wild turkeys. Veins of bituminous coal are said to be found in these rocks. Geological proofs were constantly presenting themselves of great areas of the sandstone having been swept away, previous to the deposit of a red earth upon which the cotton is raised, and the period of the deposit of which is probably contemporaneous with the red soils observed in other countries, as in Devonshire.

At half-past seven the scenery became exceedingly picturesque, and reminded me of the Upper Mississippi, strong escarpments of disintegrating sandstone appearing on each side of the river, which abounded in sudden bends, and having a strong current setting down. The stream now contracted to about 200 yards, and we reached a rapid called the Pan, where the current was so strong that we were detained two hours making preparations to warp the steamer beyond it. Whilst this was going on I amused myself collecting unios, with some fresh-water univalves I had not seen before. There were some bulima of a remarkable size. The animal of some of these shells of the turritella family was very curious, the inferior part consisting of a broad contractile fleshy disk, exceedingly flexible, resembling the cleavers made of leather which boys use to raise stones with. At the top of this the other part appears, its head with two lateral feelers

about half an inch long, and a snout. The whole body was of a bright yellow colour, streaked and spotted dark brown, and the anterior portion was beautifully lined with neat brown stripes, crossing like the stripes of a zebra.

About noon, we passed another rapid, called the Pot, which is very difficult to traverse when the water is high. The hills here rose to about 1,000 feet in height on each side. We were, in fact, steaming through a deep ravine. There was a vein of bituminous coal, three feet thick, in the sandstone mountain on the right bank. A man on the shore informed me, that a youth in the service of the United States died near this place the other day from the bite of a rattle-snake. He was driving a stake into the ground, when the reptile struck him in the neck, and he never spoke afterwards. I got into a canoe to examine the Suck, a powerful rapid, with a fall of about ten feet. The Chute, at its head, divides itself into two branches, which, meeting lower down, force the water a foot above the common level.

## CHAPTER LII.

PROCEED UP THE RIVER IN A "DUG OUT."—CONTRIVANCE OF THE TORTOISE FOR HATCHING ITS EGGS.—THE LOOK-OUT MOUNTAIN.—REACH ROSS'S LANDING.—TROOPS AT CAMP WOOL.—THE MORAVIAN MISSION.—PROCEED INTO THE CHEROKEE COUNTRY.

*July* 25.—The steamer could get no further at present, and it was necessary to provide, in some way or other, for my further progress. Leaving her moored to the bank, I walked into the country in search of a man called Thompson, who I was told had a canoe, in which, if I succeeded in engaging him, I could continue my course up the river. After wandering about for some time, I found him, and after beating him down about one half of the amount he required, I engaged him, his canoe, and another man he was acquainted with, to take me about fifteen miles up the river to a new settlement called Ross's Landing. I had been told that the militia of the state of Tennessee had a post in this neighbourhood, where it would not be difficult to procure information of the state of the country, and perhaps the means of penetrating into it: at any rate, I must do something with myself and my luggage, which was too heavy to carry on my shoulders. Accordingly, returning to the steamer, I ate a hasty meal, got a little provision, in the event of being obliged to bivouac

for the night, and making a portage round the Suck, found my men with their canoe at the place we had agreed upon.

Our steamer, which was but a small one, was a huge leviathan compared with the simple conveyance in which I now deposited myself and my effects. It was a log of wood roughly hewn out, called, in the language of the country, a "dug out." It had no seat except on the bottom, and having assumed the only position it admitted of in it, I found that if I stirred in the least degree, the centre of gravity would be so changed, as to set it rolling in a perplexing manner, and that, in my anxiety to re-adjust the balance, I was just as likely to upset it as not. I soon perceived that my only plan was to sit perfectly still. About two miles further up the river we came to another rapid, called the *Tumbling Shoals*, both broad and strong. Here I was greatly puzzled to consider how the men intended to force our canoe through the current, and this was by hugging the bank as close as possible where the water was least powerful, and so getting round a bluff that rather projected into the stream, and protected us from the current. In attempting this, the eddy took us, and threatened to whirl us into the wildest part of the furious rapid, where we should certainly have been upset, with scarce a hope of saving ourselves. I was already considering where the "dug out" would probably rise again, and what chance there was of my clinging to her, when, at the crisis of our fate, one of the men seized a point of the rock, and clung to it with des-

peration, whilst his companion seized a strong shrub that was growing in the rock. This enabled the first to get a more secure hold of the bluff, and using a paddle as a rudder to keep her head right, I called out to them to pull with all their might. In this way we forced the canoe round the bluff, and got into quiet water. I think I never was in more imminent danger.

The river now expanded to about 800 yards wide, and paddling pleasantly along we came to a high sloping bank of loose sand, which I landed to examine. It had an angle of more than 50°, had a south-west aspect, and was composed of loose sharp sand, derived from disintegrated rock. This was one of those tortoise-banks occasionally found on the margin of the rivers where that amphibious animal abounds. In the upper parts of the Tennessee and its tributaries they attain a large size, as I had occasion to remark when examining, upon a previous occasion, the country watered by the Holston. The contrivance of this species (*Trionyx ferox*) for providing for the hatching of its eggs forcibly shews the power of animal instinct; and the details respecting it which I am about to give, may be considered as illustrating some of the phenomena connected with the fossil footmarks found at Corn Cockle Muir, and at Craigs, near Dumfries, where the inclination of the strata is also about 45° S.W.*

Where a slope like the one I was now exa-

* *Vide* Dr. Duncan's Paper, in Trans. R.S. of Edinburgh. 1828.

mining, exists near waters inhabited by this species, the animal, at the proper season, crawls up it, and when arrived at the top begins to make its nest. This is done by screwing its body repeatedly round in the sand, until it has scooped a pit sufficiently large: here it lays from twenty to forty round eggs, generally without a shelly calcareous covering, but covered with a tenaceous membrane. Sand is then scratched over the eggs to the depth of six or eight inches, which the tortoise pats down firmly by rising on its hind feet, and flattening the nest with its anterior extremities. When the sun has hatched the eggs, the young animals force their way out of the sand, and following their own instinct, and the inclination of the slope, roll down into the river.

Further up, I observed numerous wood-ducks (*Anas sponsa*) fly out of the trees: this beautiful bird often hatches in their tops, and conducts its young to the water in its bill. The country now became very interesting, and I began to regret that I should soon have to leave the canoe; a favourite mode of conveyance with all travellers who, like myself, have devoted much time to the exploration of the rivers of America. About ten miles from the Suck, we came to the Look-out Mountain, a noble pile of stratified limestone with a huge hump of sandstone at the top. I should have been glad to land here, but the men had become rather impatient at my frequent stoppages, and upon my inquiring whether it was possible to find a path of any sort up the mountain near to the river, told me there was nothing of the kind, that they wanted to get back, and that I could find somebody at Ross' landing to serve me as a guide. From the resolute manner in which they now began to paddle, I perceived their humour, and

that our good understanding might not be ruffled, told them that I was obliged to them for the attention they had paid me, and was contented to proceed as fast as they thought proper.

After some time, they ran the canoe ashore at a beach where there was no appearance of a settlement, and told me that it was Ross' Landing. I was somewhat dismayed at first at the prospect of being abandoned on a lone beach, since these men having fulfilled their agreement had a right to be paid immediately, and time was important to them to get back that night. Upon parleying with them, however, I learnt that there was a small settlement not far from us, and that they would carry my luggage there for a reasonable gratification. Upon which I sent them immediately on, and taking a last look at the river followed the road they took. At length I came to a small village hastily built, without any regard to order or streets, every one selecting his own site, and relying upon the legislature of Tennessee to pass a law for the permanent arrangement of their occupations. The appearance of the individuals I saw was very unpromising, and addressing myself to one of them, he directed me to a small tavern kept by a person of the name of Kennedy.

Supposing, from the state in which the country was, that I should meet with all sorts of disorderly persons, and wishing in my heart that the Indians had continued in possession of their country—for wherever I had been, the Indians had been friendly to me—I almost dreaded the idea of going to this tavern; but on reaching it, I was quite delighted to find that it consisted of three new log huts, built upon a high piece of ground that commanded a beautiful view of the surrounding country. The land-

lord was very civil, every thing was tolerably clean, and having made a neat and acceptable supper with good milk, bread and butter, and coffee, I considered myself a most fortunate person, and laid down to rest in a very contented state of mind, with the benefit of the wandering breezes of the night upon my face, that entered through the open logs of the hut I slept in.

*July* 26.—On awaking, I got a fine view of the country through the walls of my bed-room, which fronted that fine chain which on this side the river is called Racoon Mountain. The Look-out Mountain also was towering up with the numerous peaks of its extended line, that appeared wooded to the top. The rest of the landscape consisted of picturesque knolls of limestone, all densely covered with trees. Having made a hearty breakfast, I strolled out to look at the rocks. The limestone consisted of heavy compact beds of a blueish colour, much intermixed with chert and non-fossiliferous. Near the river it was horizontal, but here I found the anticlinal structure occasionally well marked, the beds not observing the steady horizontal position of the beds at Tuscumbia and Decatur. I was not surprised at this, always expecting that the nearer I approached to the Alleghany Mountains, the more I should find the beds influenced by that great movement which has modified the surface it operated upon into their ridges and valleys, and produced those flexures in the non-bituminous carboniferous beds.

How I was to remove my luggage from this place, and get fairly into the interior became now a matter for serious consideration. There was no such thing as a wheeled vehicle in the place, nor any probability of their being one; and I found it equally impossible to engage

horses. In this serious dilemma, I determined to go to Camp Wool, in the neighbourhood, to state my case to a Colonel Ramsay, who acted as commissary and store-keeper to the Tennessee mounted volunteers stationed there. I lost no time, therefore, in proceeding to his quarters, where the troops appeared to be comfortably hutted. He received me civilly, and offered to accompany me to the quarters of the commanding officer, Colonel Powell, where we immediately proceeded. With this officer, I found a Major Vaughan and a Captain Vernon, three persons, as far as I could judge, well suited to the responsible duty they were engaged upon.

They received me in a very friendly manner, and the commanding officer, on being acquainted with my situation and embarrassment, expressed his regret at not being able to give me any conveyance. He said that he expected an order every moment to take his command to a place called Red Clay, where Ross, the Cherokee chief, had convened his nation to meet on the 31st of this month. This piece of information, although it was the cause of a great disappointment, excited a strong desire in me to go to Red Clay also. To have an opportunity of seeing the whole Cherokee people convened together, to deliberate upon the resolution it was proper for them to take at this juncture was to me very tempting; and I determined, if possible, to shape my course for the accomplishment of it.

At the camp, I was told that the best chance afforded me of procuring a vehicle would be at the Moravian Mission of Brainerd, six miles distant, and determining to go there, I engaged a horse of a suttler for the ride as the heat was too overpowering to go on foot. But the

animal turned out exceedingly vicious, and plunged and reared in such a furious manner, that part of the rotten bridle they gave me having given way, I was thrown, and came with the back of my head upon the bare limestone, receiving a very stunning blow that made me sick at my stomach for at least an hour. As this happened in sight of the encampment, several of the soldiers ran up to assist me, and the accident being reported to Colonel Powell, he sent Captain Vernon, who offered me every kind attention, remaining with me until I felt somewhat recovered, and insisting upon my mounting his horse to accomplish the excursion. The sun beat powerfully upon me, and I was quite ill during the ride, grateful, however, to Providence for not having fractured my skull. On reaching the Mission, which had the appearance of a farm-house, I dismounted, and an Indian woman called Mr. Buttrick, the resident Moravian missionary, a pious elderly person apparently out of health, with whom I had a very interesting conversation about his Mission and the situation of the Cherokees. On the subject of my visit, he referred me to a Mr. Blunt who managed the farm belonging to the establishment. This person, whilst he professed to be sorry for my embarrassment, did not seem disposed to give himself much trouble to relieve my wants. I soon found out that every one at the Mission was zealously disposed in favour of the Indians, and anxious to prevent their being sent out of the country, a measure that would of course be followed by its suppression. Not knowing me, they considered it to be very possible that I sympathized with their oppressors; and, therefore, rather politely, but coolly enough, declined assisting me. It was evident that the people at the

Mission had transferred all their natural sympathies for their own race to the persecuted Indians. I was not much surprised at it, and perceiving how matters stood did not renew my request.

In the meantime, I turned my visit to the best advantage I could by entering into conversation with Mr. Buttrick about the Cherokee language. Having been acquainted many years ago, at Bethlehem and Nazareth, in Pennsylvania, with some of the leading Moravians there, I spoke of them and of the great services that Loskiel, Zeisberger, and the excellent Heckewelder had rendered to the Aborigines. This inspired him with more confidence in me, and before we parted he laid down a great deal of his reserve. He told me that he had been twenty years amongst the Cherokees, and had paid much attention to their language. From his observations, I perceived that its structure closely resembled that of the Nacotahs and Howchungerahs, their compound ideas being expressed by polysyllabic words composed of fragments of simple words reduced into grammatical forms consistent with a peculiar euphony familiar to the Indian ear. He was kind enough to promise me some remarkable instances of this arrangement at a future day. Mr. Buttrick was a decided friend of the Indians, and considered the whites to have violated the most sacred of rights in dispossessing the Cherokee nation of their native country. It had not been found difficult he said to frame an apology for the conduct of those whites who had, in the earliest times, come amongst these defenceless men and taken their lands, for they had done it under pretext of converting them to Christianity; but, in the case of the Cherokees, not only treaties had been trampled upon, but every wrong had

been heaped upon an unoffending Christian nation. He said he knew the Cherokees well, and thought they would die on the spot rather than leave their country; but, if it came to that, the whites were the strongest and must prevail. "Nevertheless," added he, "God has his eye upon all that is passing, and at his own time the Cherokees will be avenged."

I was very much impressed by his manner, for he evidently was sincere, believing himself in a deep decline, as a bad cough, which frequently troubled him, too truly indicated. I remarked to him that none of the Indian tribes had been able to stand against the tide of white population, and that perhaps the hand of Providence was in it; for, although the people of Georgia had treated the Indians wrongfully, yet a few generations hence, their descendants might fill the land and be a good and religious people; that the Indians would probably be a much happier community in a distant territory, where they had no white neighbours, and that I was of opinion that those who had influence with them would render them an essential service by advising them to submit where resistance was hopeless; that to encourage them to resist would be to assist in their extermination, and that I sincerely believed the wisest plan would be to endeavour to persuade them to throw themselves upon the generosity of the United States Government, who had the highest motives to deal in the most merciful and humane way with them. To this he merely observed, that the Council of the Cherokee nation would determine what was to be done.

I saw several young Indians of both sexes about the Mission, and would willingly have remained longer, but I

was not encouraged to do so, and perceiving that my presence was an embarrassment, I took leave of the interesting Missionary, assuring him that the Indians had not a more sincere friend than myself. Mr. Blunt, the farmer, followed me to the gate, looking as if he was conscious that he had not acted a very friendly part towards me, and began an apology which I cut short by saying: "Either you have a conveyance, Mr. Blunt, or you have not. If you have not, that fact would render an apology unnecessary; but if you have one, as I have been informed is the case, then you have lost an opportunity of obliging a traveller who has always been a friend to the Moravian Missions." Leaving Mr. Blunt to digest this I returned to the encampment; and having delivered the Captain his excellent horse with many acknowledgments, walked slowly back to my quarters, my head aching violently with the severe blow I had received in the morning.

*July* 27.—I had a restless night with some fever and great soreness in the back of my head; towards morning, however, I got some sleep, and was awoke by a refreshing breeze passing over my face. Having dressed and breakfasted I felt much better. The landlord had heard of the ruins of an old gig with wooden springs that belonged to a man of the name of Rawlins; it was under a shed, and had served exclusively for some time past for his cocks and hens to roost upon. Hoping that it might be possible to cobble it up in some way or other, I went to see it and its owner, a long-legged drawling fellow, who was a complete pendant to his vehicle. He said if I would go to the expence of having it repaired, he didn't care if he hired it to me but that he had no horse, though he had some old harness. As this was the only card I had left to play, and

fearing that if the detachment left the camp, I should be left here without a resource or friends of any kind, I hastened to Colonel Powell's, who upon learning the discovery I had made of the gig, asked me what use I could make of it without a horse. "Why to tell you the truth," said I, "I know some of your suttlers keep yokes of oxen to move their things about, and as these men are always ready to make money, I have thought you would lend me your influence to hire a yoke to take the gig with my luggage to some main road where I can get a conveyance, and as to myself, I would rather walk than ride, for I want to examine the country as I go along." "Upon my word," he replied, "a man that is as ready to help himself as you are ought to be helped by others, and I will direct one of my blacksmiths to mend the gig for you."

Accordingly the Colonel mounted his horse, and with the smith and myself on foot proceeded to Mr. Rawlins'. Here upon inspection, it was reported that the gig could be mended, and Rawlins having paraded his harness before us, the Colonel said there was an old horse at the encampment which had been unwell, but was now better, and that he would lend him to me for three or four days. Thus was I, by the kindness of this worthy officer, put into an independent position again, and making a bargain instantly with Rawlins to accompany me and to bring the horse back, I took leave with many thanks of the good Colonel, who returned to his camp with the smith. Meantime, Rawlins and myself went to work to clean the gig, and mend the harness. Whilst we were thus occupied, the smith returned with the horse, a miserable looking creature that seemed to have every infirmity. But being an exceedingly clever and obliging man, in an hour, what with ropes and the

fragments of horse millinery belonging to Rawlins, and the ingenuity of the smith, we had got the horse into the shafts and drove to my quarters.

Here I took leave of my obliging landlord, and, sending Rawlins to proceed and lead the horse, soon followed him. It was a burning sun, and I was not yet free from headache, but the excitement produced by getting up this equipage, and by having the world once more before me had made me rather indifferent to it. We reached the Moravian Mission in three hours, which was two miles an hour, and here I fed the horse whilst good Mr. Buttrick looked up some Cherokee vocabularies for me. At 4 P.M. we started again, but an unthought of difficulty soon brought us up, for we had to pass the Chiguamawgah Creek: this was rather too deep for Rawlins and myself, who were on foot, so we were obliged to get into the gig, which had no seat in it, and which was already filled with the luggage. Alas! when we had got fairly into the middle of the creek, our Rosinante could not muster strength enough to drag us across. In vain we encouraged him, he would not stir, and for near a quarter an hour it seemed certain that we should have to lighten his load, by jumping out. At the end of that time we tried the poor animal once more, and setting up a great shout, and clattering the ropes upon his back we got the steam up a little, and on we went amidst the rocks and stones at the bottom, bouncing and rolling from one to another, every instant expecting an upset. Happily, we reached the opposite bank in safety.

The exertion I had made, and the breezes which became very refreshing at the decline of day had abated my headache, and I enjoyed my evening's walk very much. The country around bore a truly Indian character, short trees

sparsely growing amidst tall luxuriant wild grass, and occasional remains of Indian habitations. I saw no game of any kind. At night we came to a wretched hotel, kept by a person named Inman, and here we were fain to put up, our horse having more than once given symptoms of coming to an anchor. Having tea, and biscuit and sugar with me, I made myself as comfortable as I could, and then laid down contentedly on the floor, the room smelling like an ill kept hospital. In the night we had a furious storm, with thunder and torrents of rain that set me thinking of the creeks we had yet to pass.

## CHAPTER LIII.

A CHEROKEE WATERING PLACE.—MEET THE INDIANS GOING TO A GENERAL MEETING OF THEIR NATION.—ARRIVE AT SPRING PLACE.—DRUNKEN POPULATION.—CREEK INDIANS HID AWAY IN THE MOUNTAINS FROM THE UNITED STATES AUTHORITIES.

*July* 28.—I got out of this dismal, filthy place at 5 A.M., and having walked about ten miles, came to a chalybeate spring, where I found some of the principal half-breed Cherokee chiefs with their families in log huts, these people having their watering places as well as the whites. In one of the huts was a tolerable bath, the water being led by wooden spouts from the foot of the hill whence it issues. Being a rural shady place, I remained here a short time for the purpose of conversing with the Cherokees. All of them, including the women, spoke English, these last being well dressed and good looking. Perceiving that they were not disposed to communicate very freely with me, I proceeded on, and my horse being in a tolerable willing humour, we at length reached an American settlement called Cleveland, newly made on the road leading from Calhoun, on the Hiwassee, in Tennessee, to Gainsville in Georgia. Being now on a stage coach road, and no longer in danger of being embargoed, I inquired for the best tavern, and was directed to a clean house kept by a person named Berry. Here I dismissed Mr. Rawlins and his machinery, and having washed and shaved, sat down to a very comfortable but late breakfast. Twelve months ago

there was not a building of any sort here; but such is the activity of these people that already they had got a street, and a square, and a tavern, and stores upon the plan of the older settlements.

This spirit of enterprize, which somewhat astonishes the Europeans who witness it has nothing so very extraordinary in it, when we consider that every individual concerned is a speculator. The tavern-keeper, the trader, the doctor, the lawyer, the artisan, all build to allure others to settle near them, every one of them being at all times ready to sell his possession, and move to any other part of the country where he thinks he can turn a penny to greater advantage.

In the afternoon, a vehicle which they called the stage drove in from Calhoun, distant twelve miles: it was a singularly small affair drawn by two long-legged, raw backed horses, but I was glad to see it, small as it was, for it contained no passenger, and just held myself and my luggage. I was now once more upon a regular communication, and could look about me at my ease. We passed several small ridges consisting of a cherty non-fossiliferous limestone, and were evidently ascending an elevated primary country, on the skirts of the Unaykay or White Mountains, that separate Georgia from Tennessee. At the end of eighteen miles, we stopped for the night at another dreadful dirt-hole kept by a man named Osborne.

*July* 29.—The fatigue of the day made me sleep well, although on the floor, and at 4 A.M. we started again. As soon as we passed the boundary dividing the two States, into Georgia, we came upon shale and slate dipping to the S.E.; over this we rode fifteen miles, and then came upon limestone again. Lofty mountains were upon our left, appearing to form part of a chain bearing N.E. and S.W.

We met many parties of Cherokees of the lowest class going on foot to the great meeting. Some of them were very drunk and were accompanied by young women carrying their infants. Log huts now increased in number with clearings around them, surrounded by broken-down fences, and bearing evidence of slovenly farming. The white inhabitants were a tall, sallow, gawky-looking set, with manners of the coarsest kind; their children were all pale and unhealthy-looking, suffering, as the mothers told me, from bowel complaints, occasioned evidently by unwholesome food and filth. We passed several farms belonging to the principal Cherokees, containing fine patches of the sweet potato (*Convolvulus Batata*), maize and pulse of various kinds. Some of the Indian women spoke English, but generally they were shy, and in a few instances refused to answer me. I was not surprised at this at the present juncture.

About 8 A.M., we passed a substantial-looking brick house belonging to a man named M'Nair, who had an Indian wife and a progeny of half-breeds. Some miles further on we found him seated by the road-side with a waggon near him, and his family around him preparing their meal. He was an old man, and being struck with his strong resemblance to General Jackson, I stopped and spoke to him. He told me that he had a dropsy, and was now on a journey of one hundred miles to consult a famous doctor.

Before noon we reached a settlement prettily situated, called Spring Place, with the fine line of Cohuttie Mountains in view, and stopped at a tavern, kept by a person named M'Gaughky, who very obligingly, upon my request, gave me an airy room to myself up stairs. This I took possession of, and having made my toilette, descended

to a comfortable breakfast. Here I learnt that Red Clay, the place appointed for the Indian meeting, was only twenty-five miles distant, and that I must proceed there from hence; but that I should be in time for it in four or five days, the chiefs not having yet arrived. Understanding that another stage would depart in the morning for Gainsville, in Georgia, a village distant about eighty miles, where I had directed my letters to be forwarded, I determined to go there and return to the meeting in the same vehicle.

I should have been glad to have made an excursion in the neighbourhood of this pretty place; but Fahrenheit stood at 90°, and it was so excessively hot that I was compelled to keep the house; so getting my papers in order, I brought up my diary and wrote some letters.

In the evening I ventured out to look at an ample and most pellucid spring in the vicinity, from whence the settlement takes its name. The water flowed copiously from seams in the limestone, which in its cavernous parts no doubt contained great bodies of it. Here I sat down upon a log; not a breath of air was stirring, and it was still too close and warm to walk with comfort. A Georgian, however, whom I found there, told me that he found it cool at this place compared with his residence in the low country. On my return to the village, I observed that almost every store in the place was a dram shop, and the evening's amusement of a great part of the population seemed to consist in going about from one to the other; and when they got what they call in this part of the country "high," which means red-hot drunk with whisky, they would go to the tavern and bully the people they found there. Several times in the course of the evening, the landlord had great trouble in turning them out of his

house. Two incidents occurred before I went to bed very characteristic of the habits of the country.

A young white fellow came to the tavern with a frightful wound in his leg, and so drunk that all we could get from him, amidst a torrent of the most audacious blasphemies, was that "his horse had fixed it for him." Next came a half-breed youth, about twenty years old, with his wife, a pretty Cherokee creature, about seventeen, each on horseback, on their way to the council. This young fellow's head was bound up, and when they removed the handkerchief, his eye was so dreadfully bruised, that it appeared to me he would lose the use of it. He had got beastly drunk on the road, and tumbling from his horse the animal had struck him with his hoof. The young wife seemed to take it as a matter of course, being probably accustomed to see him drunk every day.

*July* 30.—At 4 A.M. I got into the stage, the air being cool and agreeable, and for a long distance kept crossing alternate beds of limestone, strongly veined with white spar and shale. This continued to the Coosawattie River, or Coosa Wāhtay, as the Indians call it. (*Coosa* is the Indian name of the Creek nation, and *Wāhtay* means old.) This stream runs at the foot of a ridge of micaceous slate bearing N.N.E., being a continuation of the Unáykay chain. Here we stopped at an Indian tavern kept by a half-breed Cherokee of the name of Bell, one of the Indians opposed to John Ross and the majority of the nation. They had nothing but some filthy pieces of bad cake to give me made of Indian corn. Upon my asking a Cherokee woman who spoke English why they did not provide themselves with milk and butter, she said "it was too much trouble to keep cows." Everything about their house was dirty and disgusting, and I was glad to see the horses brought out.

Just before I started, I learnt that from two to three hundred Creek Indians were hid away in the mountains, and were at this time suffering extremely for want of food. Their nation having been compelled to emigrate, these unfortunate beings had escaped and taken refuge in these hills. A Creek interpreter, accompanied by an United States officer, rode up to acquire information respecting them, with the intention of bringing a party to surround them and force them away to Arkansa.

We had now before us an arduous journey of fifteen miles over the mountains and streams, every foot of which I had to walk over the talcose slate in a burning sun, for the horses were such wretched animals they had enough to do to drag the vehicle. At 4 P.M. we reached a poor settlement, near a place called Carmel, where I got a drink of water, and our animals having rested awhile, we pursued our dreary and fatiguing journey, occasionally enlivened by bands of Cherokees on horseback and on foot going with their women and children to Red Clay. After a very hot and exhausting journey of forty-five miles, thirty of which I had to walk, we arrived at 8 P.M. in a valley where there was a tolerable tavern kept by one Tate; and having refreshed myself with some food and got a bath for my feet, I was most glad to lie down.

*July* 31.—Having slept comfortably, we resumed our journey at 4 A.M. I was informed that gold-dust was found near this place, and gold-veins worked a few miles off; so that, as I suspected from the prevalence of the talcose slate, I was now in the Gold Region. We passed a tolerable good-looking house belonging to a half-breed named Robert Daniel, whose drunken son, the driver told me, it was whom I saw at Spring Place with his eye almost stamped out by his horse. I got a miserable

breakfast at one Field's, a Georgian. The people about were tall, thin, cadaverous-looking animals, looking as melancholy and lazy as boiled cod-fish, and when they dragged themselves about, formed a striking contrast to some of the swarthy, athletic-looking Cherokees. This, no doubt, is to be attributed to their wretched diet and manner of life; for the better class of Georgians, who lead more generous lives, contains many fine-looking individuals. What these long parsnip-looking country fellows seem to enjoy most is political disputation in the bar-room of their filthy taverns, exhibiting much bitterness against each other in supporting the respective candidates of the Union and State-rights parties which divide the State, and this without seeming to have the slightest information respecting the principles of either. Execration and vociferation, and "Well, I'm for Jackson, by ——!" were the nearest approach to logic ever made in my presence. Their miserable attempts at farming, when compared with the energy, foresight, and neatness of the people of the Northern States, are as absurd as they are ridiculous; indeed, it is quite distressing to see the most numerous class in the community condemned by their ignorance to be the slaves of those demagogues, who with their eternal elections encourage them in these tavern-haunting habits, which bring nothing but misery and ruin upon themselves and their families, generation after generation.

The road to the Chatahoochie River was tolerably good at this season, running the whole way over micaceous sandstone and talcose slates, with occasional hornblende rocks, which are the prevailing rocks in the Gold Region. The country was well wooded, and from the summit level, descended rapidly to that pretty stream. At half-past

4 P.M., we reached the town of Gainsville, a small collection of houses, with a square and a large brick Court-house in the centre. Here I was dropped at a humble sort of tavern, kept by a very unprepossessing person, called Widow Holland. I ingratiated myself, however, so far with her that she gave me a large, airy room; but I could get nothing to eat until 8 P.M., when I was summoned to a public table to partake of the humblest fare in the company of the driver and persons of his caliber. This was another exhibition of dirt, ignorance, and indolence. The mistress of the house left every thing to some ignorant slaves she had, and gave no directions whatever; her energies being exerted in another line, that of scolding at anything and everything. I was glad to leave the table, and was in bed before 9 P.M.

*August* 1.—Mrs. Holland's dirt did not prevent my having a capital night's rest, and I rose refreshed at 6 A.M. Having been fortunate enough to find some letters here, I walked about a mile and a half to see a very fine public spring, which they had had the good sense to clean out and surround with benches for the general accommodation. It was in a low piece of ground, prettily cleared, and there were trees enough left to form an agreeable shade. The water was very clear and pure, but appeared to have no mineral properties, and came bubbling up through veined and party-coloured limestone, in an area of about eighteen feet square. Many of the Georgia planters escape from the extreme heat of the low country to Gainsville which is comparatively cool; and some of them supposing this spring to have curative properties, drink freely of it. I met a person there, looking emaciated and pale, who said he drank as much as six or eight quarts a-day, and that he thought he was worse since he came to

Gainsville, for he was unable to sleep at night. His complaint, he said, was dyspepsia. I explained to him that it was nothing but common limestone spring-water, and advised him to drink no more of it, but to rise early and go to bed early, and take as much exercise as he could when it was cool enough to walk, avoiding tobacco and ardent spirits altogether. The man was evidently killing himself with chewing tobacco. About three miles from the place there is a similar spring, but I did not visit it.

*August* 2.—I was awoke about midnight by Mr. M—, of Georgetown, in the district of Columbia, who being on his way to the Cherokee Council in the character of Special Agent from the United States Government, and hearing of my being in the house, came and proposed that I should accompany him there. I willingly consented to relinquish my night's rest, and rose to prepare for the journey. We got away some time before day-break; and shuffling along with horses so lame as to be scarcely able to stand up we reached Tate's where I had slept on the 30th of July, in time for me to visit a deposit of white marble I had been informed of. It was of a very fine quality, and the quantity immense, there being a ridge of at least six miles long, entirely consisting of this mineral, of which I brought several specimens away.

*August* 3.—We were on the road again at half-past 3 A.M., one of our horses so lame that we could never get him off a walk. The day was burning hot, and to make thirty miles it took us twelve hours. We reached Spring Place at half-past 8 P.M., and were fortunate enough to get a small garret, with two beds to lie down on, to ourselves.

## CHAPTER LIV.

MODERN CONDOTTIERI.—REACH RED CLAY, THE PLACE OF MEETING OF THE CHEROKEE NATION.—GREAT ASSEMBLAGE OF INDIANS.—CHEROKEE CHRISTIAN WORSHIP AND CIVILIZATION.—THE GOING SNAKE AND WHITE PATH, TWO ANCIENT CHIEFS.—A CHEROKEE DINNER.—A CHEROKEE PREACHER, BUSHY HEAD.—A WHITE PREACHER, NICKNAMED THE "DEVIL'S HORN" BY THE INDIAN WOMEN.

*August* 4.—This morning, whilst we were at breakfast, a company of Georgia Mounted Volunteers rode through the place on their way to the Cherokee Council. All had their coats off with their muskets and cartouch-boxes strung across their shoulders. Some of the men had straw hats, some of them white felt hats, others had old black hats on with the rim torn off, and all of them were as unshaven and as dirty as they could well be. The officers were only distinguished by having Cherokee fringed hunting shirts on. Many of the men were stout young fellows, and they rode on, talking, and cursing and swearing, without any kind of discipline. Upon the whole it was a picturesque sight, and brought to my recollection the descriptions of the condottieri of ancient times.

Having engaged the stage to take us to Red Clay, we left Spring Place at 8 A.M., passing for twenty-five miles through a wild country with a rolling surface, pleasingly wooded, and sufficiently open to admit of the growth of various beautiful flowers. We crossed the Connesawga, which is a beautiful mountain stream, and were frequently gratified with the sight of fine fat deer bounding across the narrow wood road with their magnificent antlers. The

quail, too, were numerous, and the young birds large. The soil being derived from the lower Silurian limestone is very fertile, and certainly I never saw heavier Indian corn than in two or three settlements that we passed, especially at one Young's, about fifteen miles from Spring Place.

Towards the close of our journey we called upon Colonel Lindsay, who commanded the United States troops in this district, a detachment of which was here for the purpose of preserving order. His accommodations were rather humble, and every body seemed to be aware of it but himself, who appeared too intent upon the delicate duty he had to discharge to think of indulgences. The Colonel's quarters were upon the edge of an extensive rich, dry, bottom of land, thickly covered with young trees, most of them not more than from twenty to thirty years old, through which a graceful little stream, called Cóoay-hállay, ran meandering. Advancing through the grove, we began to perceive symptoms of an assemblage of Indians. Straggling horses, booths, and log tenements were seen at a distance through the trees, young Indian boys began to appear running in the woods, and the noise of men and animals was heard in the distance.

Hearing that a half-breed Cherokee named Hicks, whom I had formerly known, had put up some huts for the accommodation of strangers, we found him out, and he assigned us a hut to ourselves, the floor of which was strewed with nice dry pine leaves. It contained also two rude bedsteads, with pine branches as a substitute for beds, and some bed-clothes of a strange fashion, but which were tolerably clean. Chairs we had none; and our first care was to get a sort of table carpentered up, and to place it in such a position that we could use our bedsteads for chairs when we wrote. Our log hut had been so hastily run up that it had neither a door, nor

bore evidence of an intention to add one to it, and its walls were formed of logs with interstices of at least six inches between them, so that we not only had the advantage of seeing every thing that was going on out of doors, but of gratifying every body outside who was desirous of seeing what was done within our hut, especially the Indians, who appeared extremely curious.

Having refreshed ourselves with a cup of tea, we walked out with General Smith, the Indian agent for the United States, to see the Council-house. Crossing the Cóoayhállay, we soon found ourselves in an irregular sort of street consisting of huts, booths and stores hastily constructed from the trees of the forest, for the accommodation of Cherokee families, and for the cooking establishments necessary to the subsistence of several thousand Indians. This street was at the foot of some hilly ground upon which the Council-room was built, which was a simple parallelogram formed of logs with open sides, and benches inside for the councillors. The situation was exceedingly well chosen in every respect, for there was a copious limestone spring on the bank of the stream, which gave out a delicious cool water in sufficient quantities for this great multitude. What contributed to make the situation extremely picturesque, was the great number of beautiful trees growing in every direction, the underwood having been most judiciously cut away to enable the Indians to move freely through the forest, and to tie their horses to the trees. Nothing more Arcadian could be conceived than the picture which was presented; but the most impressive feature, and that which imparted life to the whole, was an unceasing current of Cherokee Indians, men, women, youths, and children, moving about in every direction, and in the greatest order; and all, except the younger ones, preserving a grave and

thoughtful demeanour imposed upon them by the singular position in which they were placed, and by the trying alternative now presented to them of delivering up their native country to their oppressors, or perishing in a vain resistance.

An observer could not but sympathize deeply with them; they were not to be confounded with the wild savages of the West, being decently dressed after the manner of white people, with shirts, trousers, shoes and stockings, whilst the half-breeds and their descendants conformed in every thing to the custom of the whites, spoke as good English as them, and differed from them only in a browner complexion, and in being less vicious and more sober. The pure bloods had red and blue cotton handkerchiefs folded on their heads in the manner of turbans, and some of these, who were mountaineers from the elevated districts of North Carolina wore also deer-skin leggings and embroidered hunting shirts; whilst their turbans, their dark coarse, lank hair, their listless savage gait, and their swarthy Tartar countenances, reminded me of the Arabs from Barbary. Many of these men were athletic and good-looking; but the women who had passed from the maidenly age, had, owing to the hard labour imposed upon them by Indian usages, lost as usual every feminine attraction, so that in my walk I did not see one upon whom I had any desire to look a second time. In the course of the evening, I attended at the Council-house to hear some of their resolutions read by an English missionary, named Jones, who adhered to the Cherokees; a man of talent, it was said, and of great activity, but who was detested by the Georgians. These were afterwards translated, *vivâ voce*, into Cherokee by Bushy-head, one of the principal half-breed Cherokees. A most refreshing rain fell in the evening, and about 8 P.M., somewhat fatigued

with the adventures of the day, I retired to our hut, from whence, through the interstices of the logs, I saw the fires of the Cherokees, who bivouacked in the woods, gleaming in every direction; and long after I laid down, the voices of hundreds of the most pious amongst them who had assembled at the Council-house to perform their evening worship, came pealing in hymns through the now quiet forest, and insensibly and gratefully lulled me to sleep.

*August* 5.—The voices of the Cherokees already at morning worship awoke me at the dawn of day, and dressing myself hastily, I went to the Council-house. Great numbers of them were assembled, and Mr. Jones, the Missionary, read out verses in the English language from the New Testament, which Bushy-head, with a singularly stentorial voice and sonorous accent, immediately rendered to the people in the Cherokee tongue, emitting a deep grunting sound at the end of every verse, resembling the hard breathing of a man chopping trees down, the meaning of which I was given to understand was to call their attention to the proposition conveyed by the passage. This I was told is an universal practice also in Cherokee oratory. When they sang, a line or two of a hymn printed in the Cherokee language was given out, each one having a hymn book in his hand, and I certainly never saw any congregation engaged more apparently in sincere devotion. This spectacle insensibly led me into reflection upon the opinion which is so generally entertained of its being impossible to civilize the Indians in our sense of the word. Here is a remarkable instance which seems to furnish a conclusive answer to scepticism on this point. A whole Indian nation abandons the pagan practices of their ancestors, adopts the Christian religion, uses books printed

in their own language, submits to the government of their elders, builds houses and temples of worship, relies upon agriculture for their support, and produces men of great ability to rule over them, and to whom they give a willing obedience. Are not these the great principles of civilization? They are driven from their religious and social state then, not because they cannot be civilized, but because a pseudo set of civilized beings, who are too strong for them, want their possessions! What a bitter reflection it will be to the religiously disposed portion of the people, who shall hereafter live here, that the country they will be so proud of and so blest in was torn from the Aboriginals in this wrongful manner. God be thanked, that in acquiring the dominion of India, Great Britain protects and blesses the people whose country owns her sway!

After breakfast I made myself acquainted with Mr. Jones, the Missionary, whom I found to be a man of sense and experience, and who must have received a tolerable education, for he was not even ignorant of Hebrew. He was exceedingly devoted to this nation, having resided a long time amongst them in the mountainous region of North Carolina. The Georgians, and I found most of the other white settlers had a decided antipathy to him on account of the advice he gave to the Cherokees, which had frequently enabled them to baffle the machinations of the persons who were plotting to get their lands. Conscious that he was watched by his enemies, he had become so suspicious of all white men, that from habit he had got a peculiar sinister look. We had a great deal of conversation together, and when he found I was an Englishman, and deeply interested for the welfare of the Indians, and extremely anxious to acquire the Cherokee language, he became less reserved, and I obtained a great deal of infor-

mation from him. I also formed an acquaintance with several intelligent Cherokees and half-breeds, for the purpose of collecting vocabularies and acquiring the pronunciation of their language.

About 10 A.M., a deputation, consisting of members of the Cherokee Council, and some aged persons, formerly chiefs of some celebrity, came in procession to our hut, to pay a visit of ceremony to my companion, the United States special agent; but he being at Colonel Lindsay's, I received them in his stead, gave them seats on our bedsteads, and immediately sent a messenger for him, who soon after arrived with Colonel Lindsay and a military escort. An ancient chief, named Innatáhoolósah, or the Going Snake, addressed him, and complimented him upon his arrival. This old warrior had led a large body of his people in former times to assist General Jackson against the Creeks, and contributed much to the victory he obtained over them at the battle of the Horse Shoe, where he received a wound in the arm. He was a fine old man, with a good deal of Indian dignity. Nothing appears to have stung the Cherokees more deeply than the reflection, that after serving General Jackson so effectually, it should have been under his administration of the Government, from which they had so much right to expect protection, that their independence had been broken down, and their territories appropriated without their consent. There was also another old chief remarkably cheerful and light of step, although seventy-six years old, called Nennenóh Oonáykay, or White Path. After an interchange of compliments they retired. This day we dined by invitation with Mrs. Walker, a fine old Cherokee lady, who spoke a little English; and met John Ross, the principal chief of the Cherokees. Our hostess received us in a

very polite and friendly manner. The dinner was good, we had boiled beef, chickens and bacon, with excellent vegetables. Coffee was served with the dinner, and we retired as soon as it was over, according to the custom. Large wooden bowls of *connahâyny*, or Indian corn boiled almost to a *purée*, with a small quantity of ley in it, were placed on the table. This is a favourite dish with the Cherokees, and I observed the young people ate it with great avidity; indeed, when mixed up with the broth of the boiled beef, it makes a capital soup; something like peas-soup.

The expense of feeding this multitude, which was defrayed by the council, was very great. Fifteen beeves were said to be killed every day, and a proportionate quantity of Indian corn used. Twenty-four native families were employed in cooking the provisions and serving the tables which were set out three times a-day. The beef was cut up into small pieces of three or four inches square, and kept stewing for several hours in large pots. The broth of this mess, without the meat, was the first dish offered to us at the excellent Mrs. Walker's, but when it was handed to me I found it was nothing but a mass of melted fat, the surface of which was oscillating about like quicksilver, and I had to send it away at the risk of giving offence. It was a most amusing scene to walk from table to table and see the Cherokees eat; every one was permitted to eat as much as he pleased, just as at the Bodas of Camacho; it really appeared to me as if they never would be satisfied, and as if their real business was not to refresh themselves, but to gormandize every thing up that was set before them. Upon making further inquiries, I learnt that Mr. John Ross was the sole director of every thing, that he paid about three hundred dollars a day to the persons who contracted to furnish the provisions, the beef being paid for at the rate of four cents

a pound. The expense was ultimately to be carried to account of the Cherokee fund. Mr. Ross invited us to dine with him at his house to-morrow.

In the evening the same scene of gormandizing was again exhibited, the woods gleaming with fires in every direction; several thousand Indians being scattered about in small groups, each with its fire, near to which a few sticks were set up, and a blanket or two laid over them to screen the women and children from the wind. The greatest tranquillity prevailed, and I walked about among them to a late hour, observing them, and asking the men the names of things with a view to catch the pronunciation.

*August* 6.—Rising at day-break, and taking a cup of tea, I went to the Council-house to attend divine service. From a rostrum erected near it, a native Cherokee preacher delivered a very long sermon to a very numerous assemblage of Indians and white people who had assembled from various parts. The discourse came from him with great vehemence both of action and voice, gesticulating and grunting at every instant, and never stopping to take breath, as it appeared to me, in half an hour. It was like a continual stream of falling water. All the Cherokees paid great attention to the sermon, and the most perfect decorum prevailed. After the sermon we had a psalm, led by Bushy-head, the whole congregation uniting in it. Mr. Jones then preached in English, and Bushy-head, with his stentorian voice, translated the passages as they came from the preacher, into Cherokee. During all this time, the ardent beams of the sun were pouring upon our bare heads. I felt at length as if I could not bear it much longer, and therefore went away before we were dismissed, rather than by covering my head to appear to offer any irreverence.

At noon Colonel Lindsay called at our hut with an escort of cavalry; he had been kind enough to provide a horse for myself and we proceeded to a place called Red Hill, the residence of Mr. John Ross; here, on our arrival, we were shewn into a room and remained there two hours before dinner was announced, when we were taken to a room, upon the table of which a very plentifu dinner, singularly ill-cooked, was placed. Neither our host nor his wife sat down to eat with us, the dinner, according to Cherokee custom, being considered to be provided for the guests; a custom evidently derived from their old savage state. I was helped to some meat, but could not tell what it was, or whether it passed for roast or boiled. It was afterwards explained to me that it was pork, first boiled in a pot with some beef, and then baked by itself afterwards. Mr. Lewis Ross, the brother of our host, presided, and Mr. Gunter, a very intelligent and obliging half-breed, sat at the other end of the table. I sat on his right and obtained a great deal of information from him.

Being desirous of learning whether the Cherokees had any distinct name for the system of ridges which now goes by the name of Alleghany or Appalachian Mountains, to oblige me, he interrogated some very ancient Cherokees, but not one of them had ever heard of their having a distinct name. The war-path, which their ancestors used in crossing them to fight the Mengwee, or five nations, had a particular name; but they knew of no other, neither did they know anything of the words Alleghany or Appalachy. After passing a very interesting day, and receiving the greatest attention and civility from them, we took our leave.

The rock here was a grey crystalline limestone, very

much inclined, (it is vertical at Red Clay), and contained no fossils; in many places, there was a strong bed of red clay upon it, like that at Tuscumbia, and the soil here was quite red. From this place, I rode over to the Rev. Dr. Butler's, the head of the Cherokee Mission in this neighbourhood, who received me very politely, gave me a great deal of information, and presented me with some books and papers printed in the Cherokee language. I was happy to learn from him that the Rev. Mr. Buttrick, whom I had seen at Brainerd, was at Red Clay, and that he had taken great pains with the chiefs to prepossess them in my favour.

From hence I rode to Colonel Lindsay's quarters, and passed the evening with him, Major Payne, and some gentlemen of his family. On my return, I went to the Council-house, and heard an excellent sermon delivered to the Cherokees in English, by the Rev. Mr. Buttrick, which received great attention as it well deserved to do, being admirable both in matter and manner. The indefatigable Bushy-head, in translating this sermon, almost surpassed himself, rendered every passage into Cherokee with the most enthusiastic energy at the very top of his noble voice, and marked every sentence with one of his deep-toned, sonorous *uh-hánhgs*, that came from him like the lowest note from a bassoon. On my return to our hut, I got into a conversation with our landlord, Mr. Hicks, one of the most intelligent of the Cherokees. He told me, he had once seen some China men at Philadelphia, and that, from the strong resemblance to them in their faces and eyes, he thought it probable the Cherokees were descended from that stock. The remark is, at least, founded in fact, for the Cherokees resemble the Tartars very strikingly, both in the general expression of their faces, and in the conformation of their eyes.

*August 7.*—This was the day appointed for the delivery of the "Talk" or public address of Mr. Mason, the special agent, which was expected with great anxiety, and which Mr. Mason had been much occupied in the composition of. After breakfast, Foreman, the interpreter, came to the hut, and Mr. Mason gave him the "Talk" to study; he appeared to be a very intelligent man, and perfectly well acquainted with the English tongue. He told us some amusing anecdotes of an agent, named Schermerhorn, who had been appointed by the United States Government a year or two ago, as a commissioner to negotiate with the Cherokees. This man was a sort of loose Dutch Presbyterian Minister, and having taken up the calling of a political demagogue, had been rewarded with this situation by the President, Mr. Van Buren, a Dutchman also by birth. On coming amongst the Cherokees, instead of dealing fairly with them, and making an arrangement with the Council that could be sanctioned by a majority of the nation, he corrupted a few individuals to consent to emigrate, and deliver up the Cherokee territory; and reported it to the Government as if it had been a solemn contract entered into with the whole nation. The Reverend agent, also, being of amorous turn had been detected tampering with some of the young Cherokee women, so that he came to be an object of detestation to the Indians, who took every opportunity to affront him. Not more than half-a-dozen in the whole nation would speak to him at all; and whenever the rest of them met him, they made a point of turning round and presenting their backs to him. But this was not all the mortification his evils deeds brought upon him.

It is the custom of most of the Indian nations to give an Indian name to every white man who has any transactions with them of importance, or who has struck their

fancy in any way. If the proper name of the individual corresponds in sound with any term in their language, they simply translate it. On the other hand, if they can find no equivalent in their own tongue, they look for words, which sound like the name they are unable to translate, and if those words are at all appropriate to the individual, whether in his appearance, his habits and customs, or character, they use them to form his Indian name. In doing this, they are remarkably skilful, and are as prompt and happy as the best *improvisatori* are in Italy. The name the Cherokees gave to me is an instance of this. It was found impossible to translate the word Featherstonhaugh, but one of their poets suggested that my Cherokee name should be Oóstanaúlee, which means "gravel or shingle brought down by floods." Having observed me frequently poking and hammering about in beds of gravel, the word which sounded something like my name, admirably answered the purpose. For the Rev. Mr. Schermerhorn, they had been so fortunate as to find a name that corresponded precisely to their estimate of him, and which was immediately adopted by the whole nation, especially the women and children, who were extremely tickled with it. It was Skáynooyáunah, or literally the "devil's horn." After I knew this story, I found it was only necessary to ask the women if they knew Skáynooyáunah to set them laughing.

## CHAPTER LV.

INCESSANT RAINS.—PUBLIC SPEECHES.—APPREHENSIONS OF GENERAL SICKNESS.—RETURN TO SPRING PLACE.—RE-CROSS THE MOUNTAINS.—PROCEED TO DAHLONEGA.—MEET WITH A CELEBRATED SENATOR.—HIS FINE CHARACTER.

*August* 7.—The rain had been falling incessantly for thirty hours, and our hut being roofed with nothing but pine branches gave us very little protection; the bed-clothes were wet through, and we were thoroughly nonplussed what to do. It was impossible to remain long in this state without becoming sick. The Indians, at the numerous bivouacs were all wet through, and apprehensions were beginning to be entertained by the Council, that a serious sickness might fall upon them if they were detained twenty-four hours more in the uncomfortable state they were in. The chiefs, therefore, were desirous that Mr. Mason should deliver his "Talk" immediately; but that gentleman, supposing the "Talk" would be deferred, was gone to Colonel Lindsay's for shelter. Mr. Ross therefore called upon me, and drew such a picture of the consequences that might ensue, that I wrote to Mr. Mason, and sent the note with a messenger. In this note, I related what Mr. Ross had said, and submitted to him, as the day had been appointed for the purpose, the propriety of being punctual, as want of punctuality would give the chiefs an opportunity of dismissing the nation and laying the blame

upon him. The messenger returned about 3 P.M. with information to Mr. Ross that he might assemble the nation. Accordingly, horns were blown and public criers went into the woods to summon all the males to the Council-house; but recommending to the women and children to remain at their fires. Every one was now in motion, notwithstanding that the rain continued to fall in torrents.

At 4 P.M., Mr. Ross conducted Mr. Mason, Colonel Lindsay, Colonel Smith, and myself, into a stand erected near the Council-house, open at the sides, and from whence we could view an assemblage of about two thousand male Cherokees standing in the rain awaiting the "Talk" that was to be delivered. The special agent now advanced to the front of the stand, and read his address which was translated to them by the interpreter; after which, Mr. Gunter addressed them, requesting them to remain until the Council had taken the "Talk" into consideration, and informing them that plenty of provisions would continue to be provided for them, upon which they gave him a hearty grunt and dispersed. The scene was an imposing one; the Cherokees were attentive and behaved very well, but it was evident the "Talk" made no impression upon them. If the special agent had declared, in the name of his Government, that the Cherokee nation should continue to enjoy their native land, it would have been most enthusiastically received; but anything short of that was a proof to them that there was no hope left for justice from the whites, nor any resource for them but in the wisdom of their National Council. The "Talk" itself was full of friendly professions towards the nation, and dwelt upon the advantages it would derive from a peaceful compliance with the policy of the Government; but there was a passage in it which showed that the United States Government were determined to enforce

the treaty which the minority had made with the Government, and even insinuated that the resistance to it was factious. This gave offence, and even Mr. Ross objected to it.

The Government now could only carry its policy out by gaining the chiefs, or by military force. From what I observed, the chiefs, if not incorruptible, were determined not to come to terms without securing great advantages, whilst it was their intention not to precipitate things, but to gain time and make another appeal to the Congress. Many of them who had heard of me through Mr. Buttrick, and who saw the interest I took in their affairs and in acquiring some knowledge of their language, spoke to me on the subject; but I invariably advised them to submit to the Government, for a successful resistance was impossible. I gave it also as my opinion that it was a very possible thing that if they procrastinated, a collision would soon take place betwixt them and the Georgians and Tennesseans, which would involve the destruction of the nation. These opinions, it was evident to me, were very unwelcome to them; and after the delivery of the "Talk," I declined saying anything on the subject. The rain continued to pour down, and on reaching my quarters, I found the hut a perfect swamp, and full of people all wet through, as many as could get there sitting on my bed. A more uncomfortable place I certainly never was in; everything was wet and smelt ill. All I could do was to lie down upon the wet bed, and keep the crowd off with my feet and arms. It was late in the night before we got rid of them: the rain still coming down in torrents.

*August* 8.—I rose at the dawn of day to witness a thick, close atmosphere, with the rain pouring down harder than ever. It was quite impossible that matters should remain in this state long: the low ground upon which the

Council had assembled the nation would soon be entirely covered with water as well as the floor of my hut, for it was mine now, the special agent having changed his quarters to Colonel Lindsay's: all amateurs being left to shift for themselves. I therefore wrote to Colonel Lindsay, stating my disagreeable situation, and asked if he would put me in a way to return to Spring Place. In the meantime, Mr. Bushy-head sent for me to breakfast with his family, and meet some old chiefs of whom I wished to ask some questions respecting some of their most authentic traditions, as well as to read over some of my vocabularies to them for the correction of the pronunciation. From thence I had determined, in the event of Colonel Lindsay not being able to assist me, to walk in the rain to the Missionary establishment, as I began to feel a sick head-ache and pains in my limbs which would probably end in a fever. At any rate, I had determined to abandon the hut.

Whilst I was pondering over my situation, Colonel Lindsay, to my great joy, sent me a capital saddle-horse, with a well-mounted dragoon to attend me. I now bustled about, took leave of the chiefs, and giving the reins to my steed, took to the woods again. Although the rain beat furiously in my face, I could not keep my eyes off the many hundreds of poor Cherokee families cowering with their children under their little blanket tents, all wet through; the men protecting them from the weather as well as they could, and keeping their fires alive with great difficulty. It was a very curious spectacle. I had been told on leaving the Council that it was very likely I should find the Connesauga so swollen as to render it dangerous even to attempt to swim it, and I felt a great deal of anxiety on this account whilst on the road; but although the waters were high and the current strong, we got safely across, and reached Spring Place early in the

afternoon, most thoroughly soaked. My first care was to order the horses and dragoon to be well attended to; and as soon as they were refreshed, I despatched them back with a letter of thanks to the worthy Colonel. I was perfectly delighted to find my trunk with dry clothes; and having got some warm tea, I went immediately to bed, got a refreshing nap of three or four hours, and arose free from fever and head-ache, and wrote several letters to my friends. I had also the good fortune to learn on my arrival that the stage would leave the place the next morning at half-past 4 A.M.

*August* 9.—Once more I got into the old Gainsville stage at 4 A.M., and after a repetition of the scenes I had before gone through, reached that place on the next afternoon. Finding there was a conveyance to Dahlonega in the morning, a place in the mountains which had attracted a good deal of attention from the native gold which had been found there, and having directed letters to be forwarded to me there, I immediately went and secured a place in it.

*August* 11.—We left Gainsville, and at day-break crossed the Chatahoochie at a good ford above its junction with the Chestatee, and pursued our way through a very pretty, wild, and well-wooded country, closely resembling the Gold Region in Virginia. We stopped to breakfast at a place called New Bridge, on the Chestatee, where the stream had been turned from its channel by a Dr. Stevenson and other persons for the purpose of finding gold, but with not much success. Whilst the horses were feeding I paid him a visit and found him an intelligent person. Here we entered a very pretty valley through which Cane Creek runs, the alluvial bottom of which had been

entirely dug out, and the earth and gravel washed for gold with some success. The talcose slate shewed itself very strong in this valley. I reached Dahlonega amidst torrents of rain betwixt 3 and 4 P.M., having been ten hours and a half in coming twenty-nine miles. Here I got a room at a tolerably clean house kept by a person named Choice, and to my great delight found letters and newspapers waiting for me at the post-office.

Whilst I was engaged answering them, Mr. C******, the distinguished Senator of the United States for South Carolina, to my infinite satisfaction walked into the room. I had written to him some time ago to say that I proposed paying him a visit at his estate of Fort Hill in that State, expressing at the same time a desire that he would write to me at Dahlonega to say if he should be at home, and he had most obligingly crossed the mountains to meet me. Of all the men I have ever known in the United States, Mr. C— is decidedly the most remarkable for his genius; his intellect is so active and comprehensive that he is able at once to grasp the most intricate subjects without an effort. He is also one of the most perfect gentlemen I ever knew, without any vice or vicious habit, and has at all times borne the most unsullied private character.

This gentleman was a leading member of the Cabinet of Mr. Madison, when President, and his transcendent talents and fine qualities being admitted by all his countrymen, it would seem difficult to give a reason why such a man has never been able to reach the Presidency, evidently the great object of his ambition. I imagine the true reason to be that his admitted virtues and talents make him the particular object of the opposition of the northern demagogues, who not only alarm the northern manufac-

turing interest, by representing him as their uncompromising opponent, but seek to draw upon him, as the representative of the southern slaveholding interest, the political hostility of the free States. He has thus the north arrayed against him as a united body, in addition to the opposition, more or less powerful, which every good and eminent man is sure to meet with from demagogues. Whilst Mr. C—, evidently conscious of his own intellectual powers, relies principally upon them for his influence with the nation; he, being a man of great simplicity of character, has but an imperfect acquaintance with human nature. Thus he is continually baffled by those who are inferior to himself, and to retrieve his position, is thought to have sometimes varied too openly from an uniform line of conduct, and to have acquired the habit of being inconsistent without being aware of its being the greatest error a public man can commit. If in addition to his acknowledged merits and virtues he had practised an enduring consistency, he would have been almost as great a man, and certainly a more brilliant one than Washington.

With so agreeable a companion, I could not but pass the evening most agreeably. We conversed about the gold veins of the neighbourhood, in which he appeared to take great interest, and about the science of Government as applicable to the constitutional limits and customs of the people of his country. On this subject he was very unreserved with me, and assured me of his conviction that the form adopted for their Republican Government was perfect, and would in the end be imitated by all other countries. He would not admit that universal suffrage, which had been so successfully wielded by

demagogues against himself, Mr. Clay, and other honourable men, would in the end exclude all *decent* men from power, and that there was great danger of the example of America turning out to be a salutary lesson to other Governments to avoid rather than follow it. On the structure of the Federal Government, he spoke like an enthusiast, comparing its action to the well-adjusted movements of the celestial bodies. And here I ventured to tell him that I thought he had formed too favourable an estimate of human nature; and that although the theory of the Federal Government might be a beautiful one, it required to be worked out by men whose hearts were as pure as their heads were clear, and who loved their country with the devotion that he did. He said the Federal Government had worked well until the northern demagogues had set universal suffrage and their other political contrivances in motion: to which I answered that I required him to admit nothing more, for that was the evil itself from which I apprehended the worst consequences.

On the subject of laying heavy duties upon English manufactures, Mr. C— expressed himself most decidedly; and if he is to be depended upon, he will never consent to any tariff upon English manufactures which will compel Great Britain to turn her attention to other countries for raw cotton, which is the staple of the Southern States, or which impairs her ability to pay a commercial compensating price for it. Mr. C—'s personal interest, as well as the general southern interest, is concerned here; and such is the influence he possesses, that I am of opinion the Northern States will not succeed in permanently establishing a tariff that will be injurious to the manufacturing interest of Great Britain, whilst it maintains its present

advantage of capital and skill, certainly not as long as he lives. This conversation, which produced a great deal of private anecdote of the eminent men he had lived with, was a most delightful one to me, who had been compelled to associate so long with inferior persons; and I retired from it full of admiration of the patriotism, the genius, and the conversational powers of this distinguished man.

## CHAPTER LVI.

DESCRIPTION OF DAHLONEGA.—GOLD DEPOSITS.—THE BEAUTY OF THE VALLEYS DESTROYED BY THE GOLD WASHERS.—VALLEY OF NAHOOCHAY.—ANCIENT CONSTRUCTIONS FOUND AT THE BOTTOM OF THE ALLUVIAL DEPOSIT.—REACH CLARKSVILLE.—A JEWISH LANDLORD ATTEMPTS SUICIDE.

*August* 12.—Dahlonega is prettily situated in a mountainous country, and the great pursuit of its inhabitants is gold mining. Having procured a horse, I accompanied Mr. C— to Cane Creek, Pigeon Roost, and other small streams, called "branches" here, the gravelly beds of which, together with the low lands contiguous to them, had either been all dug up, or were in a way to be dug up and washed. Nothing in nature could be more picturesque than the hills and ridges here of three hundred and four hundred feet high composed of talcose slate and occasional hornblende, wooded to the top, and separated by small valleys, often not more than fifty yards wide, with streams meandering through them; but all the valleys being dug up and the washed gravel thrown into heaps, their beauty was entirely destroyed, and the scene resembled a series of brickyards.

The gold veins of this district which are most productive appear to run N.N.E. and S.S.W.; the cross veins run in various directions. The talcose slate is generally in a state of decomposition, and in various situations the side of the hills consist of talcose slate completely rotten, and easily cut with a knife. The order in the superposition of the soil of the valleys

is sufficiently constant to point clearly to the causes which have brought all the varieties of which it is formed into place in succession. Generally speaking, this soil in the valleys is about twenty feet thick; at the surface is a reddish soil derived from the decomposed talcose rock, mixed with fragments of rock; beneath this a bed of clay sometimes dark coloured and intermixed with hornblende, and sometimes consisting of blue aluminous earth derived from decomposed talc. Inferior to this again is a bed of gravel, with the gold lying principally towards the bottom, and lastly comes the talcose rock, forming the hard bottom of the valley.

This state of things prevails here as it does in every part of the Gold Region of North America, which extends about seven hundred miles from N.N.E. to S.S.W., and perhaps is prolonged with the talcose slate even into Canada, where, without finding gold, I have repeatedly observed that it bears a close resemblance in various mineral particulars to the talcose slate of the southern portions of the United States.

All the auriferous rocks of this continent appear to have been formed under water, and it would seem from the circumstance of the gravel always lying in these valleys next to the rock, and the lighter mineral substances lying upon it according to their specific gravity, that on the general retreat of the water from the face of the continent, of which so many proofs exist in other parts, the last waters that remained, to complete the drainage, have cut their way back by retrocession, sometimes in the direction of the gold veins, in which cases the auriferous deposit in the valleys is always found to extend to great distances, the comminuted parts being carried down along with the stream, and successively deposited according to their specific gravities; the

gold and gravel at the bottom, the clays next, and the lightest soils at the top, which, as before stated, is the constant state of superposition. Although a little gold is sometimes found upon the hills where the veins or pockets come near to the surface, yet beds of gravel are never found on them, which is an additional proof that the destruction of the rocks has not been accomplished whilst they were yet beneath the ocean. In some valleys large lumps of gold have been found almost at the foot of the veins where they have been intersected, whilst their lighter particles have been found at a distance of several hundred yards. A mass of native gold was thus found in North Carolina, weighing twenty-eight pounds. On Duke's Creek in the Nahcóochay Valley, heavy pieces of gold have been found near to the veins, whilst the waters of the Chatahoochie have carried light particles of gold from the same locality, one hundred miles below the Gold Region.

In our rambles this day we were very agreeably surprized at finding a very acceptable country dinner at the cabin of a Mr. Samuel, of Virginia, who with his wife and sisters were temporarily residing upon one of these hills, isolated by small valleys, whilst he was superintending some gold washings. Even a glass of good Madeira was not wanting to enliven the cheerful hospitality we met with. In the afternoon we rode to the washing establishment of a Mr. Miller, at the head of Pigeon Roost Creek, which was all ransacked and dug up like the other streams, and here I was made acquainted with a fact which rather puzzled me, because I saw no reason whatever to doubt its accuracy. Mr. Miller showed us a log of pine-wood of large dimensions, lying upon the naked talcose slate exactly in the spot where it was found after the superincumbent soil had been removed. He assured us that he was

present when it was found buried beneath the gravel, and that the gravel was covered with the usual blue clay and superficial soil, the whole deposit between the rock and the surface being twenty-one feet deep. I had no reason to entertain the least doubt of his accuracy, because he had no theory to sustain, although he was rather struck at the circumstance, having never found a tree in a similar position. I examined this log very carefully: one end of it was worn away into a crescent-like form by the trituration of other substances; the under side which laid upon the rock, was perfectly clean, and bore distinct marks of the slate impressed upon it, whilst the top had quartz gravel thickly indented into it. Part of the outside of the log was carbonized, whilst the inside was quite fresh though somewhat discoloured.

I felt very much interested in contemplating this representative of the ancient forests of this continent, of the period of which it is most difficult to form any conjecture that will be universally approved of. Nevertheless there may have been a state of things which admits of its being consistent with every thing else we observe. The interval of time betwixt the retreat of the ocean from this part of the country, and the excavation by retrocession of the valley where the log was found, may have been so long as to admit of the growth of trees, and in that case it is a very natural incident to find a tree lying upon a rock denuded by the current, and subsequently covered by detritus. It is, however, singular that no other tree is known to have been found in a similar situation, although that may have been the case, for persons engaged in washing gravel for gold are generally very incurious about anything but the gold itself. On our return to Dahlonega, after a day passed most agreeably, we found Governor Schley, of Georgia,

an intelligent person, and leaving Mr. C— and him to talk American politics, I went to my room to bring up my notes.

Gratified as I had been with the geological illustrations which this day's ramble afforded me, I could not but be sorry to see the destruction which awaited all these beautiful valleys. The fine trees with which they were covered were all in a way of being rooted up; the soil, after being washed left in rude heaps, and the streams diverted from their courses; so that amidst the wildest scenes of nature, you look down from finely formed hills, gracefully covered with verdant woods, upon valleys once singularly beautiful, as well for their amenity as for the purity of the streams which flowed through them, and which were once the favourite resort of the red man when pursuing his game; but which the white man has converted into a picture of perfect desolation. To obtain a small quantity of gold for the wants of the present generation, the most fertile bottoms are rendered barren for countless generations. And this must ever be the case in countries where the Government is not intelligent and strong enough to put the mining districts under regulations. By and by, when the gravel in the valleys is all dug out and washed, they will take to the hills, which will be violated and ransacked in a similar manner, and what was once a paradise will become a desert.

*August* 13.—Rose at day-break, and having taken a cup of tea, Mr. C— and myself mounted our horses for a long ride. The country to the eastward was, as usual, diversified with hill and dale. Calling at a Mr. Goodram's, a store-keeper, eleven miles from Dahlonega, he presented me with a piece of auriferous quartz, and engaged to purchase some fine specimens of vein-gold for me. Pursuing our journey, we obtained several views

of an extensive chain on our left, called the Blue Ridge; the rock about here was uniformly micaceous, with hornblende intermixed, and the quartz lodes rarer than in Virginia. After riding about twenty miles, we came to the valley of Nahcóochay, an extremely sweet place. We stopped at one Richardson's, east of the Yónah, or Bear Mountain, a splendid out-tier of the Blue Ridge, about fifteen hundred feet high. It is so named from its fancied resemblance to a crouching bear: Yónah being the Cherokee name for a bear. The valley, as in the neighbourhood of Dahlonega, was all dug up, and looked desolate. The detritus which laid upon the slate was, as usual, about twenty feet deep; but the gravel lying immediately upon it consisted almost entirely of pieces of rolled quartz, many of them semi-transparent, almost pure white, and resembling the shingles on the sea-shore. The trituration must have been very constant and powerful to produce this effect upon the quartz, and likewise upon the gold, which consists of large pieces, some of them weighing three hundred and forty pennyweights, all made perfectly flat by trituration. The quartz pebbles of this gravel are evidently derived from a strong lode of pure quartz, broken down by the water, and occasionally loaded with lumps of gold. Mr. C— had obtained for me, three years ago, a lump of flatted gold, worth about four guineas, which every one who saw it believed to have been made so by art: it came from this locality; but the moment I saw the quartz gravel, it was evident that the gold had been brought into that form by pressure and trituration.

At Mr. Richardson's and other places, I saw other specimens of gold equally flat, and was informed that all the gold found here had that character. Nothing

varies more than the manner in which gold is found in the quartz. I possess specimens in my cabinet of white quartz where not a speck of gold is visible; but which, when reduced to powder, and treated with quick-silver yields gold: in it, also, are specimens of quartz with lumps of native gold imbedded in it equal to one third of its weight. I went to a Mr. Russell's diggings, on one of the heads of the Chatahoochie, called Duke's Creek, hoping to purchase a specimen of which I had heard a good deal. Unfortunately he had parted with it; but before doing so had made a model of it in a piece of wood. It was a curious crystal, being a trihedral of pyramidal form, having a regular termination at one end, and being conical at the other. It weighed three and a half penny-weights.

About two miles from Mr. Russell's are what are called the Eaton diggings, where it is said thirty-six ancient log huts, or pens were found some time ago at the bottom of the alluvial deposit, next to the slate-rock; and the logs are described as having been cut and notched apparently with a metallic axe: they were from two to three feet high, and had no roof when found. Some sand crucibles, almost square, were also found in the same place. I saw a trough also at Richardson's, about eighteen inches long, and six inches deep, made out of the micaceous rock, and which was so rotten, that when I attempted to handle it, a large flake peeled from off the side. Every vestige of the pens, it was said, had disappeared, for they all crumbled away on being uncovered and exposed to the air. Mr. Richardson did not see them, but gave me references to the persons who discovered them, to enable me to write to them if no opportunity presented itself of visiting the locality. This circumstance, and other notices

I had received of appearances of the labour of white men in this part of the Gold Region, of some antiquity, induced me to think that they might be attributed to De Soto and his companions, who traversed this line of country in 1539. Such pens could never be intended to live in, for I was informed there was no contrivance about them for either door or window: most probably they were intended as caches to conceal the ore they had dug, or other things they possessed, when going upon some distant excursion, and were placed at the bottom of the alluvium and upon the slate, the better to conceal them, and because the material was at hand to cover them over with.

From this place we continued our ride to Clarksville where we arrived after it was dark. Here we found an hotel (Levy's), and many families from the lower parts of Georgia who resorted here annually to enjoy the mountain air. Six or eight gay carriages were in the yard, and ladies, dressed for the evening, were promenading in the public room. We got a very good supper, and the moment it was rumoured that so eminent a person as Mr. C— had arrived, everybody flocked to see him; he soon became engaged with his friends and acquaintances, and being most heartily tired with my day's exertions, I slipped off to bed as soon as I could.

*August* 14.—Nothing could be more bland and agreeable than the mountain air at this place; it appeared never to be too hot, and if there was a sufficiency of respectable society, it would be the Paradise of America. Here I took leave of Mr. C—, who went to breakfast with a Mr. Mathews about eight miles off, after promising to pay him a visit at his country residence before I undertook a tour I had projected, amongst the Cherokees of Valley

River, on the head waters of the Hiwassee. At breakfast, I learnt from a Dr. Hawksey, one of the proprietors of Eaton Mine, that other ancient remains had been found near the Ocmulgee and in Stewart County, Georgia. It is not at all unlikely that, hereafter, the whole line of march of De Soto may be discovered, for he was a long time in the country before he reached the Mississippi, and must have constructed various places of defence against the Indians as well as huts to winter in. I returned to Dahlonega by a different route, east of the Yónah Mountain, and reached my old quarters about 4 P.M., after a very agreeable ride.

*August* 15.—At breakfast this morning I met with an intelligent person who appeared well acquainted with the Gold Region, and who informed me that the most productive line of veins that have been worked up to this time run from Duke's Creek to the N.W. corner of Carroll Court-house, passing by Loud's mine, Dahlonega, the Etowah, and Blackburn's, near the Federal Road, in Cherokee County, to Carroll County: this line runs about N.N.E. and the points where the diggings and washings had been carried on, which are called mines, are where the streams have broken down the veins. There is also a great abundance of iron in the country.

It is to be observed that the strike of all the ridges is in the same magnetic direction as that of the most productive veins, and the whole course of the Alleghany Mountains. The general character of the surface of the Gold Region, wherever I have visited it, whether in Virginia or here, is the same; knolls and ridges intersected and divided by streams and valleys; and the conclusion to which a geologist is irresistibly brought is, that the whole of the elevated mountain line from Georgia to Canada had been

upraised at the same period. This prevailing magnetic direction of the principal ridges, which in most countries is from N.N.E. to N.E. is a subject that deserves investigation; there must have been some potent cause in action in ancient times to have so modified the surface of the earth, and whether it is dormant or not in our times is a problem of great interest.

In the afternoon I visited some mines in the vicinity; one which was worked upon the vein, consisted of a fine lode of quartz running N.N.E. and dipped to the S.E. This vein was divided in two by the Yewhola, a stream which ran about three hundred and fifty feet below the crown of the hill, so that the lode being accessible on both sides had induced them to work upon it. I procured some very good cabinet specimens from the lode of native gold imbedded in white quartz. It was worked by a Mr. King, but his machinery was very insufficient, and I should think that from the very awkward method they had adopted of carrying the ore away and manipulating it, that they lose 50 per cent. of the gold. The vein was cut in open day in the side of the hill, just like a common quarry.

On the other side of the river, I found about three hundred tons of the ore quarried and abandoned. The proprietor had given thirty thousand dollars for this vein and forty acres of land; but being ignorant of the art of reducing ores, became discouraged and had given it up. I had never seen a more promising vein, and it would be difficult to find one better situated for working. All the ore could be taken down the hill at a very slight expense, the water power was abundant, and the lode inexhaustible, for it was six feet wide. This is one of the very few situations where vein-mining could with their present

appliances be carried on to any advantage; to sink shafts, cut adits, and bring the ore to the surface, would be beyond the skill and capital in the country at present. None of the adventurers have succeeded but those who content themselves with washing the auriferous soil. For this nothing but manual labour, which they have in their slaves, and slight machinery are necessary. A rocker is made to oscillate backwards and forwards by a slight water power, shovelsful of the earth and gravel are then thrown in, the water carries away the earth, and the motion throws out the large stones: the smaller gravel and the gold are carried through holes in the bottom of the rocker, and this last finds its way into chambers where a little quicksilver is placed, with which the finer particles of gold are amalgamated and detained.

*August* 16.—All my delicate specimens being packed in cotton, I arose at day-break, and having breakfasted, got into the stage for South Carolina, there being no other passenger but myself. We arrived at Clarksville between eight and nine in the evening, and found the house in the greatest confusion. The landlord, Mr. Levy, was a Jew, and unfortunately had been for some time at open war with his wife, Mrs. Levy, a not very attractive Jewess. But she had a younger sister who lived with them, and Mrs. Levy, thinking herself attractive enough for her spouse, was jealous, with or without cause, and made the house rather too hot for her lord. To add to his misfortune, Mr. Levy was exceedingly embarrassed by the proceedings of his creditors, who were also jealous as to his intentions about paying his debts; so Mr. Levy had about an hour before I reached the house attempted to liquidate all his worldly concerns by first drinking as much brandy as he could carry, and then hanging himself in a

room up-stairs. He was found, however, in time and cut down; and what was exceedingly odd, instead of sending for a doctor and keeping him out of sight, he was brought down-stairs and exposed drunk and half dead to the visitors and servants. Finding I could get nobody to give me any supper, I walked into the family room where he was laid on a sofa, a most miserable object. This tragic incident had produced a regular blow up betwixt the two sisters, who, almost exhausted with recriminations, paid me at first no attention; but when they found I was the gentleman who had been there with Mr. C—, I was told that supper would be prepared for me, and to my great surprise, the younger Jewess came to officiate at the tea-pot. She was rather pretty, and apologized for my having neither butter nor milk, adding that "Things was a going so contrayry in the house, that she didn't know what was a going to come of it."

## CHAPTER LVII.

FALLS OF TOCOA.—A LOQUACIOUS "DRIVER."—THE EASTERN SLOPE OF THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS.—VISIT MR. C****** AT FORT HILL.—EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT PENDLETON.—AN ODD PRESENT TO A PATRIOTIC OLD AUNT.—AN EXCURSION TO VALLEY RIVER.—JOCASSAY VALLEY.—CATARACT OF THE WHITE WATER.—REACH THE SUMMIT LEVEL OF DIVIDING WATERS.

*August* 17.—I rose at the dawn, and going down stairs, saw the landlord pacing up and down before the house in an idiot-like manner, and apparently much disconcerted that his *coup d'état*, for getting rid at once of his wife and creditors, had so signally failed. At 5 A.M. the stage came to the door, and we drove off very rapidly for South Carolina. Notwithstanding this very promising style of performance of our horses, they backed at the first hill, and after a protracted and vain attempt to get them to move, I persuaded the driver, a very odd loquacious fellow, to take them back and exchange them for others. On resuming our journey, we soon got out of the Gold Region; but the rocks still continued to be a micaceous sandstone, and the surface of the country to be formed of hills and dales. At twelve miles from Clarksville, I went up a narrow ravine to see the very pleasing waterfall of Tocoa, which is in a semi-circular basin worn out by the water, like a similar cascade between Fort Snelling and the Falls of St. Anthony on the Mississippi. The height of the cascade is about two hundred feet, and the breadth about thirty feet, falling over micaceous sandstone, alternating with hornblende and

quartzose sandstone very incoherent. Before the main body reaches the ground, the sheet of water becomes as thin as gossamer, and towards the bottom is attenuated into a light spray. It is one of the prettiest things I ever saw, and is in a lovely retired place shut in by hills on both sides, the ravine at the same time being filled with beautiful trees in the finest verdure. Of the Falls of Tolulah, higher up the head waters of the River Savannah, I had heard such a magnificent account, that I felt a strong desire to see them.

We now proceeded for eight miles at a rapid pace down the steep southern slope of the mountains, through beautiful woods and dales, to Jarrett's, on the Tugaloo, a main branch of the Savannah. Here I got an excellent breakfast of coffee, ham, chicken, good bread, butter, honey, and plenty of good new milk for a quarter of a dollar. The landlord cultivated an extensive farm, and there was a fine bottom of good land near the house; he was a quiet, intelligent, well-behaved man, a great admirer of Mr. C—, and seemed anxious to do what was obliging and proper, more from good feeling than for the poor return he chose to take for his good fare. What a charming country this would be to travel in, if one was sure of meeting with such clean nice quarters once a-day! The traveller does sometimes, but unfortunately they stand nearly in the same proportion to the dirty ones that the known planets do to the fixed stars. The driver of this stage coach was a very odd fellow, sometimes amusing, though upon the whole a great bore, full of conceit of himself, practising the most uncouth familiarity, and eternally making long speeches. When I refused to listen to him he talked to himself just with the same earnestness that he did to me. On going down the steepest hills, he drove so furiously as to make it

almost impossible for me to sit in the coach, talking to himself all the time, and when at the bottom he would turn round and address me after the following manner:—"I say, stranger, do you see that are house? Last time I passed I bought a most splendid water million (they all pronounce melon thus) there for sevenpence, but it warn't ripe, that was the worst on it, and I had to throw it away jist a bit a-head here. Do you like water millions, stranger? There's a power of them in this country, it beats all. You beat all the chaps that goes this road for fixing the stones with your hammer. Do you find any thing you can sell in them? There aint no gold on this side the mountains, that's what they say, I don't know much about it. I come from the low country in North Carolina. I han't much learning though I was two quarters at school. I was a schoolmaster though one winter in Buncombe up in the mountains, but it aint no go that; I like stage driving better, if they didn't give me sich horses on this line; this unackawntabul sorrel won't back a bit going down hill, and the grey kicks like h—ll when he is going up, its next to *on*possible to get along; but you'll have a splendid driver next stage, a reel splendid fellow that will take you twenty-nine miles to Picken's Court-house; and if I don't give it to this blasted grey when we go back and make him toe the mark, I'm no account." This was the sort of farrago I had to listen to without a possibility of avoiding it.

From Jarrett's the country was extremely wild, only here and there a settler, and abundance of small streams coming down from the mountains. The rocks were incoherent quartz, studded with small garnets, and alternating with hornblende slate, containing larger blotches of semi-crystallized hornblende. At sunset we reached Little River, where

the stream falls over a bold bluff of these rocks, and would be a beautiful cascade, if it were not deformed by the shabby frame of a mill. Half an hour afterwards, we came to Picken's Court-house, in South Carolina, a small settlement with a Court-house perched on a hill. Here I stopped at a tavern kept by a Mr. Alexander, and supped and went to bed.

*August* 18.—This was a beautiful morning. I was now on the eastern slope of the chain that fronts the Atlantic, from whence the country to the north-west is an elevated table land about sixty miles broad, varied with ridges, valleys, hills and streams, and terminated by the long line of the Oonáykay, or White Mountains. This elevated country is part of the great belt that runs through the American States N.N.E. by S.S.W., and to which the Gold Region appears to be confined. Even on the southern flank where this Court-house stands, the country is diversified with high knolls and narrow vales, after the manner of the Gold Region; the same dynamical action having modified the country to a great distance from the belt itself. Deposits of gravel and soil of similar character to those in the Gold Region exist in the vales around, but they contain no gold, with the exception, however, of a few light particles that have been brought by the streams from a great distance. The prevailing rocks are hornblende, micaceous sandstone, and incoherent quartzose sandstone. Here the quartz commences to have a very transparent character; bundles of imperfect crystals are common, and masses of fine rock crystal are occasionally found. At this charming rural situation a pretty little river, called the Keeowee, about one hundred yards wide, runs near the village, and nothing can be more tranquil than the place and its neighbourhood.

This loveliness of the mountain scenery in the Southern

States is almost unknown in other parts of the United States, except to those gentlemen who occasionally retire to the mountains from the low country on the coast, from the scorching effects of the sun. I have travelled a great deal in the Northern States without having ever seen so attractive a country. Indeed, in what country can more attractions combine to gratify the traveller than where the last energies of an aboriginal race, the most beautiful varieties of the mineral kingdom, and the most obliging hospitalities instruct and gratify him whilst he is wandering amongst the rarest and most beautiful of nature's scenes?

About 8 A.M. two servants arrived from Mr. C— with a riding-horse for myself, and a small vehicle with a mule to carry my luggage. I now mounted and rode about fifteen miles through a pleasing country, entirely unsettled, all hill and dale, with occasional delightful pellucid streams. The road was literally strewed with semi-transparent quartz and crystallized hornblende. The same sensitive briar, the beautiful vicia, the passion flower, the convolvulus batata, and other plants I had observed in the Cherokee country, were growing here. Towards the close of the ride the country became less hilly; and passing the house of Mr. John E. Calhoun, perched on a hill, where I paid a visit last year, I at length reached Fort Hill, where Mr. C— and his family received me in the most friendly manner. A delightful room was assigned to me, and here I found myself in a charming house, amidst all the refinement and comfort that are inseparable from the condition of well-bred and honourable persons. After partaking of an excellent dinner we adjourned for the evening to the portico, where with the aid of a guitar, accompanied by a pleasing voice, and some capital curds and cream, we prolonged a most agreeable conversazione until a late hour. The air of this

part of the country reminded me of that of Tuscany, in the Appenines, which is soft and salubrious at every hour of the night.

*August* 19.—This was a beautiful Italian-like morning, and it tempted me to stroll out before breakfast. The woods about were strewed with bunches of quartz crystals, and the most curious varieties of crystallized hornblende. Our breakfast was admirable, excellent coffee with delicious cream, and that capital, national dish of South Carolina, snow-white homminy brought hot to table like maccaroni, which ought always to be eaten, with lumps of sweet fresh butter buried in it! this is certainly one of the best things imaginable to begin the day liberally with. How exquisitely it is prepared at Mrs. C—'s! I passed the rest of the morning writing letters, the sun being too intensely hot to go out. At dinner we had Mr. Wayland, principal of the academy at Pendleton, a town not far distant, a sensible odd-looking Englishman. In the evening, Mr. C— and myself walked to Cold Spring, a quiet rural residence on his estate, built for his mother, but inhabited at the time by a German and his wife. I was glad to hear that he was geological, for the Germans are generally good geologists, and anticipated some satisfaction in making his acquaintance; but I perceived he was such a great smoker of tobacco, that I should not often be with him; for much as I admire volcanos, I perfectly abhor them when they come out of a man's mouth. Madame was a prettyish young woman, rather fat and very somnolent; she told me that she had fallen asleep, and let her baby fall off the bed without hearing its cries. "De boor little lamb," she said, "was lay ubbon de floor, und cry so when de nurse com to wake me." On our return to Fort Hill, the family again

assembled in the portico to pass a most agreeable evening.

*August* 20.—This was a beautiful, but most surprizingly hot morning. After breakfast, I went in the carriage with the ladies to the Episcopal Church at Pendleton, a neat temple prettily situated in a shady grove. The congregation was numerous, and principally composed of well-dressed and very genteel people. Eight or ten nice-looking carriages were drawn up, and the scene reminded me of an English country church in a good neighbourhood. The service was very appropriately performed, and I had the greatest satisfaction in assisting at it. The Episcopal Church in Republican America, which in every essential is a copy of our national church, is a strong bond of union amongst the educated and well-bred in the United States, as it is at home. It will probably continue to receive all the opulent and intellectual classes, and eventually have a salutary influence there, not only in relation to religion, morals, and manners, but to a right sympathy and feeling towards their mother country, from which Americans have received so inestimable a blessing. Here I had the good fortune to meet my old friend Mr. Ch—, whom I had not seen since 1824, and promised to pay him a visit before I left the country. After a very pleasant dinner, Mr. C— introduced me to a Colonel Warren, a veteran of the Revolution, with a wooden leg, who called to pay him a visit. The following anecdote was related to me of him: He left England when a youth to lend his aid to the colonists; and his aunt, a lady upon whom he depended, finding him obstinately bent upon taking up arms against his native country, said she hoped he would get a mark fixed upon him for his rebellious conduct. At the siege of Savannah his leg was shot off by a cannon-ball, upon

which he had it put up in a box, and sent it to England with his duty to his aunt.

*August* 21.—After breakfast I made an arrangement with a Mr. Sloane, a friend of Mr C—'s, for an excursion to the mountains to embrace the Tolula Falls, the White Mountain, and thence proceed to the Cherokee country of Valley River. This tour would enable me to see the most interesting parts of the mountainous country; and I felt exceedingly obliged to Mr. C— for having procured me an agreeable companion, who was already acquainted with many parts of it. At dinner we had Colonel Pinkney and the veteran Colonel Warren, with a great deal of interesting conversation. What an immense difference there is in the manners of the southern gentlemen, and most of those who are at the head of society in the middle and Northern States. Here the conversation was always liberal and instructive, and seldom suggested by selfish speculations of what they might gain by following particular lines of conduct. I observed a great solicitude here for the welfare of their slaves, especially on the part of the ladies, who give them a great deal of personal attendance when they are ill. The autumnal fevers are sometimes very malignant, and carry off slaves worth one thousand dollars each. This, of course, makes every one careful of their health; but, independent of that consideration, there was evidently a great deal of humanity and tenderness exercised to all who were born on the family plantation. Mr. C— cultivated both cotton and Indian corn, and was an excellent man of business. I learnt from those who knew him well, that he was a man of great punctuality in his dealings, and had never been known to run in debt, or enter into wild speculations. All looked up to him as the first man in South Carolina; and many who were embarrassed in their cir-

cumstances came to him for advice. Whilst he declined entering into pecuniary responsibilities for those who did not belong to his family, he always listened to their stories, gave them the most friendly advice, and frequently referred them to men of business, who could assist them if their affairs were retrievable. By persevering in this wise conduct, he was enabled to do good to all, and keep himself free from embarrassment. He himself had no embarrassments but those political struggles he was engaged in. Living, however, at so great a distance from the northern constituencies, it was impossible for them to be sufficiently acquainted with the sterling excellence of his character. If the purity of his private life could be as generally known in the State of New York as it is in South Carolina, no demagogues could prevent him from becoming universally popular.

*August* 22.—After breakfast I bade adieu to this amiable family, and mounting my horse, proceeded with Mr. Sloane to the head of twelve Mile Creek, where there is a fine fall of water coming over a rock of gneiss, much mixed up with sienite and patches of black mica. The rock dips to the S.E., and the waterfall would be exceedingly beautiful if it were not defaced by a mill-dam. The place is called Mile Creek, being one mile from Fort George, erected in ancient times to repress the Cherokees. The country is broken up into knolls and valleys as in the Gold Region, and gold in small quantities is found in some of the mountain streams. At half-past 5 P.M., we stopped at Major M'Kenny's, twenty-four miles from Fort Hill, from whence we had a fine view of the mountains we were to ascend the next day. The house was built in a pretty cove; the land around was planted with corn, and produced excellent watermelons. Notwithstanding a bright sun, the air was balmy

and tolerably cool. Here we got a family supper and two decent beds.

*August* 23.—This was a cool morning, Fahrenheit at 56°. After breakfast we pursued our journey through the coves and vales which separate the spurs of the mountains to Jocássay Valley, an oblong bottom with the river called White Water flowing on the east: from hence we ascended the Jocássay Mountain about five hundred feet to reach the ravine where the river makes its great fall. In trying to find this point, we came upon an old deserted Cherokee peach-orchard with abundance of ripe peaches, and regaled ourselves for awhile. At length we found the stream we were in search of, which certainly soon led to a very extraordinary scene.

My mind had been busy conjecturing ever since we left the Jocássay Valley as to the manner in which the White Water would fall from the mountain. There was a descent of at least five hundred feet, which would probably be expended in many interesting rapids and falls, for if it made but one plunge, it would be a cascade of so extraordinary a character, that it could not but have attracted some notice. Tracing the stream, we at length came to the edge of the ravine down which it fell. It was here about sixty feet broad, and glided at first over the gneiss rock on a smooth inclined plane at an angle of about 45° for twenty feet, to a coarse terrace about fifty feet wide of naked rock, extremely slippery, the water having worn the quartz and mica into a polished metallic-like face, upon which it was very difficult to stand. From hence it passed over another inclined plane at an angle of 70° for about eighty feet, carrying a handsome sheet of white foam to another terrace about seventy feet wide, inclining a little to the north, with a pool of water upon it. From this it passed to

another plane at an angle of 45° of about one hundred feet, to a broken terrace of sixty feet wide, advancing to a fourth plane at an angle of 60° for one hundred and fifty feet; at the end of which it fell in a vertical cascade of thirty feet upon a fifth inclined plane at an angle of 60° for one hundred feet, and from thence, by a more broken plane of one hundred and fifty feet, to where the water beginning to run off unbroken, lost itself at length to the eye in a deep and dark ravine covered with trees of the densest foliage; except on the east side, where the naked and moss-covered gneiss, with a few evergreen and deciduous trees scattered about, beetled out and added greatly to the sublimity of the scene. To the south, the ravine was closed in by a lofty spur of the Chatuga range. The perpendicular view in the plate prefixed to this volume exhibits imperfectly the character of this cataract.

I examined the whole course of the planes and terraces from the top to the bottom with much attention. The excavation of the beds of rivers, especially when they pass through mountains, is an interesting subject to a geologist, and has always engaged my attention. That the constant attrition of water upon the face of any rock will in long periods of time wear the rock away is sufficiently obvious, but the manner in which torrents proceed to effect their purpose has not been sufficiently dwelt upon; and this is one of the localities where the strongest evidence of it is presented in the great number of pot-holes which have been drilled into the face of the rock by the descending fluid.* That the power of floods is sufficient to dislocate

* For the details of a memoir on the excavation of valleys by the retrocession of their ancient rivers, illustrated by this waterfall, and read at the meeting of the British Association at York, in 1844, by the Author, vide Chapter XXV, Vol. I.

and remove immense masses of rock, and that the perpetual gliding of a stream over the face of a rock will gradually wear it away, is certainly true; but the construction of these pot-holes by the water is a sort of natural engineering that involves the destruction of the most obdurate strata, and is evidently the means by which rivers have, by retrocession, excavated their beds through the primary mountains. Wherever there is a slight cavity or a soft part in the strata, the water immediately effects a lodgment, and the first pebble it receives commences the work of destruction; the current incessantly whirling about the pebble, and grinding the sides of the cavity until it becomes what is called a pot-hole.

Some of these, in the terraces of this mountain stream, were four feet in diameter and six feet deep; and where they exist in great numbers and near to each other, it is evident that the resistance which the rock offers to the power of the water must become feebler every day, and that the parietes which separate them are insufficient to make the strata cohere. Sometimes the separations between them are broken down, and a great number of them coalesce into one, as in the case of the second terrace, where there is a pool of water. This process may be seen constantly going on; and on descending to the lowest level where the largest fragments of rock had fallen, I found that they had all been forced from their situs by this cause, being perforated with these pot-holes, innumerable sections of which on the fallen rocks marked the points where they had given way, and led to the fall of the rock.

But what greatly adds to the interest which these circumstances give to this locality, is a semicircular ledge of moss-clad gneiss, east of the stream, about twelve

hundred feet wide, from whence it is most evident the water in ancient times made one magnificent plunge, that would have rivalled the far-famed cataract of Niagara. All the evidences of this are upon the spot; the gneiss is worn bare for a great distance at the top, and the smooth concavity of the face of the rock that once was behind the watery screen, proves that for a very long period it had been exposed to the same influence that has modified the rocks of all existing cataracts.

This was a fatiguing and anxious day; unceasing exertion, the danger of slipping from the rocks, in many places polished as smooth as metal, and a constant vigilance in looking out for rattle-snakes, had almost exhausted me, and I reached the top again with some difficulty. From this place our journey was constantly over mountains, following an obscure bridle-path. We entered North Carolina and crossed some hills, about four hundred feet above the table-land, of amorphous talc and talcose slate, resembling the Chatuga ridge, and at length got to the summit level of the region, in what is called Cassia Valley, where the head-waters of the River Savannah, which flows into the Atlantic, and the head-waters of the Tennessee, which flows into the Mississippi, take their rise. From this flat and swampy table-land we soon saw the crests and mountains of the surrounding region, the Blue ridge, the White-sides, the Terrapin, the Chimney-top, and other remarkable elevations. About 6 P.M., being heartily tired, we reached a house kept by one Zachary, got something to eat, and laid down to rest as soon as we could.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

ASCEND WHITE SIDE MOUNTAIN.—REACH FRANKLIN.—DEGRADED STATE OF THE POPULATION.—CROSS THE NANTAYAYHLAY CHAIN.—CHEROKEE ROAD-MAKERS.—VALLEY RIVER MOUNTAIN.—BANDITTI LOOKING VOLUNTEERS.—FIND COMFORT AND MOET'S CHAMPAGNE.

*August* 24.—At daylight, after an indifferent night's rest, I was awoke by the daughters of the landlady coming into the room and telling me I must get up, for they wanted to set the breakfast; so I was fain to take my apparatus and dressing-case to a log outside the house, and make my toilette there. Last night we had no meat for supper; this morning they gave us a stewed chicken and plenty of Indian corn bread with good milk. Nothing can be more awkward than these mountaineers in domestic matters; but they were very obliging and good-tempered, without being vicious and vulgar, like some of the people I had lodged with in North Alabama. What is called the Chimney-top Mountain, is one mile distant from this house in a N.E. direction.

At 7 A.M., having got some directions from the people of the house, we started for White-side Mountain, the most remarkable elevation in this country. Our course lay over hill and dale by an obscure path, when having made about three miles, and advancing to the south on the sideling path of a very steep and well-wooded hill, the Chatuga chain

on our left and a very deep ravine on our right, with the murmuring noise of a cascade on the west, the White-side Mountain suddenly appeared, distant about two miles from the ravine with features of remarkably imposing grandeur.

WHITE SIDE MOUNTAIN.

Our first exclamation was, that it was one of the finest spectacles we had ever seen, and that we would ascend it. Having found a person, of the name of Norton, who had a cabin in the neighbourhood, he very obligingly engaged to be our guide. Proceeding through the densely wooded flank of the mountain as far as we conveniently could on horseback, and then tying up our horses, we commenced the ascent on foot, or rather on all-fours. We had to drag ourselves up several slopes at an angle of more than 60°, by laying hold of twigs of the bushes and plants that grew around, and then crawling for some distance over narrow ledges at the very edge of a perpendicular escarpment of at least five hundred feet, to recommence with other slopes almost vertical. Very fine wild raspberries were growing

almost at the top. It took us three hours and a quarter of unceasing exertion to reach the summit, which rises two thousand feet above the general level. Having gained this, we found the rock sufficiently disintegrated to admit of the growth of bushes and wild plants. The crest is about a mile long, and in many places not more than a hundred yards wide. From this elevated point, which is said to be about six thousand feet above the level of the sea, I had a very extensive view, of at least a hundred miles. To the north-west was the well-defined chain of the Oonáykay Mountains; and to the south-east, I could distinctly see the cultivated lands about Pendleton, at least forty miles distant; so that we looked over the whole breadth of the elevated belt that traverses the continent of North America. I was exceedingly struck with the numerous pot-holes in the rock at the very summit of the mountain, a proof that in ancient times the mountain has been much more extensive and lofty, and that the waters have once acted upon this summit in the manner they have done at the Falls of the White Water River. Similar pot-holes exist upon the summits of other lofty mountains, especially those near Lake George in the State of New York.

The White-side is gneiss at the bottom, with mica predominating, but two thirds up it becomes almost pure white mica which, easily disintegrating, has left about one thousand feet of the eastern face of the rock bare. This immense escarpment being white is seen at great distances, and hence the mountain has received the name of White-side. There is a vein or lode of quartz near the top, running N.N.E. and S.S.W. and at the extreme top of the mountain, the gneiss came in again with white lustrous mica predominating. Having made all our observations, we commenced our descent at the end opposite to that by which we ascended. It was a difficult

and dangerous undertaking; we had to pass down slopes of bright slippery micaceous rock at a sharp inclination, with our shoes in our hands, carefully examining the direction in which we had to go, lest it should lead us to a precipice, the return from which would be hazardous; but our guide was skilful and cautious, and conducted us safely to the dry beds of some mountain torrents, through which, after most fatiguing exertions, we reached the place where we had tied our horses seven hours before. On our return to Zachary's we found Mr. C——'s eldest son, who had left Fort Hill yesterday afternoon, but having no guide was unable to follow us. We finished the day with a hearty supper, and almost exhausted with fatigue, I gladly retired to bed.

*August* 25.—Having taken a cup of coffee shortly after sunrise, we mounted again and directed our course to the town of Franklin, in Macon county, North Carolina, intending from thence to proceed to the Cherokee settlements. Our way led through a succession of vales separated from each other by mountains of highly micaceous gneiss about eight hundred feet high, with innumerable streamlets flowing through them. The country was perfectly wild, without any roads but obscure Indian trails almost hidden by the shrubs and high grass. Unfortunately an obstinate and heavy rain commenced immediately after our departure, and soon drenched us thoroughly, but this was not enough, we at length came to a narrow valley, about two miles long, where the thick alders were eight feet high; all these we had to put aside with our hands as we advanced, and certainly I never received such a continuous and perfect shower bath before or since, for what with the rain and the *rifaccimento* of it from the bushes, it was difficult to keep my eyes open. As soon as we had passed the Cowee Mountains the rain ceased, and finding a hut at Walnut Creek, we stopped and changed

our clothes. From hence we pursued our ride to Sugar-loaf Creek, a pretty meandering mountain stream, flowing not unfrequently through beautiful sequestered valleys.

The country now began to descend, and the valley to widen; at length settlements began to appear, and we came to a tolerably good road for wheels, running through a country remarkable for its beauty. About 5 P.M. we reached Franklin, a small village built on a branch of the Tennessee, called Little Tennessee, and charmingly situated upon a knoll in the centre of an ample valley, flanked by lofty ranges of hills on the east and west sides, and open in front by a break in the mountains, called Rabun's Gap. This valley is probably seven hundred feet lower than the level we left in the morning. The tall maize, called flint corn, ripens here, which it will not do there, and many southern plants began to appear. Hemlock trees abounded, there we saw none, blackberries were over here and there, they were not yet ripe. On our arrival at the tavern we consulted the landlord about sleeping, and requested him to provide us a comfortable supper, which he readily engaged to do; but the momen it was known that travellers were arrived, the room we were in became filled with drunken insolent fellows, who held the authority of the landlord in contempt: he would take no step to relieve us from them, and it being evident that we should get into a quarrel if we remained below, we determined to bully the landlord a little too; without asking his permission, therefore, I went up stairs, and finding there was a tolerably good room, gave a black man some money to make a good fire there, and ordered the supper to be laid in the same place. This new plan of the guests taking the management into their own hands succeeded perfectly well; the landlord saw that we were right and submitted with good grace, and we got over the evening tolerably well.

What a dreadful state of things! Here was a village most beautifully situated, surrounded by a fertile soil capable of furnishing its inhabitants with every enjoyment, and that might become an earthly Paradise, if education, religion, and manners prevailed. But I could not learn that there was a man of education in the place disposed to set an example of the value of sobriety of life to the community. It appeared to be delivered up to political demagogues, whose only study was to debauch and mislead the people. It exhibited a perfect specimen of that kind of equality which democratic institutions too often lead to. Such is the fatal descent in the scale of human respectability, which at length brings about an equality in ignorance, depravity, vulgarity and drunkenness.

*August* 26.—All was quiet in the village when I arose at day-break. The landlord informed me that the place is very sickly in September and October, which surprised me considering its elevation. The fog this morning was so dense as to obscure everything; perhaps these exhalations which hang upon the surface in autumn are, in conjunction with the undrained state of the valley, the immediate causes. Having heard that there was a MSS. map of this wild part of the country at the Court-house, executed from actual survey, I went there and made a rough copy of it, as far as the mountains and streams were concerned, and found that we had another elevated chain, called *Nantayáyhlay*, to cross before we reached Valley River. At 9 A.M. we proceeded on our journey, our course laying up a narrow valley leading westwards through which run the Warrior branch of the Nantayáyhlay River, a tributary of the Tennessee. The State of North Carolina having got possession of this part of the Cherokee country, was already making a road through it, unfinished sections of which we occasionally fell in with. We proceeded through a most

pleasing country, the trail sometimes gliding through narrow vales, then rising to the summit of a lofty ridge, which looked down upon beautiful amphitheatres of low ground, surrounded by lofty hills of eight hundred feet high. At length we reached the Nantayáyhlay chain, the strike of which is about N.N.E. S.S.W. and the elevation eight hundred and fifty feet. This chain runs in the centre of the ancient Cherokee country, being about equidistant from the Oonáyknay and the southern edge of the great belt of mountains, and has thus received its name of Nantayáyhlay or "in the middle." The stream called the Warrior ran at its foot. The ascent was very steep, being for a considerable way at an elevation of 50°, and the summit was fourteen miles from the town of Franklin. The whole ridge is formed of compact gneiss, studded with small brilliant garnets. On the west side we found the descent less precipitous, being a sort of gradually descending table land, with occasional dense laurel thickets, almost impenetrable, and forming the appropriate abodes of panthers, and two or three species of wild cats. Some of these laurels were twelve inches in diameter. At the bottom of the descent we found our path full of difficulties, and had continually to cross a rocky branch of the Nantayáyhlay from one side to the other, the old trail being occupied for a great distance by the new road now constructing, and impassable for the present.

I learnt that the contracts for making the road were principally in the hands of white men, who engaged Cherokees to chop the trees down and afterwards to grub up the roots. As we advanced in the bed of the stream, we passed many groups of these Indians at work far above us on the hill side who cheered us repeatedly. It was a very picturesque and strange sight to see such swarthy Tartar countenances with turbans and striped calico hunting shirts, working in this

wild district for the men who had robbed them of their country. After pursuing this perplexing road down the stream for a long time, we came to another lofty hill called Valley River Mountain, which it was necessary to ascend, for the bed of the stream was no longer passable. The descent on the other side was extremely bad, and when we reached the bottom, we had to recommence our wanderings in the rocky stream, advancing a few steps and then being obliged to cross to the other side continually. Here we exchanged the gneiss with garnets for an amorphous talcose rock, with the usual quartz lodes running N.N.E., and resembling in their mineral character those in the Gold Region, which this part of the country may probably be included in.

As we got clear of the mountain and entered a pleasant valley, we met a Cherokee on horseback, named John Welsh, whom I remembered seeing at the Council. I attempted to get into conversation with him about the affairs transacted there, and the present temper of the Indians, but he was very reserved. I gathered sufficient from him, however, to understand that the Cherokees were determined not to abandon their country, whatever risk they might run. We were now at the north east termination of the pleasant valley through which Valley River runs, and saw the Oonáykay chain bounding it to the north-west. At sunset we stopped at a very indifferent place called Whitakers about thirty-two miles from Franklin. Here we got a very humble supper, about which I was less anxious than to get a mattrass to myself. The setting in of night always brings its anxieties on this point to me, my travelling companions were more sympathetic, and seemed to prefer "turning in" in pairs.

*August* 27.—A most beautiful morning found me at early dawn dipping water out of the stream to make my

ablutions *aperto cielo*, preparatory to a very scrubby breakfast. The method the Indians adopt of taking fish in this stream is a very destructive one. They cut a channel parallel to the stream, and damming this last up, turn the water into the new channel, seizing all the fish that are left in the shallow pools of the old bed. We continued our course S.W. down the valley on the right bank of the stream, the valley enlarging to a mile of rich bottom land surrounded by lofty and picturesque hills covered with fine woods. This was the Paradise of the Cherokees, their wigwams being built on graceful knolls rising above the level of the river bottom, each of them having its patch of Indian corn with indigenous beans climbing to the top of each plant, and squashes and pumpkins growing on the ground. The valley now contracted as we advanced, but contained a great many thousand acres of the most fertile land. Any thing much more beautiful than this fine scene can scarcely be imagined; two noble lines of mountains enclosing a fertile valley with a lovely stream running through it. The whole vale has formerly been a lake. As I was riding near the river, I perceived some appearance of limestone, and dismounting to examine the rock, found it was statuary marble of the same quality as that I had seen near the Talking Rock Creek. Its course was N.N.E. and S.S.W., and there is every reason to believe that it is a continuation of the calcareous dyke which, near the Talking Rock, laid above the surface in the form of a ridge. The general rock of this valley was talcose micaceous slate, and when crossing one of the streams, I perceived the water was turbid as it usually is below where they wash for gold; a person whom we met explained to me that some Cherokees were engaged washing the mud and gravel in a rude way at the head of that stream.

Valley River is the north branch of the Hiwassee which

is the main southern tributary of the Tennessee, and a short distance below where it forks and forms the Hiwassee —which was here about one hundred yards wide, but shallow and very pellucid, as all these mountain streams are—we crossed over to the left bank. The general rock now became a bright lustrous talcose slate. Leaving the river, we met in a defile, at no great distance, a company of mounted Franklin volunteers moving to the mouth of the Nantayáyhlay, a part of the North Carolina State troops employed in a surveillance over the Cherokees until their evacuation of the country should take place. They would have been perfectly in character in the uplands beyond Terracina, on the road to Naples, for I never saw any fellows in my life that came so thoroughly up to the notion entertained of banditti. With their rifles and canteens slung over their dirty and thicket-torn clothes, they had the easy impudent air of fellows that knew no control; and if I had met such a set of physiognomies in the Papal States or in Calabria, I should instantly have thought of compounding with my purse, but several of them were civil, and I got off with nothing worse than some awkward bumps from their grimy camp kettles that were attached to their saddles—a contact with which there was no escaping in the narrow defile. My appearance, that was bad enough before, was not materially improved by rubbing against these vessels.

About 2 P.M., we ascended a hill to Fort Butler, a temporary camp with a block-house built for the State troops upon this occasion: from hence we rode a mile to Hunter's, a tavern kept by a person of that name who had been long in the Cherokee country; it was most beautifully situated upon an eminence commanding a view of the Hiwassee, gracefully winding through the hills, and of the lovely country around. There was a clever little hut in a retired part of the garden belonging to this house, and beds

being placed in it, it was assigned to us exclusively, so that we had some prospect of comfort. Perceiving some ladies in the house, one of whom was the wife of an officer of the United States army, we made our toilette rather more carefully. The dinner was excellent, good soup, and a fine large trout from the river. We seemed restored to civilization, an idea that lost nothing by the introduction of a capital bottle of champagne, of which Hunter had brought a basket from Augusta, thinking the officers of the State troops would not sneeze at it; but either the price or something about it did not please them, and there Monsieur Moet was likely to have remained for some time "unknowing and unknown" but for our appearance. As it is not every day that Moet's champagne, and in the finest order, can be drank on the banks of the Hiwassee, in the Cherokee country, we formed the virtuous resolution of appropriating the whole basket to ourselves, and lost no time in putting a taboo upon it.

Here I learnt that Colonel Lindsay and his staff had been here since I was at the Council at Red Clay, and that he had mentioned my intention of visiting this part of the country. Perhaps it is to this circumstance I owed the great civility I received from Mr. Hunter. In the evening I walked out, and found the hill upon which this house was built consisted of mica slate, studded with transparent garnets. At the foot of the hill, the Hiwassee, about one hundred and fifty yards wide, glided between lofty escarpments about four hundred feet high. The river was generally shallow, but at one place it deepened suddenly from the pitch of the rock, a few hundred yards below the point where Valley River empties into the Hiwassee. I found some dead valves of unios at the edges of the river, but no live shells. The same species belong to the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers.

## CHAPTER LIX.

VISIT SOME ANCIENT MINING WORKS.—TRADITIONS OF THE CHEROKEES RESPECTING THEM.—SKELETONS COVERED WITH PIECES OF GRANITE.—FIND AN ANCIENT MINING SHAFT.—ITS PROBABLE REFERENCE TO FERDINAND DE SOTO'S EXPEDITION.—RECROSS THE MOUNTAINS.—GOLD VEINS.

*August* 28.—After an early breakfast, I mounted my mare and took the direction of the Mission to call upon an old acquaintance, Squire Sterrit, whom I had seen a good deal of at the Council at Red Clay. He had been some time in this country, had a curious investigating turn, and promised if I would come to this neighbourhood to take me to some singular excavations the Indians had shown him. I had scarce ridden five miles when I fortunately met him on horseback on his way to Tennessee. He was heartily glad to see me, and kindly deferred his journey on my account. Near his house stood the Cherokee Council-house of the district, a regular open octagon, built of logs, with a small portal; over this, a temporary roof was thrown upon particular occasions. In this building the Indians of the district held their courts, performed their dances, and other ceremonies. He gave me a curious account of the manner in which they prepare and hold their medicine festivals, which he promised to write out for me. About two miles from his house, we ascended a hill, and on the descent on the other side, found a longitudinal excavation resembling an open adit, about fifteen feet

deep at the upper end, and forty feet in length down the hill. This was made upon a vein of quartz, the parietes of which consisted of decomposed talcose slate, the course of the lode being slightly west of north. Several trees were growing at the edge of this excavation, but not apparently more than thirty years old. Numerous heaps of the ore were lying about, with mica slate containing garnets; but the slate was entirely changed in colour and fell to pieces on the slightest touch. Several smaller excavations had been made not far from this long one, and the rock at each place was in the same state, bearing evidence of having lain a very long period of time exposed to the action of the atmosphere. Mr. Sterrit informed me that gold in small quantities was found in the streams around.

It was impossible after examining these excavations not to be convinced that at some very remote period persons not ignorant of mining had made some attempts here, and had abandoned them. Mr. Sterrit informed me that he had frequently conversed with the oldest Cherokee chiefs about these excavations, but they uniformly answered that the Indians had never attempted any thing of the kind, nor had any white men made them in the memory of the oldest amongst them. They had traditions, however, of these and other excavations having been made by white men a very long time ago; and on this subject he was referred to an aged Cherokee female who had always lived in Valley River and who bore an excellent character for veracity. She told him that she had heard her grandfather say that his father remembered them when he was a boy, and that they were in the same state they are now in; and that his father also said there was a tradition amongst the Cherokees in his time, that these diggings were made by a few strangers who came into the country they did not know

where from, with yellow countenances and of short stature. That they behaved very civilly, and after staying awhile and travelling about the country, they went away and returned with eight or ten more, and resumed their diggings. After remaining some time, they again left the district and returned a second time with about sixty of their companions, bringing presents with them of cloth, silk, yellow money, and other things, and began to establish themselves in the country by building huts, and digging amongst the rocks.

The Cherokees, perceiving they always returned with increased numbers, held a council, and deeming it unsafe to have so many strangers in their country, surprised and massacred them all. Mr. Sterrit assured me that the old woman repeatedly told him the same story, and that she was esteemed to be a very respectable person, and could have no motive whatever to deceive him. In fact, her story appears to confirm the conclusion I came to after seeing the decomposed state of the rocks at these excavations, that they must have been made two or three centuries ago, and very probably by some of the persons who accompanied Ferdinand de Soto. From this place, Squire Sterrit conducted me to a spring of chalybeate water, which he said the Indians resorted to for the purpose of curing eruptions of the skin by washing with the water. Not very distant from this spring was an extensive deposit of hematitic iron ore, on a ridge containing several lodes of quartz, running N.N.E. and S.S.W. Numerous excavations had been also made here apparently at about the same period.

The sky, which had been lowering for some time, now sent down such torrents of rain that we became thoroughly wet through, and the constant dismounting

and mounting, and tying up our horses became very wearisome; but the Squire said he had still something more curious to show me, and indeed I had so excited his curiosity by narrating to him the expedition of De Soto that he became as eager as myself, and on we went, the rain oozing from our boots almost as fast as it fell upon our heads. We next crossed Valley River, and proceeded to a ridge where we found more excavations upon an extensive scale; and not far from them, in a place where the ground was tolerably level, was an area of about forty feet in diameter, evidently prepared for a particular purpose, for the timber was cleared away, and some very old rotten stumps remained, all evidently cut with an axe. A few trees of a much younger date were growing here and there, but by no means as old as some of those in the adjacent forest. In this area were the remains of an ancient furnace, the chimneys and floor of which were built with slabs of asbestus, which I afterwards found in place about two miles N.E. of the ridge. The face of this mineral which had been next to the fire was burnt to the depth of half an inch. Behind the furnace was a hole dug in the ground, with a throat leading from the furnace to it, evidently to convey away molten metal. In and about the furnace was a quantity of iron ore* wasted, but not fused, probably for the want of a flux. We found also a great quantity of quartz about the furnace, in a torrified state, and what was interesting to me, there was a second trough of micaceous slate, similar to that I saw at Mr. Richardson's on the 13th of August in Nahcóochay.

From these circumstances it appeared probable that

* This rock was not in place here, and must have been brought from a distance.

a band of white men, imperfectly acquainted with mining, had been here, had found native gold in the streams around, (it is still found there), had opened some of the lodes, and had attempted to roast and smelt the ore. That they were ignorant of the method of doing it, was clear from their having tried to torrify large masses of the quartz; for the metal, if there had been any, would not have fused under such circumstances. Failing in this, they probably tried iron, more from curiosity than with any intention of carrying it away. There were also several small excavations near a brook which ran at the foot of the hill, and where probably the party that had been here had encamped, for betwixt the stream and the furnace were some furrows made by the rain which appeared to have been footpaths originally.

Half a mile from this place was a lofty ridge about one hundred and fifty feet high, running N.N.E. and S.S.W. almost entirely consisting of quartz; the ridge was very sharp and narrow at the top, and gold was still washed out of the streams that ran on each side of the ridge. At the summit we found a transverse trench in the solid quartz to the depth of fifteen feet, and about sixty feet long. The parietes were so altered by time, that they no longer looked like quartz, being discoloured and rather reddish. For two inches at the surface, the quartz was decayed, but beyond that it was perfectly sound and white. The masses of quartz removed from this excavation were lying around in great quantities, and in various places were piled up in heaps rather carefully. Observing some of these heaps at the bottom of the trench, we removed the masses of which one of them was formed, and found a skeleton beneath. This induced us to examine the other heaps, beneath every one of which we found a skeleton. It is not very probable, that the miners who had made

these excavations had put these bodies here, they would scarcely have buried their dead on the spot where they were daily working, and it is difficult to imagine a satisfactory reason why the Indians should bring their dead from a distance, and carry them to the top of a rugged hill to give them such imperfect burial, for the Cherokees have always buried their dead in the manner they do now, by digging graves in the soil. A presumption, therefore, arises that the miners had either been surprised at this place, or had retreated to it and been slain here. The ridge is so exceedingly narrow, that it would not have been difficult to hem them in and prevent their escape, and after destroying them, the Indians might have thrown these masses of quartz over them.

This conjecture is somewhat strengthened by another discovery that we made before we came away, of a rude shaft sunk upon the lode of about twenty-five feet deep. My attention was drawn to it by seeing something like a tumulus on the top of the ridge, which turned out to be the rubbish drawn from the shaft. Near the edge of the shaft was the place where the windlass and other machinery had been fixed for drawing up the mineral matter. A laurel, whose roots were struck into the side of the shaft about three feet from the top, prevented our seeing to the bottom; but, on looking into it, I saw some of the machinery resting against its sides, and could plainly distinguish the mortice and ring for the crank with other appliances. Some pieces of wood within our reach looked fresh and sound, but, upon being touched with the branch of a tree we had cut, they proved to be rotten, and crumbled away instantly. It was not improbable, if the miners had been massacred here, that the Indians had thrown these miners into the shaft. I regretted very much, that we had no

means of examining the bottom of the shaft. We tried our bridles and stirrups, and endeavoured in vain to contrive some way of getting out, after we should let ourselves down. It was easy enough to get in, but *revocare gradum*, that was the point, for we were both excessively fatigued, and the day was drawing to a close. If one of us had got down, and the other had not been able to draw him out, it was very clear that he would have had to remain in the shaft all night, which would have been rather too romantic. Full of regret, that we could not examine the bottom of the shafts for any tools that might have been there, we reluctantly left the place in a deluge of rain, having first formed the determination of returning here with the means of examining the shaft in a satisfactory manner. On our return, we saw the locality from whence the asbestus had been taken for the construction of the furnace, of which there was an immense quantity in a broad vein.

It became now more probable than ever to me, that the mining localities visited to-day were links in the long line of De Soto's march. The great object of the Spanish discoverers was gold, and in all their expeditions persons accompanied them more or less versed in mining and metallurgy as they were understood in those days. The discovery of two troughs of micaceous slate at distant points, served to identify the parties who used them; and various defensive works of a similar character had been observed from the Chatahóochie in the 32° N. Lat., to the Towalliga Creek, which empties into the Ocmulgee; a few miles up which stream (the Towalliga) the remains of a Spanish picketted fort were found with a crucifix and a glass tube. The subject is certainly sufficiently curious to reward the industry and leisure of any one who would take up the

account of De Soto's march from Tampa Bay, and by means of the Indian names of the districts he passed over, and the rivers he crossed, trace his progress until he changed his course to the west to gain the Mississippi.

*August* 29.—I rose rather stiff with my exertions of yesterday, and being disinclined to ride, went out with my hammer to look at the rocks in the neighbourhood. The prevailing rocks were talcose slate with quartz, and micaceous slate with garnets. A vein of blue and brownish primary marble, running N.N.E., crossed the country in the neighbourhood; but at the surface it was in lamina not thick enough for useful purposes. Gold in thin flakes is washed out of many of the brooks. Having an incipient headache, and symptoms of sore-throat, from being too long in wet clothes yesterday, I got some hot tea, and went to bed early, but I had scarce composed myself to rest, when some of my companions, accompanied by the acquaintances we had formed here, came to my room full of concern for me to play at cards and smoke *to bear me company*. At my earnest entreaty they spared me the infliction of the tobacco. In about an hour, one of them said, "I swar, I can't play no how if I can't smoke;" and all appearing to agree in that opinion, they rose, and bade me good-night, thinking me, I have no doubt, a very conceited and ungrateful person.

*August* 30.—After a good night's rest, I arose quite well again, and my mind full of De Soto and the shaft I had seen on the 28th, provided some ropes and tools to explore it. As soon as we had breakfasted, I put myself in motion, accompanied by Mr. C—, junr., and an intelligent young man named Dr. Isaacs, serving as assistant-surgeon with the Tennessee State troops, in search of the excavations. Acting as guide upon this occasion, I soon found

that on account of the rain on the previous day, I had not taken sufficient notice of the country, and we wandered about amongst the ridges a long time before we found the one we were in search of. On reaching the shaft, we let the Doctor down into it by means of our ropes, and I got down to the Laurel to hand up any thing he might find at the bottom. The first things he reported were a small grey snake, a lizard, and a fine large snail. Next he sent up the crank of the windlass, upon cutting into which and the other parts of the machinery, they were found to be made of oak, now quite rotten except at the core; all the pieces were very heavy and saturated with water, and the preservation in which we found them was probably owing to the sun's rays not penetrating into the shaft. Nothing else was found. The shaft was near twenty-five feet deep, and almost a perfect square. The rock at the bottom was quartz, decomposed into a sort of incoherent brown sandstone, on removing which the white quartz occurred again. The parietes of the shaft were also decomposed at the surface, and were of a ferruginous colour. The machinery was well but rudely made. It consisted of two stout sills into which the posts had been let, a windlass, with the mark still upon it that had been made by the rope, and a crank. The decomposition of the quartz to a brown sand, and its changed state at the transverse trench and the surface, placed the antiquity of the works beyond a doubt. I afterwards heard that an old pick-axe, almost rusted away, a crucible and a curious hatchet, with a very singular looking horse-shoe had also been found in the neighbourhood, but I did not see any of them. Before we left the ridge I visited the trench and furnace again, but observed nothing to change the opinions I had formed respecting them.

We reached our quarters again about 4 P.M., and after dinner my companions went to a ball-play of the Indians. It rained heavily, and hearing that some of the volunteers intended to go and kick up a row, I preferred to remain in my quarters and bring up my notes. Those who went told me on their return that the Indians, fifteen on a side, were quite naked and rubbed over with slippery elm to prevent their opponents holding them fast, but the white men were so insolent to the Indians, and interfered so much with the game that everybody was disgusted.

*August* 31. — At 8 A.M. we left our quarters at Mr. Hunter's where we had been so comfortable, and under the guidance of a gold dealer who was going our road, shaped our course southerly by a bridle path to the mountains north of Dahlonega. Pursuing our way over hills of talcose slate, we passed numerous promising looking lodes of quartz that had never been touched. The face of the country was very pleasing, consisting of gracefully rounded knolls, wooded to the top, and slopes covered with ripe hazel nuts in valleys not so deep as those about Dahlonega. When we had rode about eight miles and reached Notley River, we found three Indian women and a little boy, all squatted on their hams with their feet in the thick red clayey water washing for gold:—an old Cherokee squaw, a young married woman with her little boy of two years old, and a young girl of about sixteen. The little fellow was sitting with his legs in the water, and amused himself by pouring dirty water on his thighs from a tin he held in his hand, whilst the shirt he had on was thoroughly wet and daubed with clay. As soon as he saw us he began to cry out lustily. His mother took him up and having pacified him, washed the tail of his shirt and of his little person too in the dirty water, and then

clapped him down again wringing wet to get dry as well as he could. They had only collected about half-a-crown's worth of gold; and throwing them a few biscuits, we rode away leaving the little Cherokee as busy as ever with his tin. The Indians seem to be brought up from their infancy to disregard water.

From this place we rode on to Blairsville, a poor village in Union County, Georgia, near to which is a good gold vein, if one might judge from a very rich specimen which I was shown and purchased. In the course of the afternoon we crossed the Tchoiestoiéh fifteen times, which below changes its name to Notley. The country to the south, now increased in elevation, and on reaching Collins', a farmer at the foot of the mountains, which here towered to a great height before us, we stopped to refresh our horses and eat a little bread and milk. We had now ridden thirty miles, and had twelve miles further to go to our destination on the other side the mountains, with the certainty of having to ride a great part of the way in the dark. Being refreshed, we commenced the ascent of the chain which is a prolongation of the Nantayáyhlay ridge, and found it to consist as before of gneiss with garnets. The oldest rock in the series which I had examined in this elevated country appeared to be White-sides, which is composed of quartz and mica; to it succeeded gneiss with garnets, then micaceous slates with garnets, and lastly, talcose slates with gold veins. We reached the top of the ridge a little before sunset, but found the descent on the south side very bad, and our horses being jaded we had to proceed with great care. About one-third of the way down we came to a copious and beautiful spring of delicious water flowing in a great volume out of the rock. This was the head of the Tessentee River, and we were delighted to

refresh ourselves at the very *punctum saliens* of a fine stream. It increased rapidly as we descended the mountain, and we crossed it various times.

Ere we reached the bottom night set in, and we had to ride six miles in the dark, repeatedly losing our way, crossing creeks and going up hill and down dale almost at random. It was 9 P.M before we reached a place called Logan's in the Gold Region, and here we were glad to alight, tired, hungry, and sleepy. We had forded so many streams that we were thoroughly wet, and begged for a large fire to dry and warm ourselves by. The family were not at home, but the people we found in the house were obliging, and after a very humble supper, I was glad to lay down.

*September* 1.—I rose at 6 A.M., stiff and jaded, and after a miserable breakfast visited what is called Logan's Vein, which had been worked upon for some time; they were cutting a tunnel to the vein in order to drain the works, and had already proceeded about seven hundred feet. The vein looked curious in consequence of the decomposed pyrites, but it was very rich in some parts, and I obtained some fine specimens. From hence we rode to Loud's deposit, from whence so much gold was reported to have been taken. This was in a longitudinal valley, running N.N E. and S.S.W. containing a deposit similar to that which is washed for gold in the small valleys near Dahlonega. A very great portion of it had not yet been dug. Considering the intrinsic value of so much fertile bottom land, and the great expense attending these diggings and washings, I imagine the profits attending them will in the end be found to be very small. Indeed I heard of no one retiring with a fortune from this golden pursuit.

Having examined this locality, we called at a Mrs.

Upton's, and got some milk, and bread, and peaches that were very acceptable, and from thence proceeded to examine the Chastell's Vein, a powerful lode, and the most promising one I had yet seen. It ran N.N.E. and S.S.W., appeared to be all good, was of great dimensions, and laid on the brow of a hill in an admirable situation for quarrying. The ore here was frequently agatized and abounded in ferruginous oxides, was extremely brittle, split into slices, the sides of which were thoroughly discoloured with some iron, as though it had been subjected to intense heat. I followed the vein a mile to the south, where there has been a great deal of labour wasted in useless works. Tunnels badly made, a furnace erected and attempts to calcine ore, many heaps of which were left about. The vein looked very favourable, every part of the ore appearing to contain more or less gold, and was fissile and ferruginous, as I had seen it further north. Upon opening some apparently solid masses of quartz, it was partly calcedonized in the centre, and was cellular; the cavities were also sometimes filled with pure sulphur, in quantities as large as could be heaped upon a shilling. In many instances the quartz had a stalactitic appearance, and in some parts was so porous that water ran freely through large pieces. All these appearances indicated a state of solution in which the quartz appears to have been at some time or other.

I had before observed another appearance in the quartz at some of the localities where it contained auriferous cubes of sulphuret of iron. On opening masses of it, square cavities appeared into which cubes would exactly have fitted, but without any other appearance of a cube having been there, the cavity being perfectly clean and without any ferruginous taint, so that there was no stain or appearance of cubes having been there, and of having been absorbed; and it is difficult to

conceive of quartzose matter having under any circumstances a tendency to form empty cubical spaces exactly resembling those filled by solid cubes. The talcose slate which formed the walls of this vein was hard and black, and looked like iron ore. Every thing here had the appearance of having been acted upon by intense heat. There is a fine waterfall of fifteen feet near the vein.

## CHAPTER LX.

ARRIVE AT DAHLONEGA AGAIN.—A CURIOUS MARRIAGE.—THE FALLS OF TOLULA.—RETURN TO FORT HILL.—MR. CH***'S VILLA AT PORTMAN SHOAL.—AGREEABLE MODE OF LIVING OF SOUTHERN GENTLEMEN.—REACH GREENVILLE.—FLAT ROCK.—ASHEVILLE.

From hence I rode to Dahlonega in a heavy rain, where I was fortunate enough to get a room to myself and a fire to dry my clothes. At the supper table we had an odd assemblage of guests, with the usual sprinkling of dirty stage-coach drivers; but exactly opposite to where I sat was a rather pretty young lady, about eighteen years old, dressed in black, and next to her a common looking man enough, something under thirty. He had not been shaved that day, and had certainly not been made up for company. He looked rather grave, but she ate a very hearty supper, and behaved with the usual *disinvoltura* of females without refinement. I had been let into the secret of this pair, and took my place opposite to them on purpose. She was a young person from the low country who had lost her parents, and had come to the mountains *three* days before to enjoy the cool air, with the reputation of having inherited one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. At the tavern she had formed an acquaintance with this man who was an itinerant doctor. Nobody knew any thing more of him but that he called himself doctor. Fortunately, or unfortunately for him, another traveller who was a methodist preacher stopped

at the tavern in the course of the morning, and dined at the public table. They became acquainted with his character by his asking the blessing. About three in the afternoon, the doctor asked him and the landlord to walk up stairs, and having given him his instructions, in five minutes he was married to the young lady, she being nothing loth. Here was a vulgar man, probably without a dollar in the world, suddenly transformed into the husband of a reputed rich, and at any rate youthful person, who did not think it worth his while to shave himself on his marriage day. Whilst the lady, who possibly might have commanded the best connection in the country, if she had waited a little, married a fellow of a low cast, of whom she knew nothing, and took her seat unconcernedly at the public supper-table amongst stage drivers and all sorts of persons, at that peculiar moment when women of refinement shrink from the gaze of their nearest friends.

*September* 2.—After breakfast I rode to Cane Creek, and paid a visit to Mr. Samuel, who accompanied me to look at the Grave's vein. This was found running N.N.E. and S.S.W. in the talcose slate at the bottom of the gravel deposit, which here formed an area of perhaps five acres. It was full of pyrites, and contained a good deal of gold; but no lumps of native gold like those found when washing the gravel had yet been discovered in it; a circumstance probably owing to the surface of the areas, where the valleys now are being so much lowered; for these valleys contain the ruins of rocks which were once at a much higher level, and the veins in the rocks which have been broken up may have contained the lump-gold which is found. I had previously observed, both in Virginia, North Carolina, and in this part of the Gold Region, that as the veins descend they became more pyritiferous, the gold being

disseminated in thin lamina in the cubes. Indeed, in the deepest mines the vein often becomes a mass of pyrites without any quartzose matter.

At dinner, I again sat opposite to the bride, who was not in the least degree abashed, but seemed to eat voraciously of all the coarse dishes near her. In the afternoon I walked out to take a last look at the neighbourhood. The situation of Dahlonega is a very good one, being built on a fine knoll sloping to the east, with the ground rising agreeably to the west. It possessed a rather imposing-looking granitic building, called the Mint, with a brick Court-house in the centre of the square, and a few tolerable-looking private buildings, all which gave to the town an air of pretension that was indifferently borne out by the inhabitants. There were two excellent springs of water at the village. The Court-house was built on a broad vein of hornblende slate, and the soil of the public square was impregnated with small specks of gold. Dahlonega, which the Cherokees pronounce *Tahlónekáy*, means *yellow*; alluding to the gold found there.

*September* 3.—As soon as I had breakfasted, I rode out of the town, heartily tired of the vulgarity of the people, and the dirt of the tavern; and taking a bridle-path which conducted us by an agreeable shady road to Logan's, we made our way from thence to the upper part of Duke's Creek, where the huts or pens were found which are mentioned at page 257. The locality is rather a curious one, being a deposit in a circular area of about four acres, exceedingly flat, as though it had been the bottom of a lake. With the intention of draining it, some persons had cut a trench through it, of about eight feet wide and ten feet deep, and thus discovered the pens. The person we took along with us as a guide said, that

four or five pens were found in this trench close to each other, forming one structure with doors cut from one to the other. The pens were only raised three or four logs high, and the logs were notched into each other with an axe, the ends of the logs being chipped off by way of finish. They had no roofs to them. A part of the logs were yet sticking in the bank of the trench, having been chopped off in digging it, so that parts of the pens were yet covered up. The lower logs were close to the slate upon which the deposit rested, and the gravel inside of the pens contained a little gold; but whether the gravel containing gold, had fallen into the pens after they were set upon the slate, or whether it was put into them afterwards, is matter of conjecture. Taking the facts that were related to us and what we saw together, it appeared not improbable that these pens were placed here merely as cáches to conceal something it was convenient to leave behind for awhile. Perhaps those who made them, afterwards changed their purpose, and abandoned them, for nothing appears to have been found except a crucible and a stone trough, like that which I saw at the old furnace, and which would appear to identify the party which had been at work at both places. The pens when found were covered with three feet of alluvial matter which might very well have been brought there by floods in the course of two or three hundred years. I brought away a part of one of the logs with the mark of the axe, where its end was cut off, but it was so rotten, that I doubted whether I could preserve it. From this place we rode to Richardson's, and having refreshed ourselves, continued our journey on to Clarksville.

*September* 4.—Having breakfasted, we mounted our horses and rode to the house of Mr. Mathews, a southern gentleman,

who had got a pretty retreat at a place called Acoa. Here we came upon an agreeable change, a genteel well-bred family at breakfast surrounded with every comfort, and were received in the most hospitable manner. Mr. Mathews shewed me some fine specimens of gold found on the surface of his estate. Lumps of quartz with large thick lamina of argentiferous-looking gold in them. I had never seen such rich specimens before. He was kind enough to present me with one, as well as with another where native gold appears in the hornblende slate. Having informed him of my intention of visiting the Falls of Tolula, he was obliging enough to accompany me, and after riding a few miles through the woods, we suddenly came upon a very grand and wild scene, an immense chasm or ravine, one thousand four hundred feet wide, through which the river precipitated itself over various falls and inclined planes. At the edge of the ravine were some bare rocks of micaceous slate, very conveniently situated for observing this striking scene, especially from a point called the Devil's Pulpit. The escarpment immediately below had a vertical depth of eight hundred feet, so that great caution was required in moving about. The top of the ravine as well as its sides were covered with trees, and by the assistance of the shrubs growing there we got safely to the bottom, and examined two beautiful falls to the north.

The river here runs north and south, then inclines to the east to be still further precipitsted; but the whole descent of the river is distributed through a course of several miles, the most interesting points of which are the two falls alluded to. Of these the lower one falls about one hundred feet, the upper part of it for about sixty feet, being at an angle of 45°, whilst the lower part has a perpendicular pitch of forty feet. The upper or most

northern fall is about twenty feet high. Betwixt these two at the bottom of the ravine, which is here about two hundred feet wide, is a large pool in which a young clergyman, a Mr. Hawthorne, had been very recently drowned. Being heated and fatigued with getting down, he went into it to bathe, and disappeared almost as soon as he had entered it, having probably been carried down in an eddy, for I observed the rocks in this ravine were much worn into pot-holes, like those at the White Water, and this pool appeared to me to have been excavated in the same manner.

Every circumstance in this ravine concurred to shew that the water had worn its way through the mountain by retrocession. Many persons who observe rivers gliding tranquilly through mountains, as in the highlands on Hudson's River, jump at once to the conclusion that rivers in such cases flow through natural fissures; but the falls of the White Water and the Tolula shew step by step the process by which a cascade,—once perhaps with a vertical height of one thousand five hundred feet,—gradually, by retrocession, wears itself a channel back into the land, forming inclined planes and vertical falls according to the mineral resistance opposed to it, over which is distributed the entire projectile force of the torrent.

Having examined every accessible point, we reached the top again greatly fatigued, and having sketched the several features around, I mounted again, and went to see a band of blue limestone running through the country about five miles off N.N.E. S.S.W. It appeared to me to be a continuation of the band which runs south of the south-west mountain in Virginia, not far from Montpelier, Mr. Madison's seat in Virginia. Here taking leave of Mr. Mathews, we made for the Tocoa falls, which I had

before seen, and having taken a passing look at the misty spray, which looks like the dishevelled hair of a mountain deity, we pursued our way to Mr. Jarret's, where after riding two tedious hours in the dark we arrived.

*September* 5.—Having taken an early breakfast I mounted, and once more crossed the Tugaloo. Having left behind the micaceous rocks which prevail where the Chatuga range begins, we now came to the gneiss through which the Tugaloo runs, a stream which is formed by the junction of the Chatuga and the Tolula. Our route, for about twenty miles, now lay along one of those barren ridges of gneiss which abound here with the heads of tributaries of the Savannah running parallel to it. After a fatiguing ride we crossed the Seneca, another branch of the Savannah, and at length reached Fort Hill, the hospitable residence of Mr. C——, where being received in the most agreeable manner, I took possession once more of my old quarters, and having made my toilette, took my place at the dinner table with this charming family. In the evening we had music and conversation as usual on the portico.

Here I remained, partaking of the most pleasing hospitalities, and making occasional excursions until the morning of the 8th, when, having breakfasted, I took leave of the family and drove into Pendleton to take my place in the stage for Greenville; but when the stage came to the door, my luggage, which had been sent on from Fort Hill by a negro boy was missing, and the driver refusing to wait I was left behind. The exchange from a most delightful house for a filthy country tavern was not agreeable, and the suspense in which I was kept annoyed me not a little. Having waited till 3 P.M. without my luggage appearing, the landlord of the tavern expressed an opinion that the negro boy had

absconded with it into Georgia. In the course of half-an-hour I had the satisfaction of finding that the whole village was quite sure of it; persons even were found who knew the boy, and said he was a bad fellow, and had once before tried to run away. I had no special reasons for suspecting so great a calamity had befallen me, but certainly it was true that the negro had taken five hours to come five miles, and had not yet appeared; and so as every body was quite sure the boy had gone by some other road to meet some of his accomplices, I came gradually to adopt the universal opinion that my locks had been forced before this, all my money, and what I valued still more, all my rich and curious specimens of gold and other minerals, all my vocabularies of the Cherokee and Creek languages, and all my instruments, papers, clothes and linen, had been distributed amongst various black amateurs, and that I never had been in such a fix before, having lost what I never could replace, and having been the innocent cause of depriving Mr. C— of a valuable slave.

It being necessary to act, I procured a constable, and hastening back to Fort Hill related my "pitiful story." Inquiry was immediately made about the departure of the boy, and at once the whole mystery was cleared up, and I found myself happily relieved from the contemplation of so many inconveniences as I should have found it difficult to reconcile myself to. It appeared that Mr. C—'s son, before we left Fort Hill in the morning, told the boy to follow me with my luggage, but without telling him where to follow me to; and as this was the negro boy who had brought my luggage from Picken's Court-house on my first visit to Fort Hill, he very naturally supposed I was going back there, and had accordingly gone in that direction. This was a solution of the mystery which had not been

thought of, and a messenger was immediately despatched on horseback after the boy. In due time I had the pleasure of seeing my trunks brought back in the most approved order, and to this incident was indebted for another most happy evening with my hospitable friends.

*September* 9.—There being no stage-coach for some days, I determined to pay a visit to another distinguished South Carolinian, with whom I had been long acquainted, and rose early, and after breakfast again took leave, and Mr. C— being kind enough to lend me his carriage, I went in it to Mr. Ch—'s, whom I had met at church on the 20th of August. After driving eight miles through the woods I reached Mr. Ch—'s villa at Portman Shoal, where I was most kindly received by himself and his two charming daughters. The house of this distinguished gentleman was beautifully situated upon a knoll in the tranquil forest, with the Seneca River flowing in a graceful serpentine course from north to south. I had never seen a place with finer capabilities for improvement, and his house was one of the most curious and pleasing structures I had ever been in. The original intention of Mr. Ch— was merely to build a few log cabins, in two rows separated by an avenue perhaps twenty feet wide. But becoming attached to this quiet retreat, he put a general roof over them all, and added at the west end a hall or vestibule, with a parlour on the south side, and a good dining-room on the north, giving to the whole the form of a Latin cross.

The log cabins had now become spacious bed-rooms, 20 feet by 18, all of which opened into what was the former avenue, but was now become a very handsome hall, 80 feet long and 20 feet wide, through which the breezes circulated east and west from the portico. This hall was wainscoted, and the doors and ceiling were all of plain

wood-work, the doors of the bed-rooms being capped with a plain gothic lanceolate ornament, so that the hall, when pacing it, resembled a cloister.

The effect of the whole was very pleasing, and nothing could be more commodious than this arrangement for a family that did not like the inconvenience of staircases. The apartments for servants, the coach-house, stables, and out-houses, were a little detached from the family mansion. At dinner we were joined by some gentlemen of the neighbourhood. The day passed very pleasantly. Mr. Ch— was what I had always known him to be, full of information and pleasantry. Once occupying a large share of the public attention as a statesman and speaker of the House of Representatives, he now appeared disposed to retire altogether from the political world. At 10 P.M. I retired to one of the nice bed-rooms, where I found everything most conveniently and comfortably arranged.

*September* 10.—After breakfast I accompanied Mr. and Miss Ch— to the Episcopal Church at Pendleton, where, as upon a previous occasion, I saw a most respectable congregation, and again admired the well chosen and umbrageous situation of the church. In the afternoon we dined at Colonel H—'s, who had married the daughter of a gentleman whom I knew a great many years ago. I was very much struck with the beauty of Mrs. H—'s children. It is very clear that the real gentry of America are to be found amongst the landholders. The dinner was a very handsome one, and the wines various and excellent. After passing a very pleasant evening, we returned home in the rain.

*September* 11.—A delightful morning, but a rather hot sun, which kept us in the house. We however got engaged in an agreeable conversation about the State of South

Carolina in old times, when the whites were contending with the Indians, the Cherokee language, and the mineralogy of the country. Mr. Ch—'s daughters were superior women, eager for information and highly intellectual. In the afternoon we drove six miles through the woods to Colonel Pinkney's to dinner. Here we met Colonel H— and other gentlemen, had a most luxurious dinner, and the greatest profusion of fine French and German wines. I was quite surprised at their excellence and variety, and could not but express my astonishment to our host. He informed me that every gentleman in the State lived in that manner, that the price of his wines never gave him any concern, being only interested in the quality; adding, that when his crops of rice and cotton were consigned abroad, he always directed the amount of sales of ten barrels of rice, or ten bales of cotton, or some other number, to be laid out in particular wines *of the finest vintages*. These gentlemen have selected the most lovely summer retreats for themselves, and contrive to enjoy life in a very agreeable manner. You never hear the prices of things talked of at their tables, or of money being held out as the great object of human existence; they ridicule this in the northern commercial classes, but enjoy what they have without talking about it, and surprise an Englishman with their knowledge of European politics and letters, and their liberal and polite attentions to him. We returned from this agreeable visit by moonlight.

*September* 12.—Notwithstanding a natural inclination to indulge in such good quarters, I managed to rise early and take a walk before breakfast. The prevailing rock here is gneiss, with occasional superincumbent beds of micaceous slate. The soil is red, and has been formed by ancient decomposed talcose slate. The forest around was

thickly growing up with underwood. In all the districts where I have been, which are now possessed by the Indians, the woods are open, generally with a few trees sparsely growing here and there, in consequence of the Indians firing the woods annually in order to increase the herbage, and that they may better see to pursue their game. But as soon as the Indians abandon a district, and that destructive practice ceases, the underwood begins to grow up again, as it is now doing here. After breakfast, I took leave of this kind and pleasing family, and went in Mr. Ch—'s carriage to Pendleton. At 1 P.M. got into a four-horse stage for Greenville, where I found the Rev. Mr. F—, an agreeable person and a good scholar. A little after sun-set we reached Greenville, and stopped at a low dirty tavern, a sad exchange for the comforts I had left behind me. Here I laid down until midnight, having learnt that a stage-coach would leave the place for the mountains about that time, which would give me an opportunity of crossing them once more in their extreme breadth, through Buncombe County, in North Carolina, to the Oonáykay chain, which separates that State from Tennessee.

At 1 A.M. we started on a beautiful moonlight morning, and rather cold. It took us four hours to make the first ten miles, where there was a good-looking house, called Lynch's; but I was taken to a miserable dirty breakfast at a place two miles further. The country here began to ascend rapidly, and we travelled over the gneiss again. Higher up the rock was an imperfect granite, consisting of quartz and mica, the last mineral being in seams as it is found in gneiss, and sometimes containing feldspar in a state of decomposition. I observed no regular granite. After reaching the summit of the chain called Blue Ridge,

the rock changed to what is the equivalent of the Chatuga range, quartz and white mica in large bright plates. At 2 P.M. we reached Flat Rock, where we got a tolerable dinner at a house where persons from the low country resort in the hot season. From hence we continued on table-land to Asheville, which we reached about half-past 8 P.M., and stopped at a hotel, which appeared to be filled with southern people and their black servants. Here I succeeded in getting something to eat and a room for myself to sleep in.

## CHAPTER LXI.

BLACK LEGS AND GAMBLERS.—THE AUTHOR EXCLUDES THEM FROM HIS ROOM WITH THE BEDSTEAD.—FRENCH BROAD RIVER.—WARM SPRINGS.—A FILTHY HOTEL.—THERMAL MINERAL WATERS.—ROCKS OF THE CONAYKAY CHAIN.

*September* 14.—What a merry race of people the negroes are. The house was overrun with black servants belonging to southern families, all well dressed and well fed, and more merry, and noisy, and impudent than any servants I had ever seen. At the gentlemen's at whose houses I had lately been staying, every thing announced order, cleanliness, and cheerful refinement; here boisterous disorder, dirt, and coarse vulgarity prevailed. Many of the white *gentlemen* I met in the breakfast-room seemed to know a little of every thing except genteel society and manners; spitting, smoking, cursing and swearing in the most frightful manner, gave them a bad pre-eminence even over the negroes. By the gold chains about their necks, and the thorough swell manner they put on, it was obvious they were gamblers and blacklegs by profession, which I found out in the course of the day was really the case, being favoured by one of them with an invitation to join them at cards. After a so-and-so breakfast, with a thorough-bass accompaniment of spitting and hawking by those around me, I sallied out and joyfully got into the open air.

This was a pretty place, a table-land of irregular surface, hemmed in by lofty mountains wooded to the summit, with occasional spots of great fertility. The strata of the table-land were on their edges, some of them a fine-grained gneiss, others micaceous and talcose slates and quartzose sandstones, running N.N.E. and S.S.W. All were decomposed to some depth, cohering very little together, and admitting of a sharp iron being thrust down into them. Immediately at the surface, the mica was altogether decomposed, and the soil in consequence had become red for an inch or two, and sometimes to greater depths. A great profusion of pieces of mica slate with garnets was strewed about in a high state of decomposition; the garnets also were decomposed, and nothing left of them occasionally but thin plates, as the gold is sometimes left in auriferous pyrites. The surface of this table-land appeared to have been greatly lowered, and it is probable that the slate with garnets had once been in place here.

From an eminence called Mount Pisgah, which terminated the spur of a ridge running north and south across this table-land to the Oonáykay chain, there was a very fine view of the country to be obtained. In many parts, the surface of the table-land was modified just as that of the Gold Region is, into small valleys separating round hills, with a deposit of clay and gravel in the depressions through which the streams flow. I passed a very pleasant day out of doors, but my miseries began when I returned to my lodgings at night. The house seemed to be crammed full of noisy, spitting, smoking, swearing, Georgia planters and gamblers of the worst class. I, therefore, determined to defer my examination of the mountains in this vicinity to another opportunity, and took my place in a stage-coach, that was to go a little after midnight to the Warm Springs close to

the Oonáykay chain. The next step was to secure myself from any interruption during the short time I should remain; so giving a dirty male negro waiter who made the beds a quarter of a dollar to bring me a couple of candles and some supper to my room, and promising him a further fee if he would call me at one in the morning, I retired to my room, and finding there was no lock to the door, I fortified myself there by putting my trunks against it, and drawing my bedstead, which was a low wooden one, to the same place.

As soon as I had supped I laid down, flattering myself that I had nothing to apprehend from intruders. It was well I took these precautions, for about ten I was awoke by somebody pushing against the door from the other side; and calling out to know what was the matter, a voice, which I recognised to be that of the swell who had asked me to play at cards, answered, "Stranger, what in h—l have you got agin the door?" Upon which I said: "You had better not push any harder, for there is a loaded rifle nigh the door and it may go off." He muttered something to another fellow who was with him, and said, "I wish I may be * * * * if I ever seed a man cut sich bl—d shines as this afore." This incomprehensible opposition which they met to the opening of the door completely *stumped* these worthies, and they went away.

*September* 15.—The negro called me up faithfully and was as much puzzled as my visitors of last night were when he tried to open the door; but I got up and let him in, and explained my tactics to him, at which he laughed immoderately. "By goly, Massa," said he, "dat beats all de patent locks I nebber seed before. Dems two sharp fellers, dem two gemmen, I tell you, Massa, dey comes here

ebery year, and got a big room at de toder end of de house, and dey gives de gemmen what comes from Georgy and Sout Caroliny cegars and brandy, and by goly dey takes it out of em wit de cards. Dey plays all night long and all day too, and dey want you Massa to play, but by goly you lock em out wit de bedstead. If dat don't beat all!" And then he laughed and turned up the whites of his eyes, and diverted me so exceedingly, that I gave him half a dollar.

I now got into the stage-coach again for the Warm Springs, and found a family in it with two young children and three negro women: the morning was cold. The negresses were tolerably well dressed as far as their backs were concerned, but one of them being ordered to get some water at a place where the coach stopped, I observed she had neither shoes, nor stockings, nor hat. This appeared to be the custom, and probably in the low country, where it is so hot, they prefer to be so lightly clad, but the poor creature shivered and evidently suffered very much from the cold air of the mountains.

After leaving Asheville a few miles, we struck the French Broad River, a tributary of the Tennessee, and followed it on the right bank for thirty miles down the channel it had made in the mountains. This was a remarkably interesting part of the country. The gneiss rocks were on their edges dipping S.E. and running from N.N.E. to S.S.E., and the river which is very shallow, and varies in breadth from one hundred and fifty to six hundred feet, crossed them nearly at right angles, so that it was one continuous rapid, the water breaking against the edges of the gneiss and foaming and clamouring during the whole of its descent, which was at least six hundred feet, the fall being more or

less about seventeen feet to the mile. The road along the bank was in many places very narrow, scarcely admitting of two carriages to pass. The channel of the river had evidently been worn by the usual agency of pot-holes, numerous vestiges of which appeared.

For the first twenty-nine miles from Asheville, the rock was gneiss, to this succeeded clay slate, and on approaching the Warm Springs a striped sort of quartzose rock appeared. At these springs, which are prettily situated in a valley excavated by the river, a strong bed of inorganic limestone came in, blue with seams of white carbonate. We were near sixteen hours in driving thirty-eight miles, so that I had ample opportunities of walking as much as I pleased, and making observations, and have seldom been more gratified with a day's work. This road through the mountains is the avenue of a great commerce betwixt the Western and Northern States. I met this day no less than six droves of horses and mules in high condition, going from Kentucky to a southern market, and was told that last year seven thousand horses and mules passed through this avenue alone, and about eighty thousand fat hogs.

Kentucky is a fertile country, inhabited by a manly and industrious community, and the immense crops of bread stuffs that they produce exhibit their effects in the shape of horses, mules, and fat hogs. The public attention also was beginning to be turned in that State to breeding the short-horned Durham cattle, introduced by Mr. Clay, who preeminent as a statesman, and the intelligent patron of every branch of agriculture, had seen in what direction the great resources of the State could be profitably turned, and did not confine himself to encouraging the farming interest with precepts embodied in eloquent speeches, but went

practically to work, selecting the finest animals from the most celebrated English breeders, and preserving under his own discriminating eye, their fine qualities with great judgment and care. The State was thus annually reaping great benefits from his spirited efforts to advance its interests, and certainly nothing could surpass the affectionate devotion which the Kentuckians seemed to bear to this distinguished man.

This water of the Warm Springs, as the name imported, was thermal, about 95° Fahr. The taste was agreeable, and its properties nearly the same as the other thermal waters in this elevated Belt. The situation had great natural beauties, and in proper hands it would be a very attractive place to retire to during the hot months. But all these places seemed to have fallen into the hands of low ignorant persons, who had neither capital nor even a decent taste in the promotion of human comfort. Certainly, at this hotel, nothing like comfort was to be obtained for money; yet gentlemen of some distinction were here who at home probably live amidst much refinement. I found Judge G—, of North Carolina and his family, and other persons of great merit, submitting to the most abominable filth and dirt, and all sorts of discomfort, without saying one word about it. Probably they had discovered that it was useless to complain. In fact they were very few in number to the overpowering quantity of sheer blackguards and gamblers with whom they were obliged to eat and to mingle pêle-mêle. A room was assigned to me, and the very sight of the walls, covered with tobacco spittle and worse filth, turned my stomach; but it was the only one to be obtained, and I owed this privilege to the interference of a gentleman who had some influence with the landlord, and

who conceded it to me with a sort of gracious manner that indicated the intrinsic value of the privilege.

As this was to be my citadel, it was my first care to make as much of it as I could, and having given the dirty negro, with a ragged hat on his head without any brim to it, who shewed me up to the room, half-a-dollar to get me clean sheets and towels, I stood over him directing him how to make the bed. Smelling some tobacco, I asked him who was in the next room, and he answered: "Some gemmilmen, massa." "I suppose they are playing at cards?" said I. "Yes, massa," said he grinning, "De gemmilmen play cards all day, play cards all night sometime." So that I found I had got a room adjoining to that of the professional gamblers. I saw with great satisfaction, however, that there was a lock to my door, so having got my bed made, and water and towels, and a small rickety table and one chair, and my luggage around me, I entered into a close alliance with my black friend with the brimless hat, locked the door, put the key in my pocket, and went down stairs. I was delighted to meet with a gentleman of the respectability and intelligence of Judge G—, and we walked out together on the hills. The rocks alternated a good deal, quartz and decomposing feldspar, and talcose slate were the principal minerals. The view down upon the valleys and river was beautiful, with a very mountainous country all around. The supper-table was better provided than I expected it would be; some ladies were there, and for an hour afterwards we got up a pleasant conversation. As I found the respectable families retired early to their rooms, I followed their example, and getting blacky to give me a couple of candles and a pair of snuffers with one handle, I proceeded to write some letters

and bring up my notes, after which feeling sleepy, I got into my bed and soon fell asleep.

*September* 16.—About day-light I was awoke by shrieks of laughter and loud shouting in the next room. The gamblers were evidently most of them half-drunk, and after listening awhile to their execrations and their bawling, I looked around, but withdrew my eyes as quickly as possible from the bedaubed walls. I could willingly have laid longer in bed, but all my senses were so offended, that I hastened to make my toilette and sallied out to the hills, forgetting as soon as I could, in the balmy air of the morning and in the fine natural scenery, the disgusting objects I had escaped from.

The lime stone here appeared to be a broad vein running N.N E. across the river. Some of the hills consisted of immense masses of coarse quartz; others had feldspar in them, in which grains of quartz seemed to be imbedded. Varieties of slate alternated with these minerals. On returning to the hotel, I took a bath, the thermometer standing in the water at 95°. It resembled very much the water at the Warm Springs, Virginia. After breakfasted, I sallied out again and had a good stroll in the mountains. The rocks which rise from the eastward appeared to conform to the ordinary succession of the primary beds, gneiss, mica, slate, clay-slate, clouded quartz rocks and huge masses of quartz stained with iron. The feldspar here had the peculiarity of containing grains of quartz imbedded in it, as though the quartz had been exposed to attrition before it was enveloped The limestone which I had before observed crossing the river N.N.E. and S.S.W. appeared to me to be a continuation of the same limestone dyke I saw near the Hiwassee and in other places. It observed the

same course and maintained about the same distance from the Oonáykay chain. Huge bluffs of it stood out near the river, and a voluminous spring issued from it on the left bank of the French Broad; an immense quantity of air came up with the water, which I took to be atmospheric, as it was not sensibly present in the water after dipping it up. The weather was charming, and I returned exceedingly pleased with the country, and quite hungry.

As I approached the house, all the disgusting objects I had fled from in the morning rose to my view, and if I could have found something to eat, I should have been tempted to lay down in the woods all night, for the company of wild beasts is to be preferred to that of human beings when so depraved and filthy. However, I made rather better out than I expected at the tea-table. At this place, tea appeared to be considered as the ladies' meal; the table was spruced up a little, there was less dirt and noise, and the tea and sugar were tolerably good, with plenty of good milk. As I did not trouble them at dinner, my ally with the brimless hat brought me something substantial. In fact, it was the only meal where comfort was to be had, for the worst blackguards appeared to be awed by the presence of females. How much society is influenced by them, and how immeasurably superior they are in this country to the men!

*September* 17.—As usual, I rose early in the morning, and after breakfast, having procured a horse, rode to the outward edge of Oonáykay chain, below the Paint Rock and the Chimney-top. On leaving the western edge of the limestone, a glossy shale came in, then sandstone with loose shale beneath. What they called the Paint Rock, was a huge bluff of sandstone overlying shale, which beetled over the narrow road that was closely hemmed in

by the river. The Indians had left some figures on it, as they have done on the sandstone bluffs of the Upper Mississippi. The Chimney-top is another bluff of sandstone with shales intervening, which give it a striped appearance. Limestones appeared now frequently in the hills; but sandstones and shales were the prevailing strata. These beds divide the fossiliferous beds of East Tennessee from the primary rocks, and are the representatives in this country of the Cambrian Rocks of Professor Sedgwick. Having ascertained that the Oonáykay chain was composed of these beds, I returned towards evening to the hotel; but before coming to an anchor, went about two miles up a very pretty but narrow ravine, with a stream coming brawling down it which contained red trout. It was by this ravine, only from twenty to thirty yards broad, that the celebrated Daniel Boon is said to have passed through the mountains for the first time into Kentucky. It was well fitted for his purpose, as it avoids the usual gap through the mountains, and would afford him shelter, wood, and water, and concealment from the Indians. It was perhaps an important consideration too for him, that the smoke of his fire could not be visible to those out of the ravine, who were not very near to him. In the evening, I shook hands with the few pleasant acquaintances I had formed, and retired early to my room to pack my specimens, and bring up my notes preparatory to my departure in the morning.

*September* 18.—Having got an early breakfast, I walked out to look around me for the last time. The thermal waters here could be traced continuously on a line for about one hundred and fifty yards, coming through the limestone in a N.N.E. direction. On my return in the stage to Asheville, I had an opportunity of again tracing

the primary rocks in the descending order. Limestone, quartzose rocks, slates, imperfect gneiss to compact gneiss at Asheville. On reaching the hotel there, I found the same vulgar crowd; but, as I had a friend at Court in the merry negro, who had been so amused with my patent lock, I got a room to myself, and something to eat alone. The stage was to start for Rutherfordton, in North Carolina, a little after midnight, so securing my place in it, I laid down for two or three hours.

## CHAPTER LXII.

DEPART FOR RUTHERFORDTON.—BRUTALITY OF STAGE-COACH PASSENGERS.—MAGNIFICENT SCENERY OF THE MOUNTAIN DEFILE.—REACH RUTHERFORDTON.—VISIT BECHLER, A GERMAN COINER.—MAJOR FORNEY'S MINING ESTABLISHMENT.—GOLD VEINS AND DEPOSITS.

*September* 19.—On taking my place in a corner of the stage-coach at 1 A.M., I found three male passengers besides myself, and certainly they turned out to be three of the most consummate blackguards I ever had the misfortune to be in company with. Their language was infamous; I had not conceived it possible for human beings to make themselves so detestably odious, or to express themselves in such a horribly profane manner as they did. They had been drinking and gambling up to the moment they got into the stage, and when they got tired with screaming and shouting, they began the most beastly practices, and made the stage-coach so offensive, that the instant the dawn began to appear I stopped the coach, just as we entered the defile, or "gap," as it is called, and apprized the driver of my intention to proceed the rest of the way down the mountain on foot. As the descent through the defile was precipitous, the stage-coach was obliged to proceed very slowly, so that I had sufficient leisure to look at the rocks, and enjoy the magnificent scenery for eight miles from the summit of the mountain to Harris's, where

we were to breakfast. I had a charming cool walk, free from the offensive noise of those execrable villains, and wished from the bottom of my heart, that this noble defile with its magnificent escarpments, instead of being only eight miles long, had extended all the way to Rutherfordton, where I proposed stopping. The rocks towards the upper part of the "gap" were gneiss, with an imperfect sort of granite at the bottom.

The breakfast-house, which I reached some time before the stage-coach, turned out to be a clean place, and the landlord and landlady consequently respectable people, so true it is that cleanliness is allied to Godliness. My first care was to let them know what sort of wretches were coming on in the stage, and what their conduct had been. I had gathered from their infamous colloquies, that one of them was named Ruff, another Alston, and the third they called Doctor. The landlord knew who they were, and said, "There wasn't one of them was fit to carry guts to a bar." To understand this estimate of their manners, it is necessary to understand that the country people, when they take a bear cub, frequently tame it, and chain it in the yard, where it is the business of some negro-boy to carry the entrails of any other animal to it for its food. I gave the landlord a sketch of the long journey I had performed, and told him that I had not met with such consummate scoundrels on the whole route. This procured me the satisfaction of eating my breakfast alone, and of learning that it was the intention of the landlady (who was a South Carolina woman, and a countrywoman of these worthies, who, I was told, came from Winnsborough, in Fairfield County, of that State) to give them a little of her mind on the subject of their conduct, and to make

the lesson more impressive, she began by giving them a very bad breakfast, which calling forth remonstrances, she entered upon the subject, *con amore*.

On re-entering the stage, I was surprised with an unexpected abatement of their insolence: the most offensive of the three, Ruff, (who was very much in want of three additional letters to his name) got to the top of the stage, and I saw no more of him until we arrived at Rutherfordton. The Doctor and the other fellow, having found out that I was a friend of Mr. C—, in South Carolina, and that I knew who they were, and had it in my power to expose them, were submissive and civil. I was happy to be relieved from their odious society by reaching Rutherfordton at half-past 1 P.M., where, to my great pleasure, I got a good room to myself at Mr. Twitty's, a very intelligent and obliging landlord. Here I made a clean and comfortable repast, during which Twitty crowned my satisfaction by producing a bottle of excellent London brown stout, of which he had received a hamper. Such a long period had elapsed since I had met with such a treat, that this noble bottle, of which I took every drop, made me forget all past annoyances; and after taking a very pleasant walk in the environs of this pleasing village, I retired to a nice clean bed.

*September* 20.—The morning was beautiful, but cool enough to make a nice wood fire agreeable in my bedroom, which was not too well protected against the wind. After breakfast, I walked a few miles to visit a German, of the name of Bechler, who issued a gold coinage of which I had seen several pieces. He received me very civilly, and I passed a great part of the day with him at his cottage in the woods. Bechler emigrated with a very clever young man, his son, from the Grand Duchy of

Baden, where he had been a gunmaker and goldsmith of some reputation, and had acquired a considerable knowledge in the management of metals. He had resided seven years in this country, and had established for himself a character for integrity, as well as skill in his profession. I found him rather mystical and imaginative, as many Germans are; and certainly if he had lived when alchemy flourished, he would have been a conspicuous operator in that inviting art. It was probably this bias that induced him to settle in the Gold Region of North Carolina, where his career had been a rather singular one, but hitherto distinguished for much good sense.

The greater part of the small streams in this part of the Gold Region, have more or less gold in them, so that all the settlers upon the streams were engaged, more or less, in washing for gold. Each of them possessing but a small quantity, and there being no general purchaser, it was an article not easily disposed of without taking the trouble to go great distances. Bechler had also obtained some in the usual manner, and having made a die, coined his gold into five-dollar pieces, of the same intrinsic value as the half-eagles of the United States, which are worth five dollars each. He also coined pieces of the value of two dollars and a half, and stamped the value, as well as his own name, upon every piece that he coined. These, after awhile, found their way to the Mint of the United States, were assayed, and found to be correct. This becoming known, all the gold-finders in his vicinity—and, indeed, from greater distances—began to bring their gold to his mint to be coined. At the period of my visit, his gold coinage circulated more freely than that of the United States, which was very scarce. He told me that his books shewed that he had coined about two millions of

dollars from the gold found by the settlers; putting his name, with its weight and quality to every piece. On receiving the gold from the country people—which in this part of the Gold Region is alloyed with silver—he first reduced it to a common standard, then made the five-dollar pieces equal to those of the United States in value, and when coined, delivered it to the respective proprietors, deducting two per cent. for the seignorage. It would be in his power to take improper advantage of the confidence placed in him; but I heard of no instance of his having attempted this. Some of the gold of this region is alloyed with platina, the specific gravity of which, compared with that of gold, is as 21 to 19. He might, therefore, have made the difference in weight up with platina, which would have put fourteen per cent. into his pocket. As a metallurgist, he had all the skill necessary to do this; but when I mentioned the possibility of this, as an argument against its being received into general circulation, he answered that it was what an honest man would not do, and that if any man were to do it, he would soon be found out, for the gold did not remain long in circulation, since it found its way very soon to the United States Mint, where it was necessary for him to keep a good character.

Bechler's maxim was, that honesty is the best policy; and that maxim appeared to govern his conduct. I never was so pleased with observing transactions of business as those I saw at his house during the time I was there. Several country-people came with rough gold to be left for coinage: he weighed it before them and entered it in his book, where there was marginal room for noting the subsequent assay. To others he delivered the coin he had struck.

The most perfect confidence prevailed betwixt them, and the transactions were conducted with quite as much simplicity as those at a country grist-mill, where the miller deducts the toll for the grist he has manufactured. As gunsmiths, he and his son were pre-eminent for their ingenuity; they had invented various ingenious modes of firing rifles eight times in a minute. One with a chain for sixty caps, revolving by a catch of the trigger, was very neatly constructed, and was exceedingly curious. Young Bechler fired it off several times at a target placed at a distance of one hundred and sixty-five yards, and with great success. Having partaken of Mr. Bechler's frugal dinner, I walked over his farm with him, which consisted of four hundred acres, with several mineral veins running through it N.N.E. and S.S.W.; some of which were auriferous, but, as I thought, not at all promising. This was not Mr. Bechler's opinion, who was a great enthusiast about gold-mining, and entertained extraordinary mystical notions about mineral veins. Some of the specimens of auriferous rock were associated with arsenic; and in a tunnel which he had driven upon a vein, I observed talcose slate loaded with fine garnets. It appeared to me that he was in some danger of wasting the fair profits of his industry upon impracticable schemes, many of which his son did not approve of.

Highly gratified with my visit, I returned to my quarters at sunset, got a comfortable supper, and, by the side of a cheerful wood fire, wrote my letters and brought up my notes in peace and tranquillity in my bed-room.

*September* 21.—Having breakfasted early, I left my luggage under the care of my worthy host, Mr. Twitty, and mounted a horse he had procured for me, for an

excursion into the mountains, directing my course to Major Forney's at Minersville. On my way I called at Bechler's, and directed him to have my name inlaid with the gold found on his own farm, on the barrel of one of his pistol rifles that kills at one hundred yards. From thence I rode to Jamestown, a straggling place in a valley something like the Nahcóochay Valley, in Georgia, but all turned topsy-turvy by the gold-diggers, who had utterly ruined these beautiful valleys for agricultural purposes. Continuing from hence, I reached the beautiful situation where Major Forney had established himself, and where he had made another desolation. His buildings were situated on a knoll in a lovely valley surrounded with lofty hills, which was defaced in every direction with piles of washed earth and gravel eight and ten feet high. Here I saw the first attempt to restore some fertility to the soil by paring the best part of the alluvial earth from the top, and throwing it on one side to be afterwards replaced when the subjacent gravel had been washed.

The general formation here was gneiss; hornblende slate also abounded. Major Forney was a country-merchant and store-keeper as well as a gold-washer, and politely asked me to stay at his house, offering to accompany me in any excursions I was desirous of making. These kindnesses I gratefully accepted; and after dinner we went to look at a vein called the Nichol's vein, running on the side of a hill east and west, and dipping to the north. The older veins, running N.N.E. and S.S.W., appeared to have been swept away from where the valley now is when it was excavated, but can be yet traced. The Nichol's vein is composed of a brittle, glossy, and fissile quartz, containing a good deal of galena, with copper pyrites, malachite,

and blue carbonate of copper. Specks of native gold are occasionally found in it.

On our return in the evening, I went to see the closing of the day's work at the gold-washing. Twelve men were employed. Major Forney had dug a trench through the alluvial deposits, about nine feet wide, and with a view to prevent the rich bottom-land from being utterly destroyed, had very laudably adopted the following process. A small portion of the trench was dug until they came to the gravel containing the gold; the metal being taken out of this by means of the rockers, the gravel was then thrown to the left of the trench, and covered with sand and loose soil at hand; as fast as this was done other labourers pared off with spades the fertile soil laying on the top of that part of the trench which remained to be dug, and placed it at the top of the sand and loose soil till it had reached its former level. The sand being now reinstated in every thing except the gold, was ready the next spring for being levelled with hoes and harrows, and for being planted with Indian corn. As soon as one trench was dug out and the gravel washed, another was commenced. This was an excellent piece of work, and I had the satisfaction of seeing a crop of Indian corn that would average about fifty bushels per acre growing upon land that had been trenched the previous year.

Two hundred thousand dollars worth of native gold had been already taken out of this extensive bottom, of which a great many acres remain yet untouched. The production in gold was said to amount to about four thousand five hundred dollars annually, whilst the cost of trenching and washing one acre was about one thousand dollars, the labour being performed by both white and black men.

The first received fifty cents or half a dollar per diem, and maintained themselves. They were natives of this mountainous country, were altogether illiterate, not knowing even their letters, and with very few exceptions their children received no education whatever. I looked into many of their huts, and it would be difficult to find any thing more rude and dirty. The women seemed to be very prolific, for it was not an uncommon thing to find a woman big with child suckling an infant in her arms, and screaming to a set of brats that were crawling about like kittens in every corner of a room without either windows or doors.* And thus they crawl through life without either religious or moral instruction. Yet upon inquiring of them, they all seemed to prefer their mountain life with all its disadvantages, the greatest of which unfortunately they seem to be totally insensible of.

The black men employed in washing were slaves, and appeared to be submissive in their manners and to work very hard. They were closely watched to prevent their secreting any pieces of gold they might find. Many beautiful minerals were found in these washings, fine tourmalines, crystallized hornblende, with extremely transparent specimens of rock crystal; a few brilliant diamonds, too, although very small, had been found, and some platina, of which I collected a few grains of very small size. From the general resemblance of this mineral district to that of the Ural district in Russia, it is far from being improbable that

* In one of these places there were so many children inside and outside the house, that when I enquired of the father, who was a bit of a wag, how many children he had, he answered: "He did not know for he never could get 'em to stand still till he counted 'em."

specimens of platina of greater magnitude, as well as other minerals corresponding to those in that district, will hereafter be found in the mountains of North Carolina. Major Forney, who had had a great deal of experience in washing for gold in this valley, says, that he uniformly finds the heaviest particles of gold lying nearest to the veins, and that he is able from long practice to recognize the gold of different veins, so that when country goldfinders bring their metal to his store, he knows at once what vein it comes from.

*September* 22.—After breakfast, I started for an excursion with Major Forney to Huntsville. On our way, we passed some fine-looking land, and crossed a ridge of hornblende slate. The valley at Huntsville had been washed with some success, much of the gold being in rough pieces and partly crystallized into curious shapes, specimens of which I purchased according to my custom to add to my cabinet. We visited a great many auriferous veins, which although they were larger than those at Dahlonega, in Georgia, did not appear to be so numerous or so productive. After a fatiguing ride we returned to our quarters. I found the population in the course of this day's ride of a very low cast, scarce superior to Indians in any thing but the use of tools. On our arrival at Major Forney's, I again attended the closing of the gold washings, and saw that the deposit in this valley was about twelve feet deep down to the talcose slate. At the surface, there was a fertile light red-coloured loam, then a dark-coloured clay, and lastly came the auriferous gravel about two feet deep, being the order in which these substances are deposited in Georgia. A large branch of poplar had been found this day lying upon the dark-coloured clay and

covered with the red loam. It looked very fresh, and on taking it up, it smelt like soaked leather. Every fibre and layer of the wood was distinctly preserved, and being saturated with water it was heavy. On applying my knife to it, it cut easily and waxily, like soap, the wood being reduced to a quasi gelatinous consistency. Lower down in the deposit, and just within the gravel, was a portion of the root of a hickory tree, just as fresh looking as the poplar, it was in the same state as the poplar and smelt exactly like it. The overseer told me he had frequently found similar pieces of wood pressed into the top part of the slate. If these facts prove that the country was wooded before the gravel was deposited, there is reason to suppose also *that it was inhabited*, for on the 6th of September, Mr. John Ewing C— shewed me an antique Indian stone pipe which one of his labourers had dug out of the slate near Dahlonega beneath the gravel. The talcose slate is often soft and decomposed for several inches below the gravel; but on applying the pickaxe to it, the dry, hard rock is soon reached, so that there is no room to doubt that it is the true talcose slate.

The soft state of the wood found under these circumstances suggests some reflections. Lignite is found in the tertiary and in some higher beds in the series which have been left dry; but these woods found in the auriferous deposits, are not in the state of lignite, but of wood saturated with water, with its structure softened down to a saponaceous consistency. The inference, therefore, presents itself, that these last specimens have been deposited at a period posterior to the tertiary beds, and that the excavation of these valleys in the Gold Region, the general modification of the surface, and the deposit of gold and

gravel with wood in the valleys, may have been produced by the *historic deluge*. In this view Mr. C——'s pipe is evidence of the existence of man here at that period. Has there not been too much haste in abandoning the opinion once generally entertained, that a great portion of what geologists have called diluvium, was a result of the Noachic Deluge?

## CHAPTER LXIII.

WALLACE'S PRODUCTIVE GOLD LODE.—GOLD MINING AN UNPROFITABLE PURSUIT.—DEPART FOR LINCOLNTON.—A DRUNKEN DRIVER.—LINCOLNTON.—SALISBURY.—A BASALTIC DYKE.—REACH THE TOWN OF CHARLOTTE.—A STRONG DYKE OF BEAUTIFUL FELSPATHIC ROCK.—GOLD VEINS.—REACH LEXINGTON.—CONRAD'S HILL.—COPPER MINES.—RALEIGH.—EMBARK ON THE POTOMAC.—TERMINATION OF THE TOUR.

*September* 23.—After breakfast we again mounted our horses and proceeded towards Rutherfordton. On our way we examined a promising looking N.N.E. vein, which cuts the valley obliquely. Forney said the gravel deposit was very rich where the vein touched the valley, and became poorer in proportion to its distance from it. The principal rock here was gneiss with occasional garnets. After looking at various veins, we came at length to Wallace's vein, which I thought the richest lode I had seen. It contained an unusual quantity of dark sulphuret of iron, and where it was above the water-level, and was affected by the atmosphere, was very much decomposed, and showed a great deal of gold in the folds of the crystallized pyrites. It was an exceedingly beautiful ore. I have seen a shaft down which the solid ore—a copper pyrites containing gold—was in a hard state, quite brilliant, and undecomposed. Two veins were here parallel to each other equally rich. At one place the ground was strewed over with pieces of massive sulphuret of iron, shewing gold, but not in the cubical form. This estate, containing three most promising

veins, belonged to Major Forney, and consisted of four hundred acres of land with very ample and commodious water power. The country was singularly beautiful, perfectly healthy, and if any confidence may be placed in gold mining, I thought it one of the most promising places I had seen. Many of these places were certainly very productive; but all their owners *appeared to be embarrassed in their circumstances.*

This perhaps can be explained; they come here without capital, buy a place on credit, apply their profits to the purchase of slaves, and to the unavoidable expences of the management of their undertakings; and not contented with waiting until they are rewarded by a patient industry that would in the end release them from mortgage and debt, they endeavour to monopolize every new place that promises to be productive, purchasing them at the most extravagant prices on credit, so that the profits they obtain at each locality are insufficient to keep down their debts, and they are harassed to death by their creditors. They believe themselves to be in the possession of unbounded wealth at the moment when every body acquainted with their affairs believes them insolvent. If an opportunity presents itself of selling any part of their property, they feel as if they were parting with a mountain of gold, and ask twenty times more than the property is worth, and so never sell it at all, but drag on a hurried and painful existence, the slaves of their creditors, till they are forced to a general liquidation, and lose every thing. This I found to be pretty much the history of all the large undertakers in gold mining who enter upon it without capital.

We reached Rutherfordton near sunset, loaded with fine specimens. On the road Major Forney told me an anec-

dote about bees. He had an apiary at his place, and I had remarked that the honey was very fine. He said that was because it had been a bad season for fruit, and that he had remarked when peaches, apples, and pears were plentiful, the bees were apt to resort altogether to them to drink their juices, and to neglect the flowers; so that when the fruit season was over, they first devoured their small store of honey, then went marauding to other hives that did not belong to them, and lost many of their numbers in fighting. At such seasons, the dead bees about the hives are very numerous, many dying from their wounds and others from starvation. Steady occupation, therefore, it would seem keeps bees honest as well as men, and idle indulgences produce in the end mischief and crime.

*September* 24.—Having classed and labelled all my beautiful specimens; I remained after breakfast in my room writing letters, being unable to procure a horse on account of a camp meeting held in the neighbourhood for which every animal was engaged. At 2 P.M. a family arrived in the stage-coach from Asheville whom I had known at the Warm Springs. I dined in company with them when they were obliging enough to invite me to a country place they were going to. In the afternoon I took a long walk through the woods in the neighbourhood. This was certainly a very pleasing country and seemed to be quite salubrious.

*September* 25.—After breakfast, I walked out to Bechler's and other places in his neighbourhood. The old man was very glad to see me, and conducted me to various interesting places. I obtained some specimens of gneiss with transparent garnets from his tunnel; the arsenical rock came in at eighty feet deep from the surface. The whole of this neighbourhood was remarkable for the

abundance of massive auriferous pyrites it contained, generally more or less decomposed, for about eighty feet from the surface. I observed that the rocks adjacent to the decomposed ones were sometimes tinged with a vermillion red. In many of the veins, however, the pyrites were not massive, but consisted of detached cubical crystals. These also, when they had been exposed to moisture, were partially or entirely decomposed, and the cavities in the crystals frequently contained crystals of sulphur, and then laminated gold. When the sulphuret has undergone this chemical action, the plates which form the skeleton of the cube appear in some instances to be silex, in others to be native gold. The gold appears to be perfectly covered with the sulphuret, and only exhibits itself when heat is applied. In some of the gold ores the quartz is blotched with dark purple-coloured spots, which show no gold under the most powerful microscope; but upon exposing them to heat, a small globule of gold appears surrounded by a dark stain. I suppose the gold to exist in the sulphuret in such a thin leafy state, that on application of the heat, the sulphur is driven off, and the lamina melted into a minute globule. The decomposition of the massive sulphurets beneath the surface is the effect of a spontaneous combustion produced in the manner of some shales and coal mines, and is attended with an extrication of heat sufficient to colour the rocks. These facts are deserving the attention of philosophers engaged in the discussion of "central heat." Amongst other rocks, I found one that was quartzose and brittle, containing a fine steel-grey-looking metal resembling tellurium. Mr. Bechler having inlaid my name on the rifle with native gold, I paid him for it, and took a hearty leave of him and his worthy son, and again returned to my lodgings loaded with specimens. Amongst

other practical observations, Mr. Bechler told me that the finest gold is obtained from the streams in the winter, because in cold weather the quicksilver only has an affinity for the purer quality of gold, whilst in warm weather it is more active, and takes up various metals. I saw also at Bechler's a very sensible barometer in a tub, containing nitrate of silver and a piece of copper, the silver floating in fine weather, and sinking on the appearance of rain.

*September* 26.—This morning I walked to see a vein of mammillary quartz, running east and west, about two miles from Rutherfordton which was very curious. In every direction something new was to be found in this remarkable mineral country; either auriferous veins, or lodes varied with large plates of talc and other interesting minerals. The hornblende lands appeared to be uniformly fertile, and nothing could be more rural and picturesque than the general surface of this salubrious country. Every cottage had its collection of curiosities and specimens of native gold. A more agreeable country for a mineralogist cannot be imagined, and I prepared for my departure with regret. Having made a last and hearty dinner at my worthy landlord's, Mr. Twitty, and drank a bottle of his good London porter, I got into the stage-coach once more for Lincolnton.

We had twenty-three miles to drive to Schenck's, a house upon the road where we were to sleep, and it would have been an agreeable drive enough, but for the crazy conduct of the incorrigible driver. The road went through a pleasant woodland country, varied with gentle hills and vales watered by the sources of the Santee River, with a few shabby taverns here and there. The fellow had no sooner got out of Rutherfordton, than he whipped his horses into a gallop, which I was not sorry at, as the road was tolerably good; but this was only to arrive quicker at the first tavern,

where he drank rum enough to make him noisy, talkative, and obstinate. I could not prevail upon him to leave the place for near an hour, and when he got on the box, he lashed his horses again into a gallop, cursing and swearing in the most atrocious manner. Again he stopped at another tavern, and immediately flew to the rum bottle, treating all the blackguards at the place, and making the most foolish bets with them. The fellows that kept these low taverns were as bad as himself, the rum seemed to make them all supremely happy, and they cared for nothing. At last, by coaxing, I got him on the box again, but he was in such an inflamed state with the liquor he had drank, that I soon saw he had very little judgment about his reins, and on we went at full gallop, continually grazing the stumps, forty times on the point of being upset whilst at full speed. There was no remedy; once or twice I thought of knocking him off the box and taking the reins myself; but it was a perilous experiment, and, at length, I made up my mind to remain quiet and meet the chances with as much composure as I could. If he had upset us, it was very probable we should both of us had our limbs broke, and remained in the woods all night; but it was not so ordained, and we reached our destination without accident. At the supper-table I found two travelling methodist preachers, strange uncouth persons, and upon my relating the conduct of the driver to the landlord in their presence, one of them asked him, "if there was no tea-total society in the neighbourhood," upon which he answered, "No, I reckon we are all rum-total in these parts."

*September* 27.—The driver for the next stage, twenty-two miles to Lincolnton, came to call me at two in the morning. It was so dark when we left the place, that if this fellow had been as drunken and crazy as the last, it

would have been good policy to have had our limbs broken before we left the house, as we should have been within reach of some assistance. My only hope was, that at that hour of the night the landlords at the rum cabins on the road would not think it worth their while to leave their beds to minister to his wants, and so it turned out, for although we stopped to water the horses at various places, he contrived to remain sober, and indeed conducted himself very well, for we reached Lincolnton at 7 A.M. On reaching the hotel, which was a tolerably good one, I found a note from Judge G—, informing me that he had sent a horse and servant for me, hoping that I would pay him a visit, and stating that his son would accompany me on any excursions I wished to make. I was obliged to decline this very obliging offer which would have materially interfered with my arrangements, although regretting that I deprived myself of the great pleasure of witnessing another instance of the refined hospitality which so much distinguishes southern gentlemen, and which comes so gratefully to a traveller, exposed to be rudely handled as he occasionally is in this interesting but half-civilized country. I therefore continued on to Salisbury.

About ten miles from Lincolnton there was a strong bed of iron ore, and a furnace for smelting it. It was rather a curious ore, being mixed up with a singularly unctuous talcose slate. There is a great deal of syenite here, which appears to succeed to the gneiss. We crossed the Catawba, then very low, owing to the great drought. At twenty-six miles from Lincolnton the country ceased to be hilly, and softened down into a gently undulating plane. We reached Salisbury at half-past 6 P.M., where I was so fortunate as to get a room to myself and a tolerable supper. The walls and the floors were covered with dirt as much as they were at the Warm Springs, but this is generally the case where

slavery exists, for dirt is not dirty in the eyes of the negro, and the master is too lazy to give directions to have it removed. I observed to-day that the distances were marked by notches cut in the trees, or in posts by the road-side; every notch representing a mile from the principal place.

*September* 28.—Having engaged a horse the previous evening, I mounted soon after the dawn and rode four miles to Coughenhauer's to examine a basaltic dyke running through a bed of granite, containing large crystals of feldspar. It consisted of loose joints, almost of the shape of basaltic prisms, of various sizes, some a foot in diameter, others only an inch, and being generally well-defined pentagons. The dyke was about one hundred yards in breadth, and consisted of a vast congeries of small prisms detached from each other at the surface. Upon examining the granite at some distance from the dyke, I found many prisms wedged in with it. I passed the day in investigating various localities containing different minerals. Granite and syenite, traversed by numerous lodes of different qualities, were the prevailing rocks. Iron was abundant; and I saw numerous traces of copper.

*September* 29.—About 10 A.M., I got into the stage-coach again, and drove to Charlotte, in the Mecklenburgh County, where I arrived between 7 and 8 P.M.; and having obtained a clean room and a tolerable supper, I retired at an early hour to rest.

*September* 30.—After breakfast I revisited the dyke of feldspar I had seen in 1835, the most curious and beautiful mineral I have ever seen.* The dyke is very broad, and consists of what the Germans call weisstein with dark prisms in great abundance and of various sizes. Some-

* I have deposited a large tablet of this mineral in the British Museum.

times it is in joints, and then the natural faces, presenting sections of the prisms, look very much like the skin of the spotted leopard. Here I passed the greater part of the day selecting specimens of this singular mineral.

*October* 1.—This day I passed entirely in the house, bringing up my correspondence and arranging my numerous minerals to forward by a waggon that was going to the north in a day or two. This was a quiet little village, and seemed to be kept up principally by the mining interest. A company works a considerable gold mine in the neighbourhood under the direction of Mr. Bissel, a person of great experience and intelligence, and to whom I was indebted for many attentions.

*October* 2.—As soon as breakfast was over, I accompanied that gentleman to a copper mine belonging to him, looking at two or three promising lodes on the way. The copper vein ran east and west, and was nearly vertical. The rock in which the vein ran was hornblende, the country being very flat, without hills or undulations. Copper, gold, iron, and galena, were associated in this vein. Mr. Bissel treated it first for gold, and laid by the carbonate of copper for smelting. The mine was a very promising one, and was then upon trial. Being joined by another gentleman and his daughter, Mr. Bissel took us after a severe morning's work to a fine spring, where we found an unexpected and most gratifying load (not lode) of cold roasted chickens, bread and butter, Irish ale, Madeira and Champagne of an excellent quality. Having made a patient and successful assay of these good things, and forwarded them on their road to our own veins, we examined on our return a portion of Capp's gold vein, upon which they have worked about sixty feet. It consisted of quartz with auriferous sulphurets of iron, and its course was about N.E. and S.W.

This vein in some places was very voluminous on the surface, and its continuity had been traced for several miles. Beautiful specimens of stalactitic tarnished iron, of a shining bronze colour, were contained in the cavities. Having selected some exceedingly fine specimens we returned to Charlotte a little after sunset. It may be remarked here that there is a general disposition in all the rocks in this part of the country to assume the prismatic form.

*October* 3.—The greater part of the day I passed at the Charlotte mine, the specimens from which, and those which Mr. Bissel was so obliging as to give me, added to my other collections, weighed two hundred weight, so that I was obliged to sit up the greater part of the night to lable them to prevent confusion, intending to leave them to be forwarded to me by some conveyance or other.

*October* 4.—At half-past 1 A.M., I again entered the stage-coach. It was here my bad fortune to find a party of three in the coach, two of them confirmed blackguards like those who were passengers from Asheville. One of these wretches kept singing and screaming all the night long, and they blasphemed in such an atrocious manner that I think I never passed more painful hours. I was, therefore, driven as soon as the day dawned to get on the box with the driver to avoid as much as I could their disgusting conversation. At 7 A.M. we stopped at Concord, and got a wretched breakfast. Thence I proceeded thirty-eight miles to Lexington, the scoundrels inside keeping up their disorderly conduct all the way; having, however, secured my seat with the driver and formed an alliance with him, and having the country to look at, I was less annoyed by them; but finding upon reaching Lexington that these fellows were going on all night in the stage-coach, I had my luggage taken off and abandoned the concern, having

determined to take the next stage-coach, and amuse myself by examining the country; any thing appeared to me preferable to the company of such reprobates.

This is the effect of frequent elections, universal suffrage, and the doctrines of perfect equality. The first are constantly throwing all those who ought to be engaged in industrious pursuits into a frenzied agitation for or against men and measures they know nothing about; the second gives to the legionary idle, depraved, lawless scoundrels, the precious privileges that can only be safely confided to those comparatively few intelligent members of society who have a personal interest in maintaining order and good government; and the last only provoke them to offer every sort of insult and hindrance to those whom they perceive are not of their class. Over such wretches the law appears to have little or no control. If a magistrate has virtue enough to attempt to control them, they combine against him, he becomes a marked man, and is denounced as *the enemy of the sovereign people*; and whoever is represented as that enemy, he is sure, whether he be high or low, to be turned out of his office. Under such a system, society is at length almost left without sober examples, and generations after generations are likely to be left with nothing but bad ones to follow. If the devil kept pigeon-holes with *improved* forms of government in them, as the Abbé Siéyes is said to have done, he could not have imagined anything more fatal to religion, morality, integrity and sober manners, or more sure to accomplish the ruin of a nation, than frequent elections, universal suffrage, and perfect equality.

On entering the inn, I found it full of people, and conceived a bad augury as to the accommodations I should get, but they gave me something to eat and a comfortable

cup of tea. On requesting to be shewn to my room, to my great surprise I was shewn to a very comfortable bed-room, with a nice clean bed in it, as though all had been intended exclusively for my use. On looking round, however, I saw various bandboxes, and a few female garments hanging upon pegs, so that I perceived I had *déniché'd* some of the ladies of the family. The walls too were clean, and there was a carpet near the bed-side. What excellent luck, thought I, as I slipped into the clean sheets!

*October* 5.—I was awoke early by some giggling young girls playing on a piano in the next room, which was only separated from my bed-room by a very thin wainscot partition; and grateful for the attention that had been paid to me, I hastened to make my toilette and give up the room to the fair ladies upon whose comforts I felt conscious I had intruded. Having to pass through the parlour where the piano was, I found it occupied by an Alabama family that had arrived in the stage-coach from Washington. After having a comfortable breakfast, and taken a look at the village, which is a rural and pleasing-looking place built upon a hill with an undulating country around it, I engaged a horse and set out upon my adventures, directing my course to a gold mine of which I had heard much said, at a place called Conrad's Hill. The intervening country was flat compared with that to the north-west, but had an undulating surface, with many knolls and small valleys. In these features, all the parts of the Gold Region where I have been resemble each other remarkably, and the fact warrants the inference that all the formations in the Gold Region have come into place and been modified at the same time and by the same causes.

Conrad's Hill is a knoll consisting entirely of auriferous veins. The main lode runs N.N.E. is a very stout one, and is intersected by cross veins. They were at this time working upon a productive vein of auriferous oxide of copper, and here I found some pretty specimens of fibrous malachite. The mine abounded in micaceous iron. Dr. Austin, the superintendent, was very attentive to me, and politely insisted upon my dining at his house where some agreeable ladies were on a visit. How much it would be to be lamented if the United States with a magnificent territory, comprehending all the elements of national respectability, and containing so many estimable and accomplished persons, were permanently to be abandoned to the rule of demagogues and their turbulent sovereign people!

Having passed the day very agreeably, I returned in the evening to Lexington, with the intention of intruding again upon those benevolent ladies whose comfortable room I had occupied; but I found that a court of justice was sitting in the town, that some fresh travellers with ladies had arrived, and that difficulties existed about lodging them. It looked exceedingly probable, therefore, that I should be asked to give up my comfortable quarters, and go to some poly-bedded room with the judge and the grand jury perhaps. How could I have refused? The dilemma pressed upon me very painfully, so considering how it was to be met, it struck me that if I took possession of the room and got into the bed before they had the pain of proposing and I of deciding, that I should promote a salutary economy of feeling on both sides; so at nine o'clock without saying a word, I very quietly transferred myself from the parlour into the bed-room. About half-an-hour afterwards the door was opened and closed, and I heard a gentle, squeaking voice say, "Well, I declare if he

ain't got into the bed!" Never was anything more true spoken!

*October* 6.—Having engaged a carriage, I went in it twenty-five miles to a Mr. Roswell King's copper mine, about three miles south of Jamestown. The vein, which appeared to be a very rich one, runs N.N.E, is from two to four feet thick, and has been penetrated upwards of one hundred feet by blasting through a rock composed of quartz and mica, but not a regularly constituted gneiss. The ore is very beautiful, and I collected some handsome specimens containing native gold. Gold, more or less, seemed to be a constituent mineral in all the veins in this part of the country; but this place could not be properly considered as in the Gold Region, the copper having supplanted it. When this part of the country shall receive a more minute investigation, I should not be surprised to learn that many valuable veins of other metals are discovered, for the general appearance of the country, and that of various lodes at the surface, none of which had been worked, indicated decisively a metalliferous district. At night, I returned to Jamestown to sleep, to take the stage-coach in the morning.

*October* 7.—At daybreak I got into the stage and drove to Greensborough to breakfast, and from thence continued to Hillsborough, the principal rocks being a prismatic greenstone with a gneissoid granite. The land appeared good on approaching Hillsborough, being a red decomposed greenstone resembling that of the south-west mountain in Virginia, upon which the finest tobacco is produced.

*October* 8.—At a very early hour I continued my route to Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, crossing a belt of slates about ten miles before we reached Raleigh; this

is probably the belt of auriferous slate which constitutes the eastern edge of the Gold Region, and of which I had seen many fine specimens. At Raleigh I took a look at the new capitol which is a handsome building, not quite finished; and is built of a very beautiful species of granite drawn from a quarry in the vicinity. About half-past 3 P.M. I was in motion again in the stage-coach for Gaston, on the Roanoke. We supped at Louisburgh at half-past 10 P.M., and travelled all night.

*October* 9.—Passing through a little village called Warrenton, we reached Gaston on the Virginia side of the Roanoke, at the station of the Petersburgh railroad. At 3 P.M., I got into the train for Petersburgh, and accomplished the sixty-four miles in six hours. Having refreshed myself at the Petersburgh hotel, I entered into the stage-coach once more at 11 P.M. and reached Richmond (twenty-four miles) at 3 A.M., and an hour afterwards got into the train for Fredericsburgh, where we arrived at 9 A.M. From this place I drove in an hour to the steamer on the Potomac, on board of which I dressed and shaved, and at half-past 5 P.M. reached Washington, having happily accomplished a journey of about five thousand miles.

THE END.

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